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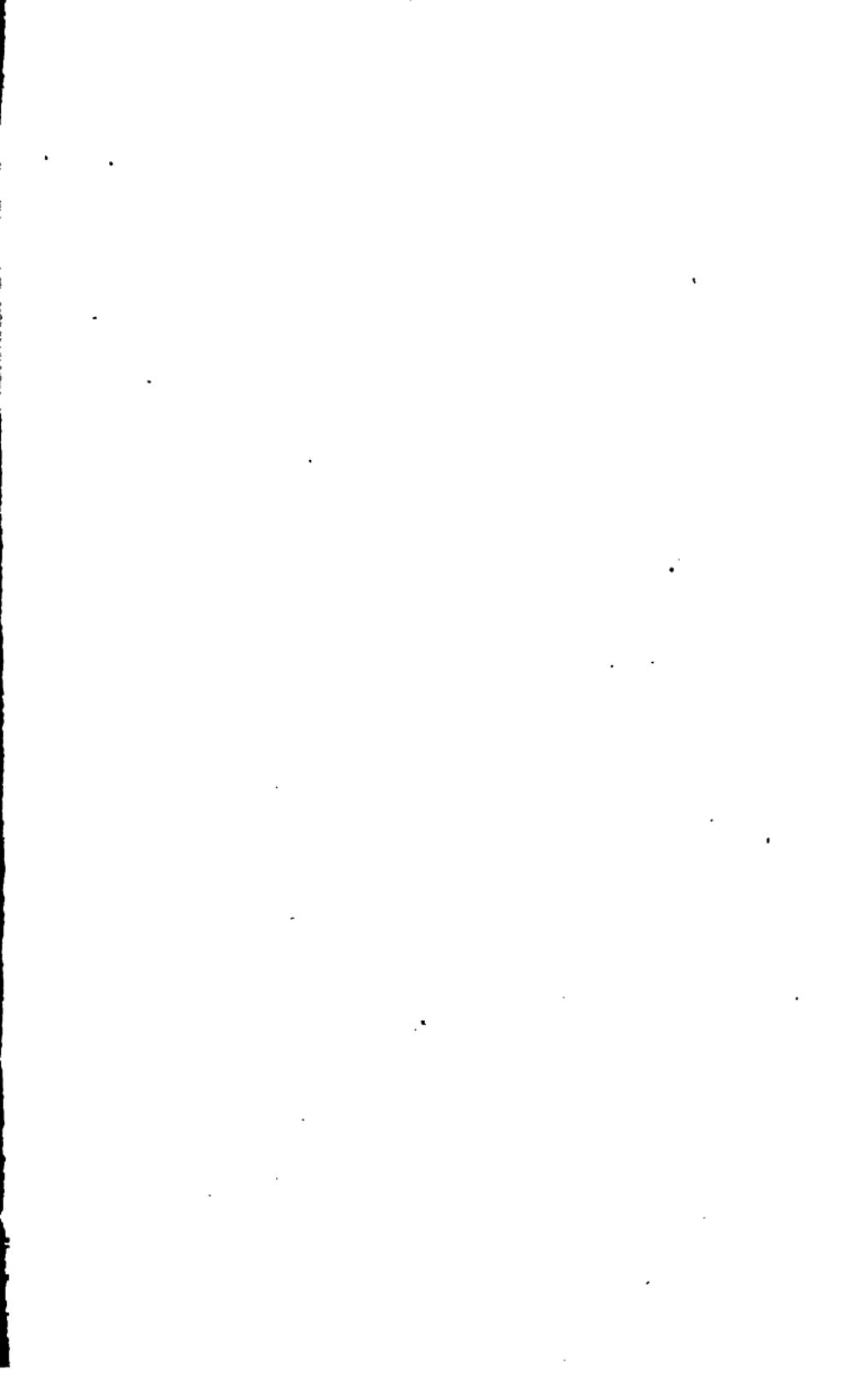














# GONZALVO:

OR

# THE FALL OF GRENADA.

BY CHARLES HOOD.

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BOSTON :

WILLIAM D. TICKNOR AND COMPANY.

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1845.

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## TO THE READER.

FOR the subject and prominent features of this Poem, the Author is indebted to the Gonzalve De Cordoue, of Florian, in which are depicted in glowing colors the exploits of many eminent personages, drawn from Moorish and Spanish histories, who had so nobly adventured in a crusade against the formidable Moors, even to their expulsion from Spain. It is submitted to the candid consideration of the public, not without anxiety, and not without hope as to its reception.

THE AUTHOR.



B O O K I.

### THE ARGUMENT.

Exposition of the subject. Isabelle and Ferdinand besieging Grenada. The heroes who accompany them. Characters of Ferdinand and Isabelle. Portrait of Gonzalvo. He is sent ambassador to Fez. Love of Gonzalvo for an unknown. Friendship of Gonzalvo and Lara. Africa. The King of Fez deceives Gonzalvo. Gonzalvo detained by treachery. He is saved and liberated by a captive. He escapes in a vessel. The vessel is wrecked. He regains another. His rencounter on board. Combat and victory of the hero. He arrives at Malaga.

## GONZALVO, OR THE FALL OF GRENADA.

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### BOOK I.

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YE beauteous Nymphs who sport beneath the wave,  
And glossy curls in crystal streamlets lave,  
Who by the banks of Gaudalquiver rove,  
Courting the shadows of each verdant grove;  
And then on plains where blooming flowers prepare  
Their spicy fragrance to perfume the air,  
At founts ambrosial press the ruby lip,  
And life-inspiring, sparkling, nectar sip, —  
Cease for a while these pastimes of the soul,  
The wayward musings of my mind control,  
Illume my fancies with poetic flame,  
To blazen halos round Gonzalvo's name ;  
To image forth his wondrous deeds of blood,  
That bathed Grenada with a purple flood.  
Around me now let thy sweet influence move,  
And guide my pencil in a theme of love ;  
While tracing combats of Cordova's son  
And painting battles by his valor won,

Aid me to sing of Isabelle's renown,  
Her noble daring for the christian crown,  
She, who in battle, Mar's deep frowns withstood,  
And braved all danger for her country's good,  
In faithful outlines those fine traits to save,  
That gild the name of Ferdinand the brave,  
Who boldly now the schemes of War defied,  
And freed Hispania from her Moslem pride.

Ye generous Spaniards, first to you I pay  
This feeble tribute of my humble lay ;  
Your noble souls and ardent bosoms prove  
The finest models in the art of love ;  
Your regal arms such boundless regions sway,  
That in your confines smiles eternal day ;  
Your dearest idols varying faiths approve,  
But worship jointly at the shrine of love.

In proud Castile was Isabelle enthroned,  
And Spain's vast bound her regal empire owned,  
Her soul the mildest attributes displayed,  
And love-bound subjects by her charms were swayed ;  
While Ferdinand, whose blandishments had won  
The grand appellative of Spain's loved son,  
In Arragon the sceptre wields apart,  
And binds each subject to his generous heart.  
In bonds connubial were these monarchs joined,  
Their rule divided — yet with crowns entwined ;  
In glory's springtide, warm with youthful zeal,  
Ambitious only for their country's weal,

Indignantly they saw, and with regret,  
Spain's fairest climes by infidels beset ;  
Beheld their Eden bloom 'neath Ismael's reign,  
The crescent gleaming o'er the cross of Spain !

Eight hundred years of war could not efface  
From bright Hispania's soil that savage race,  
Those bold marauders, who from Yarfric's seed  
Upsprung like thorns, to choke this flowery mead ;  
A remnant still of this barbarian race  
In proud magnificence held lordly place !  
But christian faith, like brilliant beams of light,  
Had scattered far the pagan clouds of night,  
Had circumscribed the evils of their day,  
And left alone Grenada to their sway !  
Possessed indeed of that delightful shore,  
Where Afric's billows foam and madly roar,  
Those fertile plains which hold perennial bloom,  
From Mount Abylar to the Scipio's tomb,  
They mock the power that christian forces wield  
Against their bright impenetrable shield !  
Grenada's city yet was still their pride,  
The strongest fortress on Hispania's side.  
Her thousand mosques that shade the azure skies,  
With golden min'rets that in splendor rise,  
Her courts, her palaces, such charms impart,  
As mock the brilliancy of magic art !  
Here towers, and walls, upreared in massive rows,  
Disdain the fury of besieging foes ;  
Here forts, and citadels, and brazen gates,  
Defiance bid to these assembled States !

While Moslem prowess holds no speech with fear,  
Nor dreams of barriers to its grand career !

Within this city Boabdil resides,  
And arts and arms of Spanish foes derides,  
Grenada's States were subject to his will,  
And rendered him a powerful monarch still.  
But Boabdil, ferocious, proud, and fell,  
Had oft provoked the wrath of Isabelle,  
All laws conventional were thrust aside  
That counterchecked his interest or pride.  
He scorns her treaties, e'en her name abhors,  
And stamps his hatred, with continual wars !  
The bold excursions which this tyrant made,  
That hamlets sacked, and towns in ashes laid,  
That reaped the fields, which industry had sown,  
And golden harvests pillaged for the throne,  
Call now for vengeance from her royal hand,  
And War's dire menace echoes through the land !

The war-blast thunders, and the trump alarms,  
Hispania listens, and is prompt in arms ;  
Her force before Grenada's gates she brings  
To raise the cross, and prostrate Moslem kings !  
Amidst this marshaled loyal host are seen  
The christian sovereign and his lovely queen ;  
A golden union in religion's cause,  
That worth and valor to the altar draws.  
From Boetis' banks, to Ebro's silver tide,  
Proud banners wave, and gilded armors glide ;

War's horrid din, in harsh discordant notes,  
O'er peaceful slumbers of the country floats.  
Never before did such vast numbers go  
To execute a city's overthrow !  
Never before were seen, on battle plain,  
So many heroes in a monarch's train ;  
Never before such disciplined array,  
Such gorgeous trappings as these troops display !  
The corps elite, of Arragon the flower,  
Whose valor meets the perils of the hour,  
In duty prompt no dangers ever scan,  
But onward move and constitute the van.  
This valiant band, the king himself commands,  
And at its head, the royal monarch stands !  
Next come Castilians, faithful to their king,  
Whose shouts astounding make the welkin ring ;  
With heavy helmets peering o'er the lawn,  
And swords already from their scabbards drawn ;  
Valerians now with fiery spirits come,  
Mid clang of trumpets and the roll of drum,  
Their lofty spears a moving forest seem,  
While at their sides their trusty sabres gleam.  
Belareans too, keen, dexterous, and bold,  
With burnished shields, reflecting suns of gold,  
To music's chime they tread their willing way,  
With arms and armor for th' impending fray ;  
The wild Asturians from the mountains far,  
With banners waving swell the pomp of war.  
This hardy race the storms of war defy,  
And to their sovereign's royal standard fly.

And ancient Leon, faithful to the laws,  
Brings forth her legions in this holy cause,  
Quick for the fight advance this phalanx brave,  
To shield their monarchs and their country save.  
Thus all in arms ! to arms their country calls !  
Hispania triumphs, and Grenada falls !

To name the heroes, an invidious task,  
When justly all in royal sunshine bask,  
When each, on glory's tablet finds his name  
Enrolled to public or to private fame ;  
Yet some there are whom duty bids us praise,  
And crown their temples with unfading bays ;  
On Clio's page to chronicle each name  
As lasting records of their well-earned fame.  
Among the brave, and first Aguilar stood,  
More true to virtue than to noble blood.  
He ne'er forgot, in flush of victory's pride,  
To let kind mercy at his heart preside.  
Fernando Cortez, here, first seized the brand,  
And life devoted to his native land ;  
In budding youth the warrior's art he learned,  
Which subsequently Mexico o'erturned !  
The courteous Lara, friend of th' oppressed,  
And valiant Teller, in his country blessed ;  
Beneath whose locks of more than sixty years  
The sparkling eye of ardent youth appears.  
The prince of Portugal, Mendoze Gonfree,  
And many others, knights of chivalry,  
Who to the standard of their monarch fly,  
To conquer with him, or with him to die !

Before Grenada's walls in proud array  
The Spanish host their glittering spears display,  
For conflict eager, and with hope elate,  
And restlessly their monarch's will await.  
But Ferdinand, by prudence early schooled,  
Was firm in purpose, rigid where he ruled ;  
Divide to conquer, was this monarch's plan,  
He weakened first, the contest then began.  
He knew the apple of contending strife  
Would dissipate dissensions strong and rife ;  
The treacherous missive secretly he throws,  
Fomenting discord with his Moslem foes ;  
Thus while his aims and purposes he gained,  
Inaction o'er th' impatient army reigned.

But Isabelle with grief brooked this delay,  
Her ardent soul desired th' impending fray,  
Her people's love, her holy faith, endures  
No reconciliation with the Moors !  
Devoted was her pious heart to heaven,  
And in this holy crusade wholly given ;  
And honor bids her strike th' avenging blow  
Whch hurls destruction on her deadly foe !

As annual course the sun had nearly run  
Since these invading troops the siege begun,  
But nothing yet indicative of fear  
Or want of strength within the walls appear.  
The pickets oft in gentle skirmish played,  
And skilful moves in martial art displayed.

And often too, a crimson spot was found,  
Where Moslem blood with Christian stained the  
ground !

But Boabdil had learned with great relief,  
The Spanish army was without its chief.  
The brave Gonzalvo, whose renown in fight,  
O'er Moslem forces cast pestiferous blight,  
Spain's gallant chief, whom Ferdinand revered,  
With these besieging troops had not appeared.  
Some unknown cause Gonzalvo had detained,  
And thus awhile was Moslem hope sustained !

Six lustres only had Gonzalvo seen,  
Ardent in fealty to king and queen,  
In war's career from early life he moved,  
A brave enthusiast in the cause he loved.  
Upon his heart benevolence and zeal  
Had placed the impress of their holy seal.  
Born amidst the clangor of continual wars,  
His onward course no threatened danger bars ;  
Combats were sports, from Moorish spoils he drew  
The only heritage he ever knew ;  
His nervy arm ne'er felt the conqueror's glave,  
He fought for glory — vanquished but to save !

Gonzalvo, noble, generous, and free,  
Was victim now to basest perfidy.  
The king of Fez had threatened to o'erwhelm  
By force of arms the Andalusian realm,  
And in alliance with Grenadian power,  
Spain's villaged shores and fertile plains to scour

Already had he on the turgid main  
Launched his flotilla for the coast of Spain !  
This warlike object Ferdinand alarms,  
It presaged ruin to his power and arms,  
Checked each fond hope that germed his soul to bless,  
And blighted prospects bright with Spain's success.  
But over-zealous in this enterprise,  
He yet on Seid's venality relies.  
In bold designs his efforts never cease,  
To Seid he promptly offers terms of peace !  
The wily king this proffered friendship scanned,  
And saw deep projects in its features planned ;  
And jealous of Hispania's giant stride,  
He sought the means to curb this peering pride.  
To him was known Gonzalvo's brilliant fame,  
He knew Grenada trembled at his name,  
That on his arm Spain's destinies were hung,  
That from his prowess had her glories sprung ;  
Within his grasp to bring this mighty chief,  
To weaken Spain, and give the Moors relief,  
To insure the hope, that chance might yet release,  
He designates him messenger of peace !  
And this the missive to our troubled Spain :  
" The king of Fez would royal favor gain,  
His brother's peaceful motives he commends,  
And to his person royal greeting sends.  
But terms of peace must at our court be heard,  
From mission, by our royal self preferred,  
Let brave Gonzalvo, Spain's beloved, be sent,  
The friendly branch that shall our bonds cement ! "

King Ferdinand with indignation burned,  
And this imperious mandate would have spurned,  
But prudence in his rising passion reigned,  
And reason's mild prerogative sustained.  
Refusal but accelerates his woes,  
Enchanting prospects speedily o'erthrows,  
Impedes the enterprise so near his heart,  
And turns his dreams of happiness apart.  
This bold position still must be sustained,  
And Spain's prerogative with Fez maintained !  
Thus Ferdinand to haughty Seid concedes,  
And brave Gonzalvo to his court proceeds !  
A splendid bark the noble chieftain bore  
O'er mirrored ocean to the Afric shore,  
Where Seid, the king (to Boabdil allied),  
With his nefarious artifice complied !  
Gonzalvo was by stratagem detained,  
His purpose thwarted, and his will restrained !

Above distrust but angered by delay,  
And scarcely dreaming treachery barred his way,  
Gonzalvo spurned at honor thus possessed,  
That gratified no impulse of his breast.  
The glory which absorbed his active mind  
Was not alone to war's renown confined,  
Within his breast a vivid passion dwelt,  
An ardent fire which warriors seldom felt,  
Love, deep-felt love, beyond his power's control,  
With golden fetters bound his lofty soul !

Some time before the assembled troops of Spain  
Had neared Grenada, and deployed their train,  
Gonzalvo marched triumphantly elate,  
And passed the portal of the brazen gate :  
This sudden conflict paralyzed the foe,  
Who terror-struck stood spell-bound in their woe ;  
Horrid destruction marked his onward course,  
In death or flight each foeman counts his force.  
Fear winged its course throughout the Moslem train,  
And swords and spears seemed glittering there in vain !  
Had his Castilians on that awful day,  
His footsteps followed in the direful fray,  
Gonzalvo's prowess would have reached the throne,  
And Boabdil, and his vile court o'erthrown !  
But as the terrors of the shock subside,  
The Moslem force this gallant band deride ;  
Their triple numbers rout the assailing foe,  
And deal severely the avenging blow.  
These hardy veterans with reluctance yield,  
And leave alone their chief upon the field.

Amidst this scene of conflict and of blood,  
An angel form in mortal being stood ;  
Old Hassam's daughter, of his joys the spring,  
The fair Zulema, sister of the king !  
Mid battle's din appeared this lovely maid,  
Checking the fears that Moslem ranks pervade.  
With her mild voice their drooping hearts were cheered,  
And souls elate in vengeance persevered.  
But when at length the slaughter met her sight,  
She shrieked with horror, trembled with affright !

Upon the pavement suppliantly she kneels,  
And for her country fervently appeals !  
Her glistening eyes to heaven are raised in fear,  
While she aloud invokes her God to hear :  
“ Father, to thee my feeble voice I send,  
Be our protector and our city’s friend ;  
In this dark day of horror show thy power,  
And shield thy people in this fearful hour.  
Check thou the fury of this angry foe,  
Whose weapon immolates at every blow ;  
Stretch forth thine arm, which mighty is, to save,  
Restrain these fiends, insatiate as the grave ;  
Their high-wrought passions wilt thou temper, Lord,  
Till human mercies with divine accord ! ”

On moved Gonzalvo, borne by passion’s flood,  
His sword still reeking with the Moors’ best blood.  
Closely pursued the affrighted Moslems fly,  
Or in the conflict rush at once to die !  
When he beheld this dark-eyed weeping maid,  
Checked was his courser, and his wrath was stayed.  
Amazed he viewed the fair Zulema’s face,  
And contemplated each bewitching grace.  
The beauteous traits that gave each charm relief,  
Embellished were, and decked by marks of grief ;  
The swan-like neck, the dark and flashing eye,  
The raven curls that o’er the bosom lie —  
Such strange emotions gathered to his breast,  
That warlike ardor sunk to peaceful rest !  
Our gallant chief found writhing in his heart  
The rankling barb of an unerring dart,

His thirsty soul each mean potation hates,  
Love's choicest nectar now inebriates ;  
Forgotten was Grenada, glory, friends,  
To conquering love the vanquished hero bends !  
Alighting from his steed Gonzalvo saw  
The rallied enemy around him draw ;  
Again his sword from glittering scabbard leaped,  
Its crimson blade in Moslem blood still steeped ;  
Again the fury of his wrath arose,  
As moved in columns these inveterate foes.  
But powerless now the giant arm appeared,  
His ardent heart by love's bright flame is seared !  
Repulsed by numbers, weak with loss of blood,  
Before the wrathful foe no more he stood !  
Reckless of glory, life itself seemed stayed,  
While bent his eyes on this angelic maid.  
But roused to danger, from revengeful cries,  
From Moslem fury brave Gonzalvo flies !  
Retraced his course among the bloody dead,  
And much exhausted from the city fled !

Gonzalvo, shrouded in the deepest gloom,  
Cherished a hope that blossomed for the tomb ;  
In bitter grief he mourned the cruel fate  
That veiled her name, her quality, and state ;  
Yet when kind fancy beamed a flattering ray,  
And gave his clouded heart a brighter day,  
Perplexing doubts in hideous forms obtrude,  
And gleams of happiness again exclude :  
Grenada's long and lasting foe he stood,  
His arms were crimsoned with her richest blood ;

His mortal hate to all her race extends,  
Nor her religion nor her laws defends.  
The hope was vain, that in his destined round,  
This peerless object might again be found,  
She heeded not th' emotions of his breast,  
Nor scanned the passions which in vain sought rest.  
But in his mind her image had a place,  
That gave in battle to him strength and grace ;  
In solitude, it still his thoughts employed,  
And much the tumult of his heart destroyed.

Among the chiefs that sought for deathless fame,  
One lofty stood, and Lara was his name ;  
His noble soul with honor's jewel stored,  
At friendship's shrine its precious gem-stream poured.  
More dear than life our gallant chief he loved,  
And every feeling of his heart approved ;  
The same famed city gave these heroes birth,  
The same bright tablet recognized their worth.  
From infancy they wore the warriors' pride,  
And blooming laurels gathered side by side ;  
On tented field, in siege, in battle fight,  
In deadly havoc, still their souls unite.  
Steeled was their hearts, to danger and alarm,  
If chance to either, menaced slightest harm ;  
The vital spark that warmed Gonzalvo's breast,  
Seemed in the bosom of his friend to rest ;  
If Lara's heart, by pride, was e'er inflamed,  
'T was when his tongue the brave Gonzalvo named :  
Then from his soul burst forth the meed of praise,  
Which crowned this chief in friendship's holy bays ;

And happy he who shares this friendly state,  
Grief to assuage, or cares to dissipate.

When Ferdinand his embassy proclaimed,  
And for ambassador, Gonzalvo named,  
The royal mandate was brave Lara's doom,  
A destiny as dreadful as the tomb ;  
For friendship's life-blood gives each heart its tone,  
And but in union is pulsation known :  
To Isabelle repair these brother chiefs,  
Reveal attachments and disclose their griefs,  
And beg her majesty to intercede,  
That Lara with Gonzalvo may proceed !  
But Isabelle foresaw her strength depressed,  
Her army weakened by these chiefs' request,  
Seid too, but one ambassador would own,  
Gonzalvo therefore must depart alone.

From this sad moment, Lara's hopes had fled,  
The living army was to him as dead ;  
The trumpet's voice no war-like thoughts excite,  
His ardor fails, nor pants his heart for fight.  
With grief o'erwhelmed forthwith from camp he goes,  
Nor recks he now of kindred or of foes.  
On mountain top he views the Afric sea,  
And marks each vessel as she braves the lee,  
Till fancy's vision to his startled sense,  
Portrays the ship that bears Gonzalvo hence !  
His anxious eye the flittering phantom views,  
As on she ploughs the billowed avenues,

Till like a speck her white spread wings yet soar,  
And in the azure vault are seen no more.

O Africa ! thy seared and blasted lands,  
Thy sky-tipped mountains, showers of burning sands,  
Are not my song ! my theme to man is given,  
To man, the image of his God in heaven,  
Whose power creates, whose mercy wills him free,  
Alone to whom he owes the bended knee !  
Yet, in thy vast expanse, thine arid bound,  
The gushing spring, the oasis is found,  
And culture's sweet vivific influence teems,  
And midst thy ruins beautifully beams.  
Here orange groves the ambient air perfume,  
Here, flourish citron, mid perennial bloom,  
The olive here puts forth its bud of green,  
In purple garb the clustered grape is seen.  
Upspringing here are flowers of varied hue,  
Commingling fragrance with the morning dew.  
O'er fertile plains the rippling waters glide,  
In beauty rushing from the mountain side.  
And silver streamlets onward sparkling run,  
To damp the ardor of the scorching sun.  
Here Nature, too, her cornucopia wields,  
And strews with fruits her golden-waving fields,  
Pours forth her treasures with unsparing hand,  
And scatters blessings widely o'er the land !  
Though brightest smiles she sweetly here displays,  
Ungrateful man heeds not their heavenly rays !  
A wretched people grovel here and die,  
Submissive slaves to power and perfidy !

Whose sweating brows but irrigate the lands,  
Redeemed and cultured by their toil-worn hands !  
Whose bitter tears the knotted lash but speeds,  
Till laceration, pulse and life impedes !  
What charm for them the flowery mead and glade,  
The saffron morn, the purple evening shade !  
What charm for them, that luxury and ease  
On downy couch respire the spicy breeze !  
Can they rejoice, that earth her treasure yields ?  
That golden harvests brighten here the fields ?  
While clanking chains their writhing bodies clasp,  
And but in death, unclose their iron grasp !  
Here despots, cormorants, and tyrant lords,  
Whose appetite, with unbound will, accords,  
Who gorged with lust, on syren charms repose,  
Nor start from slumbers till the bowstrings close !  
And vile marauders of the ermine cast,  
Whose burning breaths life's tender germens blast,  
Who rapidly from throne to scaffold fly,  
And in life's chances throw but one frail die !  
On blood of slaves they fatten, and content  
To sell their souls to soften punishment !  
Alas ! the country where the monarch's power,  
The life-blood of his subjects can devour !  
Where human flesh is bartered for and sold,  
And human beings, too, the act uphold !  
Where lust and infamy their fanes uprear,  
And votaries the unhallowed rites revere !  
Where vice and royalty hold regal sway,  
And ready victims duly homage pay !

Heaven's imprecations on such scenes will burst,  
And time will chronicle the deeds accurst !

Pale Cynthia, twice her crescent had renewed  
Since brave Gonzalvo, yet in solitude,  
Had reached the court where Seid the monarch reigned,  
And found himself by treachery detained !  
In vain his threats, in vain the attempt to bring  
This foul indignity before the king !  
Fear over Seid had such compulsive sway,  
He crossed no foot-path of Gonzalvo's way.  
Gonzalvo saw himself of slaves the sport,  
Of menial miscreants who surround a court,  
Whose fairest smiles the bitter curse imparts,  
As rolls the tide of their envenomed hearts.  
The hero mourns this exile from his friends,  
And fears the fate that treachery portends ;  
Around him daily were the meshes twined,  
That much the circle of his paths confined,  
And if, securely thus, his efforts sleep,  
Will to destruction's bound their victim sweep !  
Assured at length of an auspicious day,  
When to the mosque the monarch wends his way,  
With rapid steps he reached the unhallowed fane,  
And there confronts the monarch and his train !  
"Proud king of Fez," with thundering voice he cried,  
"For war or peace ! and instantly decide !  
The sword is drawn, the parchment is displayed,  
The choice is thine, but shall not be delayed !  
The avenging arm is raised, behold thy foe,  
Thy silence but accelerates the blow !

Beware its fall, one word from me alone,  
Will headlong toss thee from thy tottering throne !  
One hundred thousand trusty swords, as bright  
As e'er leapt scabbard in the battle fight,  
One hundred thousand fellow soldiers too,  
Warm in their duty, and to country true,  
Wait but the war-cry on the shores of Spain,  
Where quick-winged echo will report the strain,  
And to their panting eager souls impart  
The kindled flame that fires each patriot heart !  
Possessed of strength in plenitude they'll come  
To check presumption, and to strike thee dumb !  
O'er waves of blood they'll fly in vengeful hate,  
With fire and sword thy land to desolate.  
Speak ! e'er the word shall fill thy soul with dread,  
And bring destruction on thy guilty head !”

At threats like these with wondrous grace achieved,  
Identity with Seid was scarce believed ;  
And trembling stood this awe-struck pallid king,  
While through his ears denunciation ring !  
The recreant heart its villany reveals,  
And Seid denounced, the treaty signs and seals !

With greater speed ne'er skipped the lightning's flash,  
When through the clouds the mighty thunders clash,  
Than moved the tidings of this wondrous deed,  
That filled with fear the counsellors of Seid !  
These fawning miscreants saw with bitter pain  
Their power and dignity upon the wane !

From their dark eye-balls coruscations dart,  
As curses spring from each determined heart,  
And up and onward, spur the impassioned soul  
To deeds of vengeance yet within control !  
“ Immediate death ! immediate death ! ” they cry,  
And Spain’s ambassador is doomed to die !  
The king assents ! Assassins wait the call,  
The despot glories in the hero’s fall.  
And every path that skirts the verdant plain,  
And every egress to the turgid main,  
With trusty spies and menial force was strown,  
To watch the footsteps of one man alone !

Night, with her curtain veiled the brilliant day,  
Gonzalvo on his downy pillow lay,  
Home’s loveliest visions flit before his eyes,  
And smiling friendship speaks of dearest ties.  
But now impatient at the lazy pace  
In which Apollo rode his morning race ;  
His watchful eyes time’s lingering finger traced,  
Until the appointed moment was embraced ;  
That moment, now the dearest to his heart,  
Was morning dawn, at which he would depart !  
But while reflection, like magnetic power,  
Drew nearer to him the important hour,  
He at his window sought the cooling breeze,  
Inhaling fragrance from the spicy trees.  
Now suddenly a lute his ear astounds  
With sweetest harmony of well known sounds ;  
Breathless he listens to this wondrous strain,  
Sent richly forth in native tongue of Spain !

Warriors brave and lovers dear,  
 Listen to the words I sing ;  
 Prudence, whispering to your ear,  
 Breathes in echoes from the string.

Silently vile traitors move,  
 Vengeance seeks a warrior brave ;  
 Hearken to this lay of love,  
 Glory falls beneath the glaive.

Stranger, list this humble note,  
 Treason spreads its meshes near ;  
 Speedily may warnings float,  
 Zephyrs waft them to thy ear.

Somewhat alarmed at what in song he heard,  
 Gonzalvo's mind had treasured every word ;  
 To him transmitted seemed this mystic lay,  
 To guard from dangers, lurking in his way.  
 Breathless he stood, intently bent to know  
 From whence these startling, warning words could flow :  
 Upon the lawn, at length, whose vast extent,  
 Embraced the palace and the battlement,  
 In mellow gleamings from fair Cynthia's eyes,  
 In captive garb an aged man he spies ;  
 His bleached locks below his temples played,  
 His grisly beard in matted furrows laid,  
 His languid frame with racking pains oppressed,  
 And fretting chains his tottering limbs infest ;  
 He shuns apparently a savage train,  
 Aroused and summoned by his lute's soft strain !

Gonzalvo, prone to succor the distressed,  
Descended quickly and the slave addressed :  
“ Stay feeble stranger and allay thy fears,  
Thy frame seems burdened by the weight of years.  
Is Spain thy country, that delightful shore ? ”  
“ Spain gave me birth — but softly, say no more ;  
My life is periled if with thee I bide,  
And eyes suspicious glance from every side ;  
If brave Gonzalvo loves his country dear,  
And would protect it, let him fly from here !  
In yonder garden — mark — within the hour,  
Meet we again, or feel the assassin’s power ! ”  
He fled — Gonzalvo, with amazement filled,  
His mind disturbed, his heart by horror chilled !  
Undaunted stood the musing chief, alone ;  
The Moors, he knew, to perfidy were prone ;  
He could not lend uncautiously the ear,  
Or warnings slight, apparently sincere :  
Home twines the heart with an enchanting spell,  
Which exorcism never can dispel.

A dreary spot, of deep and fearful shade,  
Was all this garden’s portraiture displayed.  
No flowery-kirtled niche, no arbors bloom  
O’er ambient air to cast their rich perfume,  
No bending vine with clustered grape is seen,  
Nor golden fruit to gild the tristful green,  
Misshapen paths no footstep’s impress bear,  
Nor breathes the lark her matin carols there !  
But, at the portal, stood the anxious slave,  
Mid hope and fear Gonzalvo’s life to save !

The hero comes — already they embrace,  
And pleasure sparkles on the captive's face.  
" My country's glory is secure," he said,  
" O valiant son of my loved master, dead !  
Pardon the joy, this overflow of tears  
Renewed from fountains grief had dried for years !  
Thou knowest me not, yet oft within these arms  
Thou hast been sheltered from impending harms.  
For many years your noble sire I served,  
From bounden duty never never swerved,  
Until alas ! enticed from Spain's bright shores  
I passed the sea, a captive to the Moors !  
And here in Fez, where human traffic 's bold,  
Thy father's servant was to bondage sold !  
For twenty years these galling chains I 've worn,  
The lash endured, corroding fetters borne,  
Till life's pure fount, which once such sweets supplied,  
Dregs foul diffuses in its ebbing tide !  
To what avail this bitter wailing now,  
Past griefs no longer shall o'ershade the brow,  
In thy just cause, stand life and strength renewed,  
Death's blow uplifted, thou shalt yet elude ! "

The listening chief could not refrain from tears,  
Nor yet divines he of old Pedro's fears ;  
He saw no cloud with deadly bolts surcharged  
To blast his purpose with its fires, discharged.  
But rising doubts sank instantly to rest  
As Pedro thus his honored chief addressed :  
" Beneath the thicket which surrounds the glade  
Where verdant foliage throws its cooling shade,

Oft I retire, those moments to beguile,  
That stand subtracted from the hours of toil.  
It chanced, of late, as on the ground I lay,  
Veiled from the fervor of the sun's hot ray,  
The king approached, a courtier by his side,  
In all the strut of confidential pride.  
Although in whispers royalty conferred,  
My quickened ear their converse fully heard.  
‘ ‘T is done, great king, thy cup of vengeance fills,  
Hundreds of slaves have sentinelled the hills,  
The gates of Fez are guarded with such care  
No foreign foe will find an egress there !  
Spain’s haughty chief now meets impending fate,  
And stands himself a sacrifice to hate !’  
Thus dear Gonzalvo are thy paths beset,  
Assassins vile are claiming nature’s debt,  
Their busy eyes sweep o’er the verdant plain,  
And eager footsteps all thy paths profane !  
My troubled head these secrets would disclose,  
My hands would save thee from insidious foes !  
This soul would sink if Spain’s great chief should fall  
And leave my country doomed to Moslem thrall !  
To gain this access (now my ardent prayer)  
Tasked my invention almost to despair,  
Till the soft breathings of my lute conveyed  
The sense of danger which around thee laid.  
And now Gonzalvo, for your country’s cause,  
Her dear religion, and her sacred laws,  
Erase the record of the passing day,  
And let your faith to Moslem creed give way !

No choice but this, no other steps remain,  
Fruitless all else, and every hope is vain ! ”

Gonzalvo gave to Pedro's caution place,  
But not for life would Moslem faith embrace !  
Yet for one day for country and for king,  
He'd yield to Pedro faith and everything.  
Pedro, o'erjoyed to see the hero bend,  
To the lone thicket takes his much-loved friend,  
Where lies prepared the habit of disguise  
To mock the vision of the watch-tower spies.  
A dress of azure fresh from Ispahan,  
Of rich brocade, adorned the outer man,  
A satin turban of the purest white,  
With gems indented, crowned the noble knight,  
Of crimson silk, a scarf inwove with gold  
Surmounts the shoulders in a festoon fold,  
A silver girdle round his body twined,  
By which the Afric sabre was confined.  
In this habiliment, this brilliant plight,  
Gonzalvo stands confessed, the neophite !

Now thus equipped, to Pedro's careful hand  
He gives the guidance and the sole command,  
Checked rising fears which furtively advanced,  
While black-eyed treason wild suspicions glanced !  
Unknown they move, together bend their way,  
Approach the gate, and pass without delay !  
With quickened pace their moments lost, redeem,  
And reach in safety Subar's rapid stream.

A little bark, which Pedro had procured  
By slavish toil for twenty years endured,  
Equipped and manned, lay dancing in the wind,  
And to his rule and management confined :  
Upon her deck his precious charge was set,  
The unfurled sails the coming zephyrs met  
That in their fragrance wafted by her side,  
And waved her o'er the undulating tide.  
Her buoyant frame glides through the foam with ease,  
And boldly enters the Atlantic seas !  
With gentle breeze she skims the liquid green,  
And now on bounding crested billows seen !  
With speed she coasts those famed delightful shores  
Where to the heavens the mighty Atlas soars,  
Where ancient Lixos spreads his limpid wave,  
The garden of th' Hesperides to lave,  
Arzilla, now her glittering domes displayed  
In boldest outline of the mountain shade ;  
And Spartel Cape is passed, and on the right  
Tingis appears, receding from their sight.  
Tingis, renowned in mythologic fame,  
Where Hercules of old the foe o'ercame :  
No deadly brand his sinewy arm employed,  
. Yet Lybia's giant, Antæus, destroyed !  
Within the straits they plough the trackless way,  
'Mid moonbeams flitting on the sparkling spray,  
The soft, blue sky, pellucid and serene,  
With glittering diamonds lights the watery scene ;  
Thro' heaven's deep concave Calpè's mount appeared,  
And Spain's dear shores each flitting moment neared,

Hope's cheerful smile the settled gloom effaced,  
That on Gonzalvo's visage care had placed ;  
As he beheld this flower of richest bloom,  
His home and country, o'er the billows loom,  
O'erjoyed in heart, with prospects doubly dear,  
To hope he gave the tribute of a tear.  
But musing still on thought of future deeds,  
The shrill alarm from Pedro's voice unheeds,  
Who, now upon the margin of the skies  
Observed the dark and curling vapor rise,  
Saw fearful glimpses o'er th' horizon creep,  
Presaging tempest on the mighty deep !

The warning cry of threatening dangers near,  
Th' excited crew had wrought to frenzied fear ;  
And fore and aft, all uncontrolled they fly,  
And giant strength to useless efforts ply :  
The zephyr breeze, that late but kissed the waves,  
Now o'er the sea with savage fury raves :  
The brilliant stars were terrified and pale,  
And in night's canopy their radiance veil !  
The moon from this nocturnal scene withdrew,  
Nor in the struggle would her beams renew.  
Thro' rended shrouds rush hoarse and whistling blasts,  
Crash now the yards, now fall the weakened masts,  
The ribbon sails o'ertasked, from boltings fly,  
And o'er the wreck the spars and cordage lie.

Night o'er the heavens her murky mantle spread,  
And overwhelmed the shipwrecked souls with dread,

The swelling waves, in wrathful passions rise,  
Seem snow-clad mountains towering to the skies ;  
The little bark, by their fell fury driven,  
Bounds now th' abyss — then seeming skips to heaven.  
The ireful clouds collect in stern array,  
And bursting thunders speak the mighty fray ;  
O'er the vast deep its murmuring echoes glide,  
While falling torrents swell the impetuous tide ;  
The lightnings pour their liquid fire, to light  
The horrid scenes of this tempestuous night !

The hope long based on human aid is lost,  
O'er surges black the shattered bark is tost,  
Unhelmed she drifts, now plunging 'neath the waves,  
Then upward bounding from these bubbling graves !  
At length descending with an arrow's speed,  
She meets the doom fatality decreed,  
Against a ship, with awful crash she whirled,  
And thus to ocean depths was quickly hurled !  
On the dark bosom of the billowy way,  
With death contending, brave Gonzalvo lay,  
His trust in God no other hope inspires,  
Or warms his bosom with its sacred fires.  
In prayer to heaven his soul he now commends,  
And every thought of worldly honor ends !  
But now, a flash his drooping sense revived,  
He saw the ship that had the shock survived !  
She buoyant rides within the cable's length,  
And hope renewed, again renewed his strength.  
Successfully he breasts the roaring tide,  
Glides through the spray and gains the vessel's side ;

A broken halser o'er the gunwale hung,  
At which our hero caught and closely clung.  
A hollow voice to his astonished ear,  
Drew quick attention to an object near ;  
A struggling victim, at the rudder-chain,  
Called loud for succor, but had called in vain.  
One effort more Gonzalvo climbs the wreck,  
And Pedro safely hauls upon the deck !

Old Pedro's strain of gratitude was brief,  
He kissed the hand that tendered him relief ;  
But e'er his heart its fond return had made,  
A horrid shriek new terrors here betrayed !  
Abaft they sprung, and by a glimmering light  
A wretched female saw in dismal plight !  
In chains she lay, her face to heaven upraised,  
A guard of blacks around her fiercely gazed ;  
Her flowing locks, the sport of savage wind,  
Waft now in air, now on her neck reclined ;  
Her loosened robes from their confinements trailed,  
To brutal gaze her heaving breasts unveiled !  
With frantic grief imploringly she raves,  
While courting death from these barbarian slaves !  
Their iron hearts no soft impression felt,  
But spurned the object which before them knelt !

Ah ! who can image the impassioned fire,  
The scorching simoom of Gonzalvo's ire ;  
As his dark eye in rapid glances trace  
The well-known features of Zulema's face !

With maniac rage he leaps, the guard disarms,  
The drooping maiden folds within his arms ;  
Unkeys the bolts, dislodges quick the chains,  
And on his throbbing breast his love sustains !  
But scarcely he this noble deed achieved,  
And Pedro's hands the willing charge received,  
When these barbarians from their fright restored,  
With horrid yells collect their scattered horde.  
Marines and sailors in defence unite,  
Unsheath their weapons, and prepare to fight.  
Their chief, an Ethiopian, appears,  
Advanced he stands, and chides their coward fears ;  
With gleaming sword he at Gonzalvo flew,  
And from his breast the crimson current drew !  
With dire revenge was this sad blow repelled,  
And death's embrace the worthless victim held !  
The savage crew in wild confusion gazed,  
And at Gonzalvo's prowess stand amazed.  
Again they rally, but with nerveless hands,  
Alone, undaunted, still Gonzalvo stands ;  
Each foe advancing meets a deathful check,  
And bleeding corses strew the gory deck ;  
The purple streamlets through the scuppers glide,  
Commingling ruby with the emerald tide.

Zulema, 'midst this awful carnage stood,  
Saw droop the hero from his loss of blood ;  
That cheering hope in this unknown so rife,  
No more sustained her in this dreadful strife,  
But in despair she saw a flickering ray,  
That woful night might change to smiling day.

To Pedro's ear the secret she revealed,  
That in the ship were many slaves concealed !  
As quick as thought adown the hatch he flies,  
Commands the captives on their captors rise !  
These grovelling souls no sooner heard the word,  
Than life and energy within them stirred,  
Each to the other hastens, to release !  
Till each stood free, no manly efforts cease ;  
On deck they spring unarmed and unarrayed,  
And join the fray in veteran Pedro's aid !  
As from the lair the hungry lions rush,  
And their unconscious victims boldly crush,  
Nor leave their prey while life's warm blood incites,  
Or fully gorged their greedy appetites.  
So with this band the lion spirit mates,  
And every blow a victim immolates,  
Till each fell foe beneath the rolling wave  
Had found a dark unfathomable grave !

Deep silence o'er the half-wrecked vessel reigned,  
Gonzalvo gloried in the victory gained ;  
He sought Zulema, but so faint and weak,  
His tongue refused its wonted power to speak ;  
His bleeding wounds life's little courses drained,  
His tottering limbs no longer strength sustained,  
No human power could utterance compel,  
And mute, exhausted, brave Gonzalvo fell.

The angry wind no more the sea assails,  
O'er her green bosom Zephyrus prevails,

The night recedes, the twinkling stars retire,  
And heaven seems mantled in a sheet of fire ;  
The purple east restores the morning ray,  
And Sol's bright beams illuminate the day.  
Gonzalvo long in syncopè had lain,  
And every effort for relief seemed vain,  
What friendship, love, or gratitude could do,  
Was done by Pedro, and Zulema too ;  
By her soft hands his bloody wounds were dressed,  
And in her hammock was he laid to rest ;  
With pallid face, still motionless he lies,  
And seemingly in death are closed his eyes !

The captive slaves whom Pedro had restored,  
Were Afric's sons, a Bereberain horde,  
Grateful their hearts while bounding o'er the seas,  
Fanned and refreshed by freedom's healthful breeze.  
In Pedro's skill they readily confide,  
And prompt in action, with his will complied ;  
The splintered spars are neatly scarfed and hung,  
The useless fragments to the ocean flung ;  
The bloody deck its hue incarnate changed,  
The cordage spliced, the tackle well arranged,  
Compliant sails again embrace the breeze,  
And thus renewed, she skims again the seas !

As o'er the bosom of the mighty deep  
The well-rigged vessel makes her buoyant sweep,  
On deck, Zulema, in her smiles arrayed,  
Her pure thank-offerings to the captives made ;

And faithful Pedro, anxious at his stand,  
At length proclaimed the magic note of land !  
The joyful tidings spread among the crew,  
And on the lee stood Malaga in view,  
Zulema's heart with exultation swelled,  
For Moslem rule within this place was held,  
And her prerogative and princely sway  
The subjects here acknowledge and obey ;  
Upon her mind these dear reflections pressed,  
And thus the joyful Pedro she addressed :  
“ For this fair city, Pedro, turn aside,  
And let the vessel in the haven ride,  
For I am sister of Grenada's king,  
To me these people will their homage bring ;  
Here Mulei Hassem will his daughter bless,  
Restored to life, to peace and happiness ;  
And yonder palace mid the forest green,  
With golden domes above the foliage seen,  
Shall be the spot wherein my heart this day  
Its grateful debt to unknown worth shall pay !  
And now, kind Pedro, if thou wilt impart  
The valued secret, treasured in thy heart,  
To thy impatient friend, if thou 'lt disclose  
To whom this debt of gratitude she owes,  
Unbounded thanks from my full heart shall flow,  
These hands on thee their choicest gifts bestow !  
Of noble blood this stranger ? — Pedro, say ;  
A king — a prince in sunny Africa ?

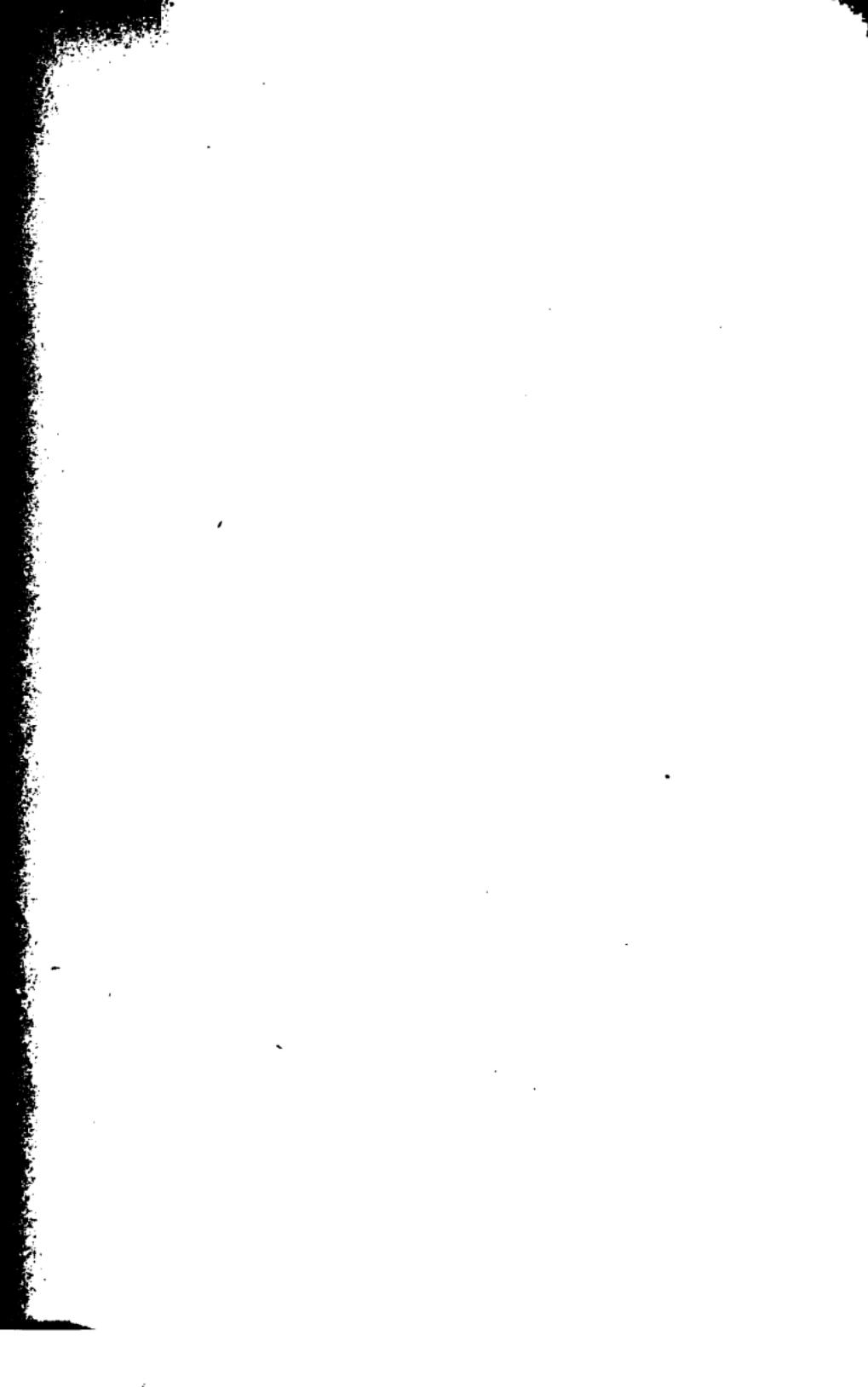
Now prudent Pedro saw new dangers rise,  
His only safety rests in deep disguise ;

For fast upon the Moslem coast they gain,  
Where every man is sworn a foe to Spain !  
Were his distinguished name but whispered here,  
The Spanish warrior might have much to fear.  
He blushed to think it duty to deceive,  
But the deception would his friend relieve !  
“ O lovely princess, your prophetic heart  
Has half revealed the secret I ’d impart,  
Illustrious birth he claims, of noble name,  
And from proud Afric’s fruitful shores he came !  
A warrior jealous of those mighty deeds,  
Which of Grenada’s heroes oft he reads :  
He flies to succor — to prevent her fall,  
To join her warriors, and surpass them all !  
But tempest-tossed his little bark was driven  
Thy ship against — and by the surges riven !  
But heaven in love this noble soul protects,  
And to thy ship his struggling frame directs,  
With strength renewed he breasts the furious waves,  
And from pollution my dear mistress saves ! ”  
Thus Pedro spoke — Zulema, thus deceived,  
To heaven her ardent aspirations breathed,  
That in this warrior, to her heart so dear,  
Grenada’s saviour might at length appear !

In port the ship, and now the anchor cast,  
The sails are furled, the yards are squared and fast,  
The rigging coiled, the decks are laved and cleared,  
And at the peak the Moslem flag appeared !  
Amid the crowd that quickly line the strand,  
Zulema and her friends in safety land ;

The gathered throng with acclamations greet  
The lovely princess as she passed each street ;  
The wounded hero followed in her train,  
Borne by the captives whose fell foe he 'd slain ;  
And by his side the worthy Pedro moved,  
And bore the sword of him he so much loved.  
The deaf'ning trumpet wide the tidings sends,  
And loved Zulema meets again her friends.

END OF FIRST BOOK.



**BOOK II.**

### **THE ARGUMENT.**

Tender cares of Zulema for Gonzalvo, whom she believes to be an African Prince. Zulema relates the origin of the misfortunes of Grenada. She describes the beautiful city. The delightful country by which it is surrounded. The manners and gallantries of the Moors. The reign of Mulei Hassem. Description of the Alhambra. Of the Generalif. Character of the Abencerrages. Of the Zegrис. Division of the two tribes. Mulei Hassem loves a captive. Portraits of Almanzor and Boabdil. Marriage of Almanzor with Moraima. Feats at Grenada. Sports of the Moors. Treason of the Zegrис. Boabdil proclaimed King. Fidelity of the Abencerrages. Mulei Hassem abdicates in favor of his son.

## BOOK II.

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'Tis sweet, indeed, when worthy hearts approve,  
And feel emotions consecrate to love;  
When truth and virtue, life's foundation bind,  
And souls adored love's richest treasures find;  
Where pure felicity her temple rears,  
And at its altar lovely peace appears.  
But when the object which inspires our love  
Feels other ties within the breast inwove;  
Feels benefactions which o'erload the heart,  
And leave impressions, never to depart,  
Then sweeter still we those enjoyments prize,  
Which duty, pleasure, peace and love comprise.  
Thus felt Zulema, as in tears she cast  
A retrospective look upon the past.

Within her palace is Zulema blest,  
From wretched toils and bitter griefs at rest;  
Her cares alone to brave Gonzalvo given,  
And for his health, a constant prayer to heaven;  
Her splendid chambers yield their costly dress,  
Her golden censers rich perfumes express;

The best physicians proclamation brought,  
And plants medicinal were quickly sought.  
On her warm heart the healing leaves are dried,  
By her soft hand their properties applied ;  
Their hours of sleep her anxious eyes forego,  
And in her vigils beam with brighter glow.

Our wounded chieftain had not yet expressed  
The deep emotions which pervade his breast ;  
Though love encircled him with fond desires,  
And in his bosom kindled all her fires,  
Yet, to Zulema he would fain declare  
His grateful sense for her unbounded care.  
Upon his cheeks the trickling tears of joy  
Portrayed an index of his mind's employ ;  
He blest his wounds that such devotion sealed,  
And wished, though painful, they might not be healed !  
Alas ! how vain to give to thought discourse,  
Or efforts lend to frustrate nature's course.  
Time's rapid car no human power impedes,  
The charioteer impels his fiery steeds ;  
On wings of wind they fly the boundless space,  
And night and day in quick succession chase.  
Yet with Gonzalvo time increased his flight,  
And nature's balmy breath restored the knight.  
His languid eye assumes its brilliant fires,  
His pallid face to crimson hue aspires ;  
Erect his frame, in life and strength renewed,  
Assuaged his anguish, and his pains subdued !

The pendent dangers which exposed this chief,  
Were troubled fountains of Zulema's grief;  
Upon her brow, alternate light and shade  
Of hope and fear, in omened movements played,  
And doubt had veiled with sombrous clouds her face,  
And on her cheeks had left no roseate trace.  
In partial health confiding hopes arise,  
Sweet pleasures sparkle in her peerless eyes.  
Joy's brightest rays the smiling princess crowned,  
The palace halls with festive lays resound;  
The flowing coffers yield their secret hoard,  
And presents rich in golden streamlets poured.  
This deep-fraught sense of unaffected love,  
Which seemed with heavenly attributes inwove,  
At once the burden of his soul augments,  
And every dear acknowledgment prevents;  
With faltering tongue the gallant knight essayed,  
Yet still the lips the abundant heart betrayed!  
With feeble voice and trembling hands upraised,  
With softened eyes he on Zulema gazed.  
“ O lovely princess, could the eye suggest  
The ardent longings of this smitten breast,  
This heart no effort of the tongue had sought,  
To speak the secrets of its chambered thought;  
But while vitality is centered here,  
This grateful heart thy worth shall still revere.  
Yet let me die! let each fond care abate,  
Or this frail life to thee be consecrate!”

Her eyes of jet the blushing princess cast,  
While new sensations to her bosom past;

In honored terms his gallantry she praised,  
As on his form regenerate, she gazed.  
This generous chief she urged to keep in view  
That sacred debt of gratitude, still due ;  
That in the dictates of her heart's full tide  
Her acts and motives may be justified !

As April clouds their silvery drops display,  
Amidst the gleamings of the brightest day,  
So from her eye, through joyous smiles appears  
The pearly sprinkling of Zulema's tears ;  
The chaste salute her waving hand imparts,  
And from the chief she instantly departs.

The anxious care which Pedro exercised,  
Enchained him to the chief he idolized ;  
This faithful sentinel his vigils kept,  
Nor closed his eyes, but when Gonzalvo slept.  
At early dawn of renovated life,  
When newborn hopes within his breast were rife,  
Had Pedro to the pillow'd chief revealed  
What wayward fate had for a time concealed,  
Unfolded now Zulema's rank and name,  
The palace residence — her father's fame,  
The fatal errors which Zulema, blind,  
(By Pedro's fictions) round her heart entwined !  
Upon her mind indelibly was placed  
This glowing picture which she fondly traced :  
That Afric's climes the honored birth-place gave  
Of him, who snatched her from the deep blue wave ;

And in her chronicles of princely fame,  
Gleams the bright halo round this chieftain's name !

Gonzalvo's bosom brooked of no deceit,  
He censured Pedro for his wily cheat !  
And in the impulse of impassioned pride  
This fictive narrative would have described !  
But Pedro warned him of his certain fall ;  
Such rash procedure would themselves enthrall !  
Weak and exposed, if but his name were known,  
The people's fury would defy the throne !  
Zulema's power would lose its vast control,  
And Spain in tears her hero's loss condole !  
The chief o'erwhelmed, to humble caution bends,  
And Pedro's wisdom, in his tears commends !

No vestal goddess, pure in her desire,  
E'er watched the gleamings of her midnight fire  
As did Zulema, for that precious hour  
Which should to health her unknown friend restore !  
Believing him what Pedro had disclosed,  
A Moorish prince to Spanish cause opposed,  
She would to him her country's woes relate,  
And to his prowess trust its doubtful state.  
That hour was near, and opportune the place :  
The carmine tints were nestled on her face,  
Her ebon curls in peerless beauty vied,  
Her tissue veil was gently waved aside ;  
Her lovely hand her brave preserver's pressed,  
And her fond heart its gratitude confessed !

With voice melodious, and with accents clear,  
She asked awhile the hero's listening ear,  
That her confiding heart might now disclose  
The source and current of Grenada's woes !  
The gallant chief most courteously complied,  
And loved Zulema, seated by his side,  
With ceremonials and forms dispensed,  
And thus the story of her griefs commenced :

" You are not ignorant, my friend," said she,  
" Of those proud conquests, and to what degree  
Our ancient empire, through extended Spain,  
Excelled in grandeur, under Arab reign !  
Our brave forefathers, with triumphant arms  
Upraised the crescent mid din war's alarms,  
And vanquished christians, from oppression dread,  
To the rude mountains of Asturia fled !  
For centuries among these savage glens,  
The mountain passes, crags, and rocky dens,  
They nursed their vengeance, germed in deadly hate,  
And but the dayspring of the harvest wait !  
Inured to toil, they still their tasks pursued,  
Though bent by conquest, they were not subdued !  
Misfortune seemed their courage to elate,  
Prosperity did ours but enervate !  
Detested tyrants, then, our kings became,  
While theirs were heroes of exalted fame ;  
At length emerging from their locks, prepared,  
Bold war upon their ancient foe, declared !  
Their nervy frames a zealous spirit fired,  
And gleams of conquest every heart inspired !

Our petty monarchs, with incessant toils,  
(In foreign contest and intestine broils)  
Their powerful, concentrated efforts wrecked,  
And the ambition of our country checked;  
Till of their acquisitions nought was known  
But proud Grenada, and its states alone!

"The most enchanting spot of all this earth,  
Is that which gave Grenada's province birth;  
Its grand metropolis in splendor rolled,  
And long the homage of the world controlled;  
Upon two hills this far famed city rose,  
O'ertopped by mountains, white with lasting snows,  
Where winter's handmaid still her vestment spreads,  
And clothes with frost their glittering cloud-capt heads.  
The Darro, here, waves in its flood of green,  
In whose clear waters flakes of gold are seen,  
Which from the mountain's glassy currents glide,  
And gild the bosom of the rippling tide.  
Without the walls the silvery Zenil waves,  
Its limpid stream the verdant country laves,  
The grazing herds its grassy margins glean,  
On distant hills the bleating flocks are seen.  
Fertility her sweetest influence brings,  
And without culture, fruitful harvest springs!  
A thousand quarries open here their doors,  
To adorn the city with their golden stores.  
The richest marble in its varied hue,  
The alabaster, and the jasper too,  
Alternately, to mosques, and temples, rise,  
Towering in splendor to cerulean skies.

From living springs enlivening fountains flow,  
And sportive jets refreshing beauties throw.  
The blooming gardens, redolent with flowers,  
With grateful odors scent the shadowed bowers ;  
The twining myrtle and pomegranate trees,  
Wafting their foliage in the zephyr breeze,  
Spread o'er the lawn, devote to sportive hours,  
The balmy fragrance of their thousand flowers.

“ The strength and power of Moslem rule is here,  
To arts and sciences they temples rear,  
From Asia’s utmost bound to Japan Isle,  
From Atlas’ mount to borders of the Nile,  
Emperors and kings to proud Grenada came,  
With youthful warriors emulous of fame,  
The golden mines of science to explore,  
And from our fountains quaff the classic lore.

“ Thus stood Grenada with its brilliant court,  
Where love found sanctuary, arts support,  
When Mulei Hassem had the throne attained,  
And o'er the splendid empire mildly reigned ;  
Though young in arms, my father had acquired,  
A martial glory which his passion fired ;  
And while it urged him onward still to fame,  
No war inglorious ever stained his name.  
But Jáén’s city had his wrath provoked,  
Upon her walls the ready torches smoked ;  
The clarion blast was echoed from her gates,  
The marshaled troops, the Moslem foe awaits.

Now Hassem's troops were summoned to the field,  
And in the onset Jaën's forces yield !  
Throughout the city was his power sustained,  
And from the foe a lasting peace obtained !  
Endowed with virtue Mulei Hassem strove  
To please his subjects and to gain their love ;  
He broke the rod oppression's hand had reared,  
Relieved his people and their spirits cheered.  
Again the husbandman upturns the soil,  
And holds in peace the harvest of his toil ;  
On mountain, hill, or verdant sedgy plain,  
The blithesome shepherd finds his sports again,  
Attunes his pipes and breathes his rustic lay,  
While bleating flocks around him bound and play.  
Grenada's kingdom thus in beauty vied,  
Of Spain the envy, and of Moors the pride ;  
A cultured garden of perennial flower  
Of Woodbined grottos and of roseate bowers,  
By nature's bounties favored to excess,  
A land of plenty, peace, and happiness.

“ But Hassem's perseverance stopped not here,  
For glory marked the line of his career,  
His subjects' happiness had been obtained,  
And other objects now attention gained ;  
The genius of improvement reared his head,  
And magic structures o'er the city spread,  
The marble mosques stand gleaming in the sun,  
Through granite aqueducts pure waters run ;

The famed Alhambra in its splendor rose,  
The most magnificent of all its shows ;  
A thousand pillars, formed its colonnade  
Of purest white, of alabaster made ;  
Supporting arches of immense extent,  
With porph'ry walls, of rich embellishment,  
Whose brilliant tint of gold and azure glides,  
As dance the sunbeams on its polished sides ;  
Here sportive jets of living waters play,  
The halls refreshing with their crystal spray,  
And cascades too, in liquid silver roar,  
And serpentine upon the marble floor ;  
Canalled in jasper, move these streams of art,  
And through the winding corridors depart ;  
On every side perfumes of richest flowers,  
With aromatics, mingle all their powers,  
From burning vaults exhaling sweets ascend,  
And through the palace all their fragrance spend.

“ The splendid Generaliff, of envied fame,  
Shall for a moment our attention claim ;  
Simplicity within this garden reigns,  
Which nature’s beauteous handiwork sustains ;  
In entering here the eye no effort sees  
Of art displayed in brilliant prodigies,  
But marks the glaring contrast set apart  
From nature’s culture and the works of art ;  
It opes to view, in works of nature’s hand,  
Which in this lovely vast enclosure stand ;  
Each movement brings a varied scene to view,  
And at each turn unbounded charms accrue.

Through shadowed vistas, alternately seen,  
Are smiling villages and hills of green ;  
Here, groves of myrtle, interspersed with flowers,  
Lend shade and fragrance to the latticed bowers ;  
Here, cluster grapes, there orange groves display  
Their golden products o'er the spicy way ;  
O'er frightful rocks the cascades leap and roar,  
Whose hurried streams beneath the grottos pour ;  
Here stands a thicket, there a grove of flowers,  
Where warbling nightingales beguile the hours :  
Whether in city or on mountain side,  
On verdant banks where rippling waters glide,  
The enraptured eye with wonder still beholds  
The richest scenery the earth unfolds !

“ In this delightful clime my father reigned,  
And long his people's happiness maintained ;  
Upon his walls the branch of peace was hung,  
From loyal subjects' smiles and greetings sprung,  
Till fate ordained and fell disasters rose,  
Which filled the remnant of his days with woes !  
The deadly hate of two distinguished tribes,  
The future bounds of royalty prescribes,  
Dissolves those ties that unfeigned love may claim,  
And dims the brilliant star of Moslem fame ! .

“ It 's well observed, that in a nation's right  
The Moors together all their strength unite ;  
Our manners ancestral we still preserve,  
And from their ancient customs never swerve ;

Our various tribes have each their own domain,  
And each their government and laws maintain.

“ Among these tribes, most warlike and most dear,  
The Abencerrages stand without a peer ;  
From ancient kings in lineal rank they came,  
And bear a noble and illustrious name ;  
In war invincible, in victory bland,  
On their escutcheons no dark shadows stand ;  
In them the noblest qualities excel,  
In every bosom love and honor dwell ;  
The haughty Spaniards, though with crests erect,  
Confer on them a merited respect  
For benefits to christian captives shown,  
Whom, wars victorious, to their hands have thrown !  
Their wealth immense, has been from time’s dark page  
To all their poor a welcome heritage.  
In this famed tribe no craven heart e’er dwelt,  
Perfidious lover ne’er to fair one knelt,  
Nor spouse inconstant, nursing jealous fears,  
Connubial bliss to cloud with tristful tears ;  
Confiding friendship, ne’er to treachery bent,  
Nor plighted faith the love-bound bosom rent ;  
There lives no foe that can in truth proscribe  
Or dim the glory of this valiant tribe !

“ The next in grandeur, wealth, and courage, stand  
The famous Zegrис and a rival band !  
From kings of Fez they hold direct descent,  
Perversely rude, morose, and turbulent.

But my resentment 'gainst this guilty clan  
No promulgation makes, of curse or ban,  
Nor shall it hide those tablets which describe  
The brilliant fame of this distinguished tribe !  
An hundred times, upon Castilian land,  
The blast of this indomitable band  
Has fear uproused, and consternation spread,  
And lordly Spaniards overwhelmed with dread !  
Our mosques the banners of the foe display  
In trophied honors of victorious fray !  
But thirst for blood dishonors all their fame,  
No Zegrис e'er from battle captive came ;  
The vanquished Zegrис ne'er for mercy calls,  
But with his own destructive weapon falls !  
Love's soft regards, or friendship's holy zest  
Find no excitement in his wayward breast,  
These social qualities their souls deride,  
As panaceas to their bloated pride !  
In literature or arts no charms they find,  
The lights of science reach no Zegrис' mind ;  
To deeds of blood alone their hearts aspire,  
To fight victoriously their sole desire !  
Long on their brows, indelible in blood,  
An impress deep of jealous hatred stood,  
Against this generous and friendly tribe  
The Abencerrages, whom they dare proscribe !  
Oft has the gauntlet marked their bitter rage,  
And oft has Hassem drawn aside the gage !  
The public eye observed this deadly hate,  
And saw each tribe possessed its advocate ;

Conflicting passions powerful friends divide,  
And marshaled forces fly to either side !  
The Almorades and Alabez sustain  
The Abencerrages, and their cause maintain,  
While the Gomelez and Vanegas join,  
And to the Zegrис all their strength assign ;  
And tribes obscure, with deadly strife elate,  
With their respective friends confederate !

“ My father, in the vortex of despair,  
A neutral posture could no longer share ;  
The court and city in division stood,  
And fears pictorial imaged scenes of blood ;  
The virtuous Mulei, in this gulf of woe  
Could not the dictates of his heart forego ;  
He yields in hope, aloud, avows his friends,  
And with his cause the Abencerrages blends !  
The excited Zegrис, roused to fearful ire,  
Dire vengeance threatened 'gainst my much-loved sire  
This dread denunciation had its weight,  
And Mulei quailed beneath envenomed hate !  
To appease their minds, to calm increasing rage,  
To lull resentment, and respect engage,  
A signal favor Mulei now confers,  
And from the Zegrис tribe a spouse prefers !  
Peerless in beauty, paragon in charm,  
Almarda's daughter wore the awarded palm,  
Haughty Aixa ! nursed in pomp and pride,  
Grenada's Queen became, and Hassem's bride !  
Hereditary vice her passions swayed,  
And dimmed the lustre beauty's gems displayed.

To love insensible, in heart profane,  
Tyrant in feeling and perversely vain,  
O'er Mulei's paths the thorns of grief she spread,  
And mocked the woes that settled on his head !  
An heir she gave to proud Grenada's throne,  
A prince depraved, to every evil prone,  
And o'er the Moors he reigns a tyrant still,  
His people's hate — nefarious Boabdil !

“ Bereft of joys that render life serene,  
My honored sire repudiates his queen ;  
Resolves no more with Hymen's iron chain,  
Love's sweetest, heartfelt joys to bind again !  
Yet in his bosom love's desires still reigned,  
He sought its fountain and its nectar gained.  
Resolves in love are ligatures of sand,  
Which wily Cupid severs at command ;  
A captive princess Mulei's heart possessed,  
Rich in her love, in her endearments blest !  
The holy faith her christian fathers taught  
Was that with which her pious heart was fraught ;  
With no desire o'er Mussulmans to reign,  
No princely dignities her thoughts enchain ;  
She Mulei loves, for qualities his own,  
And not for power, or influence of the throne !  
The noble soul of Mulei daily drew  
From lovely Leonore attachments true ;  
She wept with him the woes of kingly rank,  
Smiled in his joys, and in his pleasures drank ;  
Breathed consolation to a bosom pained,  
And with her love the Moslem king sustained !

" From this hymeneal, loved Almanzor sprung,  
Whose glorious deeds of chivalry are sung ;  
And who this day Grenada's walls defends,  
And checks the power that Spain presumptuous sends !  
His brilliant fame admiring Moors revere,  
Say, generous chieftain, has it reached thine ear ? "

" O, yes," the courteous gallant knight replied,  
" I know this chief, your country's boast and pride ;  
What spot on earth acknowledging a name,  
That stands unlearned in brave Almanzor's fame !  
Grenada's strength, her pillar of support,  
Her empire's glory, model of her court !  
The deep esteem that penetrates my heart  
For this young prince, to thee I must impart ;  
Among the chieftains that adorn your state,  
There's none but him I wish to emulate ;  
To equal him is solely my desire,  
For to surpass, none can with hope aspire ! "

The lovely princess listened with delight  
This high encomium from a stranger knight ;  
In smiles her heart its gratitude bestows,  
Then recommenced the subject of her woes.

" The second pledge of lovely Leonore  
To Mulei Hassem's arms a daughter bore ;  
Who now to thee, brave chief, for life renewed,  
Pours forth her strains of unfeigned gratitude !  
In tender infancy my mother's arms  
Entwined this frame, and cradled me from harms.

As age advanced Almanzor's watchful eyes  
O'er my young footsteps providently plies;  
My school-hour themes and early tasks he taught,  
And to my budding mind their treasures brought;  
His love fraternal his confiding soul,  
Where all our thoughts find mutual control,  
Are golden unions, that so clasp the heart,  
That death alone the precious bond can part!  
Excuse me on this theme of brother praise,  
It brings remembrances of happier days,  
When mirth and pleasure crowned our younger years  
In dear illusions, void of cares and fears.

"Alas! those times of happiness and peace,  
By mad ambition soon were doomed to cease!  
The clarion blast our peaceful bosoms chill,  
The unfurled banners wave on every hill,  
The neighing warhorse champs his bit in rage,  
Bounds unrestrained mid war's bright equipage,  
With bleachened tents the embattled plains are filled,  
The trumpet's clangor through each bosom thrilled,  
On our frontier Mars placed his bloody car,  
And haughty Spain lifts up the torch of war!  
Almanzor called, for glory quickly flew,  
His home to succor and its foes subdue;  
His arm triumphant checked those martial frays,  
And from the field he bore victorious bays!  
But bold incursions from the troops of Spain  
Took brave Almanzor to the field again,  
And tranquil scenes, with which my views comport,  
Were interchanged for tumults of the court.

And here the griefs that checker human life,  
For me in all their Protean shapes were rife !  
Within the circle of our choicest friends,  
Insatiate death his awful summons sends ;  
My mother felt the bold destroyer's dart,  
And victim fell to its envenomed smart !  
All consolation Mulei's grief defied,  
Which vampire-like upon his vitals plied ;  
He mourned in sorrow his embittered fate,  
And bent beneath affliction's crushing weight !  
My loved Almanzor from the army speeds,  
His glittering garb exchanged for sorrow's weeds ;  
With Mulei's tears his falling drops combine,  
And heart-felt sympathies their souls entwine.

“ A base design against my father's throne,  
Devised by Boabdil, was fully known,  
And in the absence of Almanzor, gleams  
A brilliant hope to his nefarious schemes ;  
Unwary subjects fall within his snare,  
And tempted Moors his gilded liveries wear ;  
Among the soldiers sweet allurements glide,  
And traitor's hearts in traitor gifts confide ;  
On streams corruptive he outspreads his sails,  
And fast advances in auspicious gales,  
Pursues the course that meets his wily ends,  
And grasps at aught which to his purpose tends.  
A vigorous prince, with dazzling prospects fired,  
Extolled by courtiers, and in vice admired,  
Perfidious flatteries turned his ears from truth,  
And in destruction's vortex hurled his youth !

O'erwhelmed with crime, above the law's control,  
No soft remorse e'er reached his hardened soul,  
From pleasures to excess, in rapid flight  
He headlong plunges, this abyss of night,  
Knows no restraint, his only law his will,  
And from the poisoned chalice drinks his fill !

" The bloody Zegrис sought with equal zeal  
My father's downfall and the prince's weal ;  
His royal blood, upsprung from Zegrис veins,  
And Zegrис slaves received his magic chains !  
To his insidious arts they lend the ear,  
And with delight uphold his mad career ;  
With vengeance fired, their treacherous hearts disown  
The legal monarch of Grenada's throne !  
The powerful influence which this tribe secured,  
Had blinking treason to the army lured ;  
But that brave band, the Abencerrages, rose,  
And Mulei's power secured from traitorous foes !

" The Abencerrages, generous, brave, and kind,  
With horror learned what Boabdil designed :  
Their friends they rallied, and their aid implored,  
And flew to shield the monarch they adored !  
To check at once dissension's baleful strife,  
My honored sire, at peril of his life,  
In royal person reached the army's head,  
And lurking treason from his presence fled !  
The clarion-blasts in notes triumphant ring,  
And echoing voices cry, ' long live the king ! '

But Hassem's rising fears were not allayed,  
The wiles of Boabdil were yet displayed,  
The flickering spark combustive matter waits,  
To spread a conflagration through the states.

“ To disconcert this base and foward son,  
To overthrow a project thus begun,  
To save the people, and secure his reign,  
The king proposed and formed a truce with Spain !  
Thus Boabdil of honors was despoiled,  
The bloody Zegrís in their purpose foiled,  
The royal troops to Mulei's wishes yield,  
Retire, disbanded from the unstained field ;  
The war-spread banners, to their staves are furled,  
And anarchy from his dark empire hurled !

“ Within his capital my father strove  
To draw more closely every tie of love ;  
The factious spirit, caged but for a while,  
Would from its charnel-house again defile ;  
A nation, warlike and capricious, hates  
The dull monotony of peaceful states,  
And Mulei felt within his troubled breast  
Those sad forebodings which destroyed his rest.  
But to divert the plodding mind from strife  
And give to fallen pleasures new-born life,  
The feats and tournaments, the pride of Spain,  
Were in Grenada's city rise again ;  
And lively sports, which time had cast aside,  
By Mulei's wand into existence glide ;

A prey however to a deadly grief,  
These sports to Hassem offered no relief,  
His constant thought to Leonore was given,  
And through this angel soared his soul to heaven.

“ This glorious epoch of a nation’s mirth,  
Which shed such splendor in its precious birth,  
Was the bright advent of Almanzor’s joy,  
The consummation of his heart’s employ.  
Among the brave Abencerrages dwelt  
The loveliest maid that e’er to virtue knelt :  
The grace that charms, the dignity that fires,  
The blandishments that every heart inspires,  
In life’s best vigor yield their sweet perfume,  
And round the beauteous Moraima bloom ;  
Almanzor here the lover knee had bent,  
And at her shrine his troubled soul unbent ;  
Till gentle loves like flowing spring-tides rise,  
And fill the fountains of their sympathies.  
Each day retold the subjects oft confessed  
Of hours that were, and moments to be blessed,  
Around each heart hope’s fondest tendrils twine,  
And present joys with future bliss combine ;  
In wild conceits they chide time’s tardy stay,  
Till breaks the morning of their nuptial day :  
The royal order Mulei Hassem named,  
And publicly the festive day proclaimed,  
On which Grenadians would in pomp and state  
The prince Almanzor’s nuptials celebrate.

This day, preceded tournaments and sports,  
When pleasure opened her extended courts,  
And hearts beat high, in Mulei Hassem's love,  
And echoing tongues Almanzor's choice approve.  
The opening morn displays its ruby ray,  
Admiring thousands hail the happy day,  
Magnificence in all her splendor shone,  
And e'en outvied the glory of the throne ;  
The thousand mosques their golden portals ope,  
Where rise petitions for Grenada's hope !  
With oil of joy their incensed altars blaze,  
And untold thousands speak Almanzor's praise !

" Amidst the gleamings of this vast parade  
Came Moraima, the affianced maid,  
A snow-white courser from Arabia's shore,  
Who, seeming conscious of the prize he bore,  
In gallant prancing through the streets conveyed  
In honored sanction this distinguished maid !  
Her golden dress, with sparkling diamonds bound,  
Profusely skirted, gently kissed the ground,  
A silver veil, enriched with precious pearls,  
Bore striking contrast with her jetty curls ;  
Its deepened folds, her lovely contour hides,  
Falls o'er her neck, and decks her courser's sides ;  
Sweet melody, in music's richest strain,  
Breathes its soft soothings and precedes the train ;  
A crowd of females on the rear are pressed,  
Some flowerets bear, in vases gaily dressed,

Some golden baskets, pendent at their side,  
With decorations for the lovely bride ;  
The royal mosque its holy fire expands,  
And at the altar Moraima stands !  
The brave Almanzor with his royal sire  
Had watched the crescent of the sacred fire ;  
And now, surrounded by the brilliant court,  
Seemed doubly happy in the king's support ;  
Before the altar stand the clustered friends,  
And burning incense to the roof ascends,  
While Moraima and Almanzor kneel,  
And vows renewed, in holy wedlock seal !  
The mitred priest upon the prophet calls,  
Responsive voices echo through the halls,  
To Allah all invoke the humble prayer,  
And ask a blessing for the royal pair.

“ In dulcet strains of music's heavenly note,  
Which through the pillared sanctuary float,  
Almanzor and his lovely bride retire,  
And to the palace of his royal sire  
By court preceded, smiling as they move,  
Blessed with their own and loyal subjects' love :  
Twelve blooming girls, in robes of purest white,  
Bore rich perfumes, on Moraima's right,  
And twelve young boys, with rosy garlands crowned,  
With burning incense saturate the ground ;  
In silken dress attired this youthful train,  
And two by two Almanzor's left sustain.  
These little bands, with flowerets strew the way,  
And sing alternate this appropriate lay :

Heavenly gifts to man below,  
 Sacred joys in wedlock given ;  
 Precious moments as you flow,  
 Brighten still this boon of heaven.

Love, how dear thy sacred name,  
 Sweet thy influence o'er the heart ;  
 Joys aside from virtue, wane,  
 Hymen's bonds true bliss impart.

" The morning sun sent forth its gilded ray,  
 Grenada's domes their glittering tints display ;  
 Joy's sweetest strains re-echo through each street,  
 And young and old in boundless ardor meet.  
 The sports most cherished under Moslem reign  
 Were those distinguished feats, the Ring and Cane.  
 And on this morn were expectations rife  
 To see these pastimes springing into life ;  
 It was the day that Mulei had assigned,  
 By new-born sports to stay the captious mind !  
 Our gallant warriors in the pageant share,  
 And splendid costumes for the list prepare ;  
 Their fiery steeds for tournament are trained,  
 Adorned with trappings and completely reined.

" Admiring Moors in motley garb are seen  
 In crowds approaching Vivarambla green ;  
 A vast enclosure, here, of equal sides,  
 A hundred specious galleries provides,  
 Which overlook and gradually ascend,  
 And o'er one half the surface extend ;

Here seated thousands muse with hearts elate,  
And anxiously the coming pleasures wait.  
Forth from the centre was a circle traced,  
In which a splendid sculptured palm was placed,  
Its verdant foliage a charm displayed,  
And art's enchanting hand around it played ;  
Its trunk of bronze, its branches beaten gold,  
Whose glittering leaves their silver veins unfold :  
One brilliant limb, a silver dove sustains,  
Whose golden beak a diamond ring contains,  
Designed so cunningly that when displaced,  
Another promptly in its stead is placed ;  
And his the prize, who skilfully can glance  
And thus dislodge it with his pointed lance !  
Beneath the palm a small reserve is seen  
Where chosen judges for the prize convene ;  
Here kettle-drums and brazen trumpets' cry  
Announce the trial term, and victory !  
A balcony, with richest texture hung  
Of gold and crimson, from a terrace sprung ;  
The canopy cerulean tints displayed  
In glittering tissues and superb brocade.  
The king and court this grand pavilion grace,  
And mingle freely with the populace !  
The grand arenas from these points distend,  
Where gallant warriors for the prize contend.

“ Music's glad note, mellifluent and clear,  
Had left its last vibration on the ear,

The noble judges had their seats attained,  
And order through the vast assembly reigned,  
When Mulei came, with gorgeous pomp and pride,  
With Moraima glittering by his side.  
Magnificence had all her power displayed,  
In brilliant robes the princess stood arrayed ;  
From richest caskets, gems the most select,  
With all their beauties Moriama decked !  
The royal court, who much the king revere,  
With knights and courtiers, in the train appear ;  
The barriers passed they mount the terraced green,  
And in the regal balcony are seen !  
When lo ! no movement marked the people's joy !  
No wonted strains resound of ' Vive le Roi ! '  
No trumpet speaks the royal Hassem's praise,  
No echoing voices acclamations raise !  
The treacherous Zegris had infection spread,  
And brought destruction on my father's head !  
When Mulei saw corruption's current glide,  
His power o'erwhelmed by its infectious tide,  
To Boabdil he turned : ' My son,' said he,  
' Too long I've lived, my subjects bow to thee ! '  
In tears of grief, amidst his loving court,  
He silent sat, and thus commenced the sport.

" The guard disposed, the vast arena cleared,  
At trumpet sound the combatants appeared ;  
In four divisions are these warriors classed,  
And through the barriers, from each side are passed.

" Those gallant knights, th' Abencerrages, made  
The first division of this grand brigade ;  
Of costly texture were their tunics formed,  
Of brilliant blue, with silver sprigs adorned ;  
Adown their fronts, displayed in orient pearls,  
Were cornucopias in serpent curls ;  
On neighing chargers, white as purest snow,  
With trappings, beaming with the sapphire glow,  
White were their turbans, and superbly made  
Of Persian silk, with golden studs arrayed ;  
Tall plumes of blue these towering turbans grace,  
A color long peculiar to this race ;  
A furious lion is their shield's impress,  
Securely chained by hand of shepherdess,  
With silver riband on a ground of blue  
Which brings this motto, ' Mild and Might,' to view !  
The idol chief of this distinguished corps,  
Is Abenhammet, whom all hearts adore,  
And this the hope, that all things else outweighed,  
To stand the victor near his loved Zoraide :  
Filled with bright hopes this youthful band advance  
To prove their skill in chivalry and lance !

" The Zegrис formed the second troop, and they  
In their notorious dress made wild display ;  
Of finest silk their tunics were, and green,  
With golden sprigs and emerald studs between ;  
Their glossy plumes of raven tint waved high,  
O'ertopping turbans of the self-same dye ;  
Their fiery coursers were of jetty black,  
For peaceful pastimes trained, or war's attack ;

Their rich caparisons of darkest hue,  
 With emeralds sparkled like the sunlit dew ;  
 Upon their shields a cimeter is placed,  
 And drops of blood upon its blade are traced;  
 While underneath, embossed with burnished gold,  
 Appears this motto, ‘ Here my Law behold ! ’  
 Their chief is Ali, famed for battle, might,  
 For forty years victorious in the fight ;  
 His word is law, his dread command a nod,  
 And his the surname of the ‘ Sword of God ! ’  
 Their wonted threats these haughty knights proclaim,  
 And scorn the rivals in this tilt for fame.

“ The Alabes in these disports partake,  
 And in the line the third division make ;  
 Their silken tunics of carnation dye,  
 O’ertopped with ruffs that on the shoulders lie,  
 Embroidered are, with silver edging bound,  
 And golden tassels skirt the bottoms round ;  
 Their famous war-steeds were of yellow dun,  
 And yellow too their grand caparison ;  
 Their glossy turbans were of satin made,  
 Of orange lustre, and the beryl shade ;  
 A golden band, with diamond stud enchased,  
 Around the foldings of the turban placed,  
 In lily wreaths upon the side entwined,  
 And ostrich plumes of snowy whiteness bind.

“ Gomelez troops the fourth division made,  
 And formed the rear of this grand cavalcade :

To Zegrис interest they stand allied,  
And in their power and influence confide ;  
In gold and purple tunics they were drest,  
Just midway laced, and open at the breast ;  
While underneath a crimson vest displayed  
Its starry gleamings, rich with gems arrayed ;  
Their plumes were black, their coursers iron-gray,  
And on their shields a lion couchant lay.

“ Before the king the splendid pageant moves,  
Their salutations passed, the king approves ;  
And evolutions now of war’s import,  
In peaceful action glide, for royal sport !  
Now each division forms a hollow square,  
And for the tilt and tournament prepare ;  
Twelve active warriors each division name,  
To take the lance, and run the course for fame ;  
A tuft of diamonds for the victor knight,  
For second skill a tuft of purest white  
Of ostrich plumes, and knit with golden bands,  
And both presented from the princess’ hands.

“ Now through the throng prince Boabdil appeared,  
The troop saluted and the people cheered ;  
A fiery steed, untamed, from Afric’s shore,  
The traitor prince in proud defiance bore ;  
He champs his bit, he plunges wild with ire,  
And from his nostrils burst the seeming fire !  
The smiling prince th’ Abencerrages passed,  
And foul derision on these warriors cast !

Then to the Zegris waves his pliant hand,  
And instantaneous joins this savage band !

" The judges have secured, of equal size,  
For each a lance, who would dispute the prize,  
And each prepared, in deathlike silence wait  
The anxious moment which decides his fate !

" At sound of trump did Abenhammet spring  
From the blue squadron and obtained the ring !  
Then Ali, strove the second to displace,  
But Boabdil outstripped him in the race,  
This wicked prince, brave Abenhammet hates,  
From his success, his own anticipates.  
To check this chief's increasing fame he flies,  
But missed the mark, and lost both lance and prize !  
Again sprang Ali fleetly as his thought,  
His well-directed lance the second brought !  
While Abenhammet deep his courser spurred,  
And from the golden beak took off the third !  
On Ali's lance the fourth was beaming bright,  
And hearty plaudits echo for the knight.  
Now, Abenhammet, checked by some mischance,  
Gave misdirection to his trusty lance :  
With unchecked speed and well-directed eye  
He struck the beak, and twirled the ring on high ;  
Undaunted yet, but striving to excel,  
He raised his lance and caught it as it fell !  
Now acclamations thundered to the skies,  
To Abenhammet all award the prize !

The brazen trumpets victory proclaim,  
And thousands echo Abenhammet's fame :  
To Moraima quick the victor flew,  
And from her hand the brilliant trophy drew ;  
Then to Zoraide, his much-beloved he hies,  
And in her turban placed the splendid prize !

" The proud Gomelez and the Alabez,  
Were unsuccessful on this sportive day ;  
The law prescribes that those who first obtain,  
Shall undisputed in the list remain,  
Nor forfeit place, until the faulty lance  
The silver dove shall miss, and ringless glance.

" This sport thus ended, soon the judge ordains  
The next amusement, called the sport of Canes :  
And each division instantly proceeds  
To arm themselves with long and slender reeds.  
This splendid exercise is thus portrayed :  
With reed or cane each warrior is arrayed,  
With arrow-speed they course upon the field,  
And aim to break them on the opponent's shield ;  
Or high in air, from agile arms they bound,  
Again secured before they reach the ground !  
They now attack, defend, disperse, and close,  
And oft in feats of danger life expose.  
These skilful pranks the astonished crowd amaze,  
Who wildly plaudit as they fondly gaze !

" Scarcely was seen the grand arena clear,  
Scarcely had gleamed the warrior's shield and spear,

Scarcely had mirth her brilliant smiles displayed,  
Or joy the passion of her soul portrayed,  
E'er pleasure's cheek offcast her roseate dies,  
And death's complexion on her visage lies !  
For treason now uprears her hydra heads,  
And o'er the arena dire confusion spreads.  
The faithless Zegrис, now confederate  
And leagued with Boabdil against the state,  
With fiendful passion in this chance delight  
To feed revenge and gorge its appetite !  
Beneath their splendid habits they conceal  
Close coats of mail, of tempered polished steel ;  
And while the sports complete attention drew,  
They changed false lances, and obtained the true !  
The first dread blow at Abenhammet aimed,  
Empierced his side, and this foul plot proclaimed !  
The purple stream his angry passion fed,  
And in return he struck the Zegrис dead !  
This awful conflict each bold knight alarms,  
The trumpet sounds, the warriors rush to arms !  
The Abencerrages fly to aid their chief,  
And rush the Alabez to their relief.  
Now with the Zegrис the Gomelez join,  
And with these traitors form the opposing line !  
With sword to sword these maddened squadrons fight,  
Till streams of blood in tiny lakes unite !  
The king, the judges, and Almanzor press  
Within the list, their fury to repress.  
But Mulei stood, of kingly power disarmed,  
Almanzor's noble voice no longer charmed ;

While trod to earth amidst this bloody fray,  
And bound in death the wretched judges lay !  
The Abencerrages, driven to despair,  
The unequal contest would no longer bear ;  
For every blow that on a Zegrис chanced,  
By hidden armor was repelled or glanced !  
Conditioned thus, was justified the flight,  
To arm more fitly for this horrid fight.  
They reached the barriers by their foes pursued,  
Who through their ranks a passage almost hewed !  
But brave Almanzor, now completely armed,  
For his compatriots feelingly alarmed,  
With sword in hand rushed onward to their aid,  
Checked the pursuers and their fury staid !

“ The Zegrис tribe had further aim in view,  
They left the field and through the city flew.  
‘ To arms ! to arms ! ’ they cried, ‘ live Boabdil !  
Our future sovereign by the people’s will ! ’  
Ten thousand lancers occupied the square,  
And frightful cries the astonished Moslems scare.  
Amidst revolt, the traitor prince appears,  
The Zegrис reverence and bold faction cheers ;  
‘ Long live king Boabdil,’ each Zegrис cries,  
‘ Long live our king,’ revolt again replies.  
Triumphantly thus Boabdil bears sway,  
And for the Alhambra proudly leads the way !  
Within the palace, Mulei Hassem grieved,  
This fatal plot that had the Moors deceived !  
He felt no wish, no impulse to regain  
His kingly dignity upon the wane !

'O God of grace !' he cried, 'one boon I crave,  
Break thou my sceptre; but my people save !'

" Now brave Almanzor on defence was bent,  
And for the bold Abencerrages sent.  
The slaves he armed, shut fast the Alhambra gates,  
And on the towers each soldier animates.  
The Abencerrages, clothed in brilliant steel,  
By indignation urged, and wild with zeal,  
In furious transport rush to aid their king,  
And to the rescue faithful comates bring !  
The Alabez and Almorades now fly,  
Resolved the king to succor or to die :  
These brave defenders of their country's laws,  
Impatient spring to check the traitor's cause !

" At length the Zegrис and their purchased tribes,  
Who value glory less than glittering bribes,  
With polished shields were seen and lances bright,  
In proud array advancing to the fight.  
When they beheld Almanzor as their foe,  
They shrunk abashed and laid their lances low !  
A silence deep succeeds tumultuous roar,  
And war's dread visage peaceful aspect wore ;  
But haughty Boabdil with anger frowned,  
And bid the clarion speak the war-blast round !  
The trumpets' clangor apathy elates,  
And instantly are oped the Alhambra gates !  
Here Hassem stood in royal robes arrayed,  
And at his feet the crown and sceptre laid !

'Grenadians hold !' he cries, 'provoke not heaven,  
 Nor crimes commit that ne'er can be forgiven ;  
 Preserve the blood which yet with vigor flows,  
 Nor sacrifice but to invading foes !  
 These fatal discords from your hearts discard,  
 And the dear jewels of your country guard !  
 Ye valiant tribes, forge for yourselves no chain  
 That once inclipped forever will remain !  
 My reign is o'er, this moment you are free  
 From love and fealty, once due to me !  
 Advance my son, the crown and sceptre 's thine,  
 And I this day my royalty resign !'

"Shame's deepest tint suffused the traitor's face,  
 Before the king he kneeled and begged for grace.  
 The diadem adorned his princely head,  
 And Mulei to his much-loved people said :  
 'Abencerrages ! here behold your king !  
 Grenadians ! here your bounden homage bring !  
 Ye Zegrис ! swear, that here your hatred ends,  
 And aim to make th' Abencerrages friends !'

"The people shout for Boabdil their king,  
 And through the air the joyful peans ring,  
 The trumpet's note domestic peace declares,  
 And to th' Alhambra Boabdil repairs !

"My father from these trying scenes retired,  
 As Moraima and myself desired,

And to the palace of th' Albazin went,  
And changed for deep solicitude — content."

END OF SECOND BOOK.

**BOOK III.**

## THE ARGUMENT.

Zulema relates the change which takes place under the reign of Boabdil. Corruption of the Court and of the king. Love of Abenhammet and Zoraide. Captivity of Ibrahim. Abenhammet delivers him. Boabdil becomes his rival. He opposes the marriage of the lovers. He sends Abenhammet against the Spaniards. Abenhammet is vanquished by Gonzalvo. Gonzalvo penetrates Grenada. The laws condemn Abenhammet to death. Zoraide, to save him, marries Boabdil. Almanzor conducts Abenhammet from Grenada. Abenhammet deceives him and returns. He finds Zoraide in the garden of the Generaliff. Conversation of the two lovers. They are discovered by four Zegris. The Zegris advise the king. Fury of Boabdil. Death of Abenhammet. Murder of the Abencerrages. A child saves the tribe. Combat in the palace. The Abencerrages leave Grenada.

## BOOK III.

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“ Now Hassem from the royal throne descends,  
And in retirement, circled by his friends,  
Perceives each day, as kingly cares grow less,  
Their increased love augments his happiness.  
Almanzor strove to chase those clouds away,  
That cast their shadows o'er his evening day ;  
And Moraima and myself engage  
To lull the ills coincident to age.  
And thus our hearts, in duty's kind employ,  
Forgot the crime that brought us tenfold joy !  
But Boabdil, the king, as time progressed,  
Placed law and order at his own behest,  
The counsel of his father was displaced,  
And youthful courtiers round his person placed ;  
And warrior chiefs, quite silvered o'er with age,  
Whose names etern will brighten history's page,  
In exile waste the remnant of their days,  
And count in tears their honored scars for bays !  
That ancient discipline which battles won,  
Discarded was and totally undone ;

While men distinguished but for vice alone,  
Became associates around the throne !  
Thus our condition — thus Grenada stood  
When angered Spain, with war's destructive flood  
Spread o'er our borders its impetuous tide,  
And walled Grenada's massive gates defied !  
At this dire epoch, heaven against us raised  
A warrior chief who much the Moors amazed,  
A famed Castilian, terrible in fight,  
The great Gonzalvo ! haughty Spain's delight !  
His bold achievements reach to climes afar,  
His name's a terror on the field of war ;  
His upraised arm, in anger, perils breath,  
And if it fall its action leads to death !  
The shameful course by Boabdil pursued,  
Portrayed corruption in its plenitude ;  
His mind's employ, to vilest pleasures bent,  
Alone to flattery his ear was lent !  
The brilliant sports that Mulei Hassem reared,  
Where modesty, in all her charms appeared,  
Where virtue sat, with mild, yet sceptred sway,  
And vice extinguished, in her first born ray,  
Were now to orgies turned and revels vile,  
Where bacchanalians feast and wantons wile ;  
Where insolence his raillery imparts,  
And schools the youth in his nefarious arts !  
But this arena bounds not his career,  
Nor this alone the action of his sphere !  
Within his breast a passion lay concealed  
That e'en to inmates had not been revealed,

Whose kindled flame at length its confines burst,  
 And showed the monster as he was, accursed !  
 The object to his foul desires betrayed,  
 Was the accomplished and beloved Zoraide,  
 Old Ibrahim's daughter, high for beauty famed,  
 And as Grenada's queen now rashly claimed !

“ Zoraide was beautiful beyond compare,  
 In splendor born, and nursed with princely care ;  
 In early life the orphan tear she shed,  
 And mourned lamentably a mother dead ;  
 Her father, vizier to Tremecen's king,  
 Knew not the evils that dethronements bring :  
 Within his rule the olive had its sway,  
 And gave to fleeting life its brightest day ;  
 His daughter's love within his bosom reigned,  
 And she the object now that life sustained !  
 For fierce revolt an awful whirlwind sends,  
 Proscription's strides o'er take his dearest friends,  
 The throne discerped, and majesty deposed,  
 His own wealth forfeit, and his life exposed !  
 He thus, perplexed, with his dear daughter flies  
 To Hassem's court, and asks his sympathies.  
 My father's halls still welcomed the distressed,  
 And here these victims of proscription rest !  
 Fair Jaën's city was without a chief,  
 And, opportune, for Hassem's kind relief.  
 In happy time the father of Zoraide  
 Received its sanction, and was viceroy made.

Still, at the palace was his daughter seen,  
Of grace and beauty the acknowledged queen !  
Her spirit charmed, her virtuous heart inspired,  
And every eye the angelic maid admired.  
Now Abenhammet, who had won the prize,  
Found sudden favor in Zoraide's dark eyes ;  
Their youthful fires in passion knew no flame  
Beyond a sister or a brother's claim :  
In daily intercourse they spent their hours,  
On river banks, in garland-covered bowers ;  
Or, if in mosque they sought from mirth relief,  
Their thoughts were fleeting, as their prayers were  
brief !

As years rolled on, and age forgot its prime,  
Their freedom withered at the touch of time.  
Transformed by love each heart no longer swerved,  
Familiarity became reserved !  
When now they met the blush suffused the cheek,  
Their stammering tongues a babel language speak !  
Till, day by day, love filled each gentle breast,  
And each the magic of her power confessed !

“ Now war again his wrinkled visage rears,  
And on Grenada's soil the foe appears !  
The Spanish army, by Gonzalvo led,  
Before the walls of lovely Jaén tread.  
Here Ibrahim stood, undaunted and arrayed  
In battle panoply, with flags displayed,  
And Jaén's force and massive walls withstand  
A proud defence against Gonzalvo's hand !

But this essay 'gainst triple force was vain,  
 And Ibrahim yields, a captive chief to Spain !  
 Zoraide, with grief, had learned her sire's defeat,  
 And half distracted fell at Mulei's feet,  
 'Restore ! restore, my honored sire,' she said,  
 'And stay the blessings showered upon my head !  
 Or, if inflexible, Gonzalvo prove,  
 And still withholds the object of my love,  
 Entreat, kind Mulei, that within his cell,  
 To bear his chains his wretched child may dwell !'  
 With deep affliction moved, as well as fears,  
 The generous Mulei drank her falling tears,  
 Consoled her griefs, and as her woes oppressed,  
 Poured forth the feelings of his sorrowed breast !

" But Abenhammet chose the better part,  
 A powerful impulse moved his generous heart,  
 His only fear, that war might long retain  
 The noble Ibrahim in his captive chain.  
 Unknown, unseen, for Jaén he departs,  
 And the deep wailings of Zoraide imparts.  
 He found Gonzalvo, musing in his tent,  
 And thus before the chief his soul unbent :  
 ' Great warrior, hail ! within thy presence see  
 A youthful chief, unknown to chivalry !  
 The Abencerrages, of distinguished fame,  
 In me a brother and a chieftain claim ;  
 My youth, great chief, permits me not to throw  
 The battle gage to thee, Grenada's foe !  
 But soon, I hope, will come the happy day  
 When in the fight we shall our weapon's weigh !

A holier theme but now my heart inspires,  
 And love, the impulse of its strong desires !  
 Gonjalvo knows our family and friends,  
 That honor's chaplet through our tribe extends,  
 Unbounded wealth within their coffers gleam,  
 And all their acts with generous motives teem !  
 A daughter weeps a captive much adored,  
 Quick to her arms let Ibrahim be restored ;  
 And I for him a hostage will remain,  
 Till richest ransoms shall my freedom claim !'  
 Awhile he paused — Gonjalvo's heart was moved,  
 The youthful chief embraced, his soul approved.  
 ' Young chief,' he said, ' you cannot hostage be,  
 For valiant Ibrahim and yourself are free !  
 But not for wealth ! — it is thy virtuous heart  
 That bids the captive from his chains depart !  
 And if this action gratitude excite,  
 Avoid me always in the battle fight.'

" Joy's brightest beam pervades the daughter's breast,  
 As to her heart her aged sire she pressed :  
 The trickling tears, upon his furrowed cheek,  
 Portrayed a feeling which he could not speak !  
 Zoraide at length to Abenhammet said,  
 ' May Allah's blessing rest upon thy head ! '  
 And Ibrahim now his tear-dimmed eyes upraised,  
 With deep-felt gratitude his goodness praised ;  
 Their close-clasped hands within his own he pressed,  
 And said, ' My children be for ever blest ! '  
 This valiant deed increased Gonjalvo's fame,  
 And gave fresh lustre to his golden name ;

His magnanimity all hearts inspired,  
His noble frankness Abenhammet fired ;  
Though long this chief Grenada's foe had stood,  
Although his arms were crimsoned with our blood,  
Yet that sweet clemency which filled his soul,  
Had o'er his enemies such full control  
That still the Moors this warrior chief revere,  
And love in peace, the man in war they fear.

“ The nuptial hour was bursting from its shade,  
Which Abenhammet and his loved Zoraide  
Upon the dial of their hearts had placed,  
And anxiously its fleeting movement traced !  
But e'er the gnomon designates the hour,  
An envious cloud despoiled it of its power ;  
For Boabdil, long smitten with Zoraide,  
An offer of his kingly hand had made,  
And bid her father tremble for his head  
If Abenhammet with Zoraide should wed !

“ Now Abenhammet and old Ibrahim bring  
Their deep corroding sorrows to the king,  
And at his feet the father of Zoraide  
Denounced the foul injustice, undismayed !  
With bitter scorn he spurns the viceroy hence,  
And eyed the chief with cool indifference !  
Silence her empire o'er the hero swayed,  
He felt the current of his hopes delayed,  
His burning passion could no longer wait,  
He raisèd old Ibrahim from his prostrate state,

And, roused from apathy, his kindled ire  
Burst in its fury, and his eyes flashed fire.  
'Zoraide is mine ! mine by her father's will,  
And by her own, a title stronger still !  
By ties of love, by heaven's bright record, mine,  
And who shall say — "this peerless maid resign ?"  
What motive has that would despoil of wealth,  
And take the jewel of my heart by stealth !  
Traitor, beware ! thy Zegrис slaves have shown  
How rabble faction can a king dethrone ;  
Fear thou, lest they, the Abencerrages, learn  
To punish thee ! thou traitor, in return !'  
The astonished king could not his wrath restrain,  
But from its scabbard leaped his sword in vain,  
The falling blow, by Ibrahim's vigorous arm  
Was quickly parried, and withheld from harm.  
'On me,' he cried, 'let all thy vengeance fall,  
I'll yield my life, but ne'er my faith recall !'  
With ready sword, and closely by his side  
Stood Abenhammet, and the king defied !  
With downcast eye and meditative fear  
The shameful monarch halts in his career :  
'A barbarous act may on myself redound,  
Although with sceptred sway and empire crowned !  
And unjust kings are easily displaced,  
Whose impious acts shall have themselves disgraced !'  
But too much skilled in perfidy was he  
Not to evade, or this event foresee.  
Concealing now the hatred of his breast,  
To Ibrahim turned, and humbly him addressed :

‘ Thy virtues shall my clemency decree,  
And Abenhammet, pardoned is by thee !  
But, for thy lovely daughter, I ’ll advise,  
And furnish merit worthy such a prize.  
One act alone of courage must not claim  
A lover’s right to this distinguished dame !  
Jaēn’s fair city, of my crown the flower,  
Droops now, subdued by brave Gonzalvo’s power !  
When Abenhammet has its conquest made,  
His recompense shall be the loved Zoraide !’  
Young Abenhammet, in his thanks was brief,  
His joyful heart beat high in this relief ;  
Before the king he unfeigned homage makes,  
And from his hand the war commission takes.

“ The gallant chief, in three successive days  
Upon the plain his marshaled force displays.  
Almanzor and old Ibrahim, both unite  
To aid the hero in this glorious fight !  
Upon their steeds they bound with hearts elate,  
And for their chieftain, Abenhammet, wait.  
For nought remains except the soft adieu,  
And Abenhammet to his idol flew.  
Zoraide awhile concealed her bitter grief,  
And forced a smile to animate her chief ;  
And from her breast a spangled riband drew,  
And on his lance the precious love-toy threw.  
A brilliant scarf, all snowy white, she placed  
Upon his shoulder and around his waist,  
The name of each whereon stood interwove,  
Suspended from the beak of turtle dove,

And, intertwined with wreaths of gold and green,  
 The word 'Forever' was distinctly seen !  
 As pearly drops suffused her lovely cheek,  
 She sighed a language that she could not speak !  
 With weeping eyes and upraised hands, she cried  
 ' May Allah bless thee, and in battle guide ! '

" For Jaén's walls the embattled host prepare,  
 The trumpet's clang, the banners wave in air,  
 The Abencerrages, constitute the right,  
 The left the Zegrís, well prepared for fight.  
 Now Abenhammet to his troop advanced,  
 Throughout their line on his white charger pranced ;  
 His tunic blue, his cuirass iron bound,  
 And hoops of polished steel his turban crowned ;  
 A Moorish lance upon his arm was slung,  
 And at his side a brilliant sword was hung ;  
 Around his waist, in elegance displayed,  
 Was seen the scarf presented by Zoraide.  
 The troops reviewed, his chosen chiefs he brings,  
 To them confides the movement of the wings.  
 To brave Almanzor is the right transferred,  
 On prudent Ibrahim stands the left conferred.  
 Now Boabdil upon the field appeared,  
 The holy standard at his side was reared,  
 On which, by rubies formed, the eyes behold  
 A large pomegranate, on a field of gold !  
 The king himself, with holy seeming graced,  
 In Abenhammet's hands the standard placed !  
 ' Be worthy of this confidence,' he cried,  
 ' And may no ill thy rising fame betide ! '

As Abenhammet took the sacred trust,  
 From his dark eye the pearly tear-drop burst.  
 'Triumphantly,' he said, 'this flag shall wave,  
 Or Abenhammet find an early grave !'  
 Then high in air the unfurled banner flies ;  
 He calls on Octar ; valiant Octar hies.  
 'To thee,' he said, 'my chosen friend and tried,  
 To thee, brave Octar, I this trust confide ;'  
 The signal's blaze, the joyful king approved,  
 And anxious troops in solid columns moved.  
 Hope's fond desires now filled the hero's breast  
 And but triumphant, those dear hopes are blessed !

" Alas ! how blind are love-devoted eyes !  
 To sure destruction Abenhammet flies !  
 The standard of the empire's ne'er displayed  
 Except in war, when last resorts are made.  
 Grenada's law to cruel death condemns  
 Her choicest chieftains, or her dearest friends,  
 Who in the fight or on the conquered field  
 Shall to the foe this holy standard yield ;  
 Within the mosque this sacred emblem stands,  
 And subject only to the king's commands ;  
 And this vile hope was nestled in his breast  
 When on the chief this fatal flag he pressed !

" With bounding heart, high-wrought by love's bright  
 flame,  
 Marched Abenhammet in expectant fame.  
 The buoyant transports which o'erload his breast  
 No longer now within their confines rest,

And in the Moslem custom of the day  
He sang to music' this inciting lay :

' The trumpet invites to the field,  
Its music each fond heart elates,  
Each lover, with bright sword and shield,  
For honor in victory waits.

But live shall the lover in story,  
If fame his diploma approve,  
For love is rewarded by glory,  
And glory embellished by love !'

" While fast on Jaén Abenhammet moved,  
To serve the king and win the maid he loved,  
Had Boabdil the noble chief forelaid,  
And in the meshes of his wiles betrayed !  
A secret messenger, to Jaén sent,  
Advised Gonzalvo of the chief's intent.

" At Jaén's court, Gonzalvo yet resides,  
And o'er its peaceful destinies presides,  
With valiant Lara, next in glory's claim,  
A brother chieftain of distinguished fame.  
But when to them the secret was revealed,  
That Moslem forces were upon the field,  
These brother chiefs without the least delay  
Enforced their troops, and met them on the way !  
Our army checked, and weakened by surprise,  
Resists but faintly, and in terror flies !

When Abenhammet saw each effort failed,  
His troop disordered, and distrust prevailed,  
Alone he seeks Grenada's deadly foe,  
Alone attempts Gonzalvo's overthrow !

At length they met, each checked his ardent course,  
And speechless both, except what eyes discourse !

Their ready swords forego the bland salute,  
Their hearts are ardent, as their tongues are mute ;  
Now fixed the eyes, now clash their sparkling steels,  
And blow for blow each lion warrior deals :

This direful conflict each with skill sustained,  
And long the contest doubtfully remained.

Now Abenhammet's feint his foe deceived,  
And his bright sword Gonzalvo's side received !

Then burst the fire from fierce Gonzalvo's eye,  
As falling drops displayed their crimson dye ;

His smarting wound adds fuel to the fire,  
And inward burning but increased his ire !

No giant arm could now his fury quell,  
He hurled his blow, and Abenhammet fell !

On valiant Octar, next, he vents his hate,  
Octar, who bore the sacred flag of state,

This youthful chief, did long the foe repel,  
Till on his arm Gonzalvo's weapon fell !

Octar no longer could his wrath withstand,  
For with the banner dropped the severed hand !

Undaunted yet, with this appalling sight,  
He seized the fallen banner with his right !

Then high in air the holy standard waved,  
And from the grapple of Gonzalvo saved !

Now triumphed Octar ; but how frail the breath  
Of heroes struggling on the field of death !  
Gonzalvo's wrath impelled his deadly blows,  
Again a handless arm brave Octar shows !  
The bleeding stumps yet still the standard pressed,  
And firmly clasped it to his throbbing breast !  
His spirit now commenced its heavenward flight,  
And death enshrined his pallid corse in night !  
Thus Octar fell, on this eventful day,  
And brave Gonzalvo bore the flag away !

" Almanzor, faithful to Grenada's king,  
On to the contest would his soldiers bring,  
The empire's captured standard to regain,  
Or with dead Octar on the field remain !  
But Lara, here, Almanzor's force opposed,  
And with the brave Abencerrages closed !  
And now in blood commenced the awful fray  
And terrible in carnage moved the day !  
Old Ibrahim fell ! and as his spirits fade,  
His only aspiration is — Zoraide !  
Almanzor, wounded, bathed in purple gore,  
Yields but when life-blood will sustain no more !  
The Abencerrages find themselves alone,  
The faithless Zegris from the field had flown !  
Yet still they fight and fighting, still they die !  
They ask no quarter, and disdain to fly !  
Gonzalvo long in bitterness and woe  
Observed the mighty brav'ry of his foe !  
His noble soul, with pity's seal impressed,  
Commands this bloody conflict to a rest !

His wish to vanquish, not the foe to slay,  
And perfect was his victory that day.

" In sad forebodings Boabdil awaits,  
And fears the downfall of his tottering states.  
The faithless Zegris to their homes retreat  
And bring the record of their own defeat !  
Mothers and daughters this disaster hear,  
Rush through the gates in wild and frantic fear !  
Each anxious eye the vast expanse extends,  
To watch returning husbands, brothers, friends !  
At length the echo of the muffled drum !  
And lo ! the brave Abencerrages come !  
The few survivors of this valiant troop  
With bleeding wounds and burdened sorrows droop,  
And sadly marshaled weeping as they come,  
Bearing the wounded Abenhammet home.  
Zoraide, from far had watched this sorry sight,  
Beheld with grief the Abencerrages' plight,  
But saw no father in the mournful train,  
Nor lover's arm her sorrows to sustain ;  
To brave Almanzor frantically she flies :  
' Where is my father ? where, oh where ? ' she cries.  
' Is Ibrahim lost, on this eventful day ?  
Where is my father ? dear Almanzor, say ! '  
Almanzor mute. But her prophetic heart  
Foretold the tale his tongue could not impart ;  
But, when she saw brave Abenhammet's bier,  
Upon his pallid corse she dropped a tear,  
In frenzied hate all friendly aid denied,  
And sunk exhausted at her lover's side !

Almanzor to his friends resigned Zoraide,  
And Abenhammet to his home conveyed,  
Then Boabdil within the Alhambra seeks,  
And of Grenada's threatened danger speaks.

“ The wounded Abenhammet senseless lay,  
And precious balms his oozing blood-drops stay ;  
For anxious care her healing simples bore,  
With magic qualities in mystic lore,  
In deep solicitude his pillow eyed,  
And her soft hand assuasive drugs applied :  
His glassy eyes again their fires renew,  
His pallid cheeks are decked in crimson hue ;  
His feeble frame a partial strength received,  
An anguished heart from bitter pangs relieved !  
But reason scarcely had resumed its seat  
When flashed the horror of his sad defeat !  
‘ I’m lost ! ’ he cried, ‘ the vanquished feels his doom !  
And Abenhammet’s glory finds its tomb ! ’

“ Zoraide remained, a stranger to repose,  
With grief o’erwhelmed, distracted by her woes,  
A fierce delirium seized her burning brain,  
She calls for vengeance for a father slain !  
Herself transports upon the battle field,  
Defends her lover, bids the Spaniards yield !  
Waves her white kerchief with extended hand,  
Exclaiming, see ! the peaceful flag expand !  
Now mute awhile, in softest slumber seems,  
And musing still, of Abenhammet dreams.

Then bursts she forth, in frenzy's lurid glare,  
Again to battle flies, in wild despair !  
And horrid screams succeed convulsive throes,  
Till nature yielding sinks again in woes !  
While grief like this upon Grenada falls,  
Gonzalvo's forces stand before her walls.

" Almanzor, well prepared for these alarms,  
Had called again his warrior chiefs to arms !  
The Zegrис troop in battle vestments sped,  
With Boabdil, the monarch, at their head :  
The Abencerrages met the first attack,  
And with Almanzor drove great Lara back !  
Gonzalvo hard the king's division pressed,  
And brought the haughty monarch to a rest.  
But e'er the king this fearful chieftain saw,  
His coward heart would from the field withdraw !  
And pale with fright he left his troops to fate,  
And reached in safety the Alhambra gate.  
Gonzalvo's zeal in radiant splendor shone,  
He held pursuit, and nearly reached the throne !  
I've seen the hero ! seen this valiant knight !  
His imaged presence now appals my sight !  
Ah ! would to heaven, (although thy bosom swells  
With equal valor, and perhaps excels)  
That pliant mercy may avert the day  
That dawns to bring you in this hero's way !  
Within the city where alone he fought,  
His noble daring deeds of wonder wrought,  
He braved the foe, o'erturning as he flew,  
No sword could conquer, nor his power subdue !

And now, abstracted from his dearest friends,  
He mused awhile, then slowly back he wends,  
Retraces paths, with human bodies strown,  
Which his fell sword in death had overthrown !  
Though unconcerned for life, seemed proud to view  
Those scenes of blood, as from them he withdrew.

“ By friendly care beloved Zoraide at length  
Found grief retiring, and advancing strength ;  
The dark and furious tempest of her mind  
To bright tranquillity became resigned ;  
And love’s soft passion, startled from its rest,  
Again found culture in her peaceful breast.  
The crafty Boabdil, from earliest hour,  
Placed Abenhammet in his legal power,  
And then around the unsuspecting heart  
Of loved Zoraide he acts the lover’s part !  
He saw expand his budded hope of joy,  
For his the hand to succor, or destroy !  
This flattering unction to his heart he pressed,  
He sought Zoraide, and thus the maid addressed :  
‘ For thy afflictions, dear Zoraide,’ said he,  
‘ I would my power could alter fate’s decree !  
Then should thy father, who in glory sleeps,  
Awake to press the maid who for him weeps !  
Though human power o’er fate has no control,  
My heart with thee shall in thy griefs condole.  
For thy dear sake, shall Ibrahim’s memory live,  
While marble records testimonials give ;  
And funeral honors shall thy kindred claim,  
As marks distinguished of his brilliant fame !

And let these tears which now sincerely flow,  
 With thine be merged in this paternal woe !  
 But could I dare, at this sad hour, impart  
 A deeper passion which pervades this heart,  
 Then would I ask my dear Zoraide t' approve  
 This heart's desire, which beats but in her love !'

" Zoraide replied : ' Too full of grief my heart  
 To think of acting a dissembling part !  
 And such distinguished honors cannot be  
 By hand of royalty conferred on me !  
 On love's fair record stands my plighted word,  
 And Abenhammet is to thee preferred !  
 But if to thee my father's name was dear,  
 If you his memory cherish and revere,  
 If his dear blood in Jaën's conflict spread,  
 Which his pure heart for thee so freely shed,  
 Has aught of value in thy kingly eyes,  
 Indulge no hope of further sacrifice !  
 If you would now appease his sainted shade,  
 Give Abenhammet to his loved Zoraide :  
 Accomplish this, my father's last desire,  
 And do a deed the world shall long admire !  
 The generous act in heaven will meet acclaim,  
 And save from public infamy thy name !'

" The monarch's wrath, like overflowed streams,  
 Burst from its confines to remote extremes !  
 ' Your hand at least,' he cried, ' belongs to me,  
 And you no more shall Abenhammet see !

The holy standard lost in battle strife,  
Brings this attainture, forfeiture of life !  
Grenada's laws in death have sealed his fate,  
And I alone have power to abrogate !  
Behold, Zoraide, from burning altars rise  
A heavenly incense, wafting to the skies,  
Hymeneal rites but for Zoraide await,  
To crown her empress of Grenada's state !  
Or see ! on yonder ill-devoted spot,  
Where malefactors swing, and victims rot,  
See ! there again, the gloomy scaffold rise,  
And Abenhammet is the sacrifice !  
His warrant see ! one moment is your own,  
Pronounce his death, or take with me the throne !'

" Zoraide, distracted at his impious threat,  
Weighed down by grief, by horrid fiends beset,  
A dagger seized, and would at once give end  
To gathering woes, o'erclouding self and friend !  
But yet reflection bid her spare the blow,  
Her death but hastens Abenhammet's too !  
In agony of thought she yields to fate,  
And makes the choice — herself to immolate !  
A smile sardonic beamed upon his face,  
The death-like maid he thanked, and left the place.  
Now brilliant feats announce the marriage day,  
Apollo's notes their thrilling powers display.  
Prepared the mosque, the golden altars flame,  
The people's joy bursts forth in loud acclaim ;  
Zoraide, amidst a splendid court is seen,  
And loyal subjects cry, ' Long live the queen ! '

The nuptial theme no sooner had transpired,  
Than urged the king the clemency desired !  
To Abenhammet's youth and valiant fame  
He adds a noble lineage and name :  
The softened judges bend to royal prayer,  
And for a moment robes of mercy wear,  
The wily king his subjects must respect,  
His kingdom's laws in purity protect !  
From this just doom would partially dissent,  
And life commute, for merely banishment !  
His fawning parasites applaud the deed,  
And Abenhammet's banishment decreed !

" Almanzor quick this mystery penetrates,  
And Abenhammet's woes commiserates ;  
He sought the prison of his honored friend,  
And there, in grief, their tears of sorrow blend.  
Mute were their tongues, while fervently they pressed,  
Until Almanzor thus his friend addressed :  
' Thou yet shalt live, in exile though it be !  
Yet live thou shalt, and from the tyrant free :  
But for Zoraide — the truth I must impart,  
Call all thy courage to sustain thy heart !  
For if it yield, a mortal fabric falls,  
That in its deadly heap, Zoraide intralls !'  
Almanzor felt of Abenhammet's grief  
The fullest weight, but saw no kind relief ;  
For purchased life has much too dear a cost,  
If that which makes it so desired be lost !  
To Abenhammet he disclosures made  
Of all the woes inflicted on Zoraide !

That Boabdil had proffered him his life,  
Zoraide consenting to become his wife !  
The lovely maid, of every hope bereft,  
Saw no alternative but this was left,  
Bent to the shaft of misery, unforeseen,  
And now is hailed Grenada's legal queen !

" In mournful musings Abenhammet heard,  
Tearless his eye, his mind no thought conferred ;  
Upon his face contracted wrinkles dwell,  
His head declining, on his bosom fell :  
Life's little streams refuse their vital heat,  
And swooning, falls at brave Almanzor's feet !  
With life thus checked, Almanzor time improved,  
And from the city bore the friend he loved.

" In grief and sadness many hours passed by,  
E'er Abenhammet spoke, or breathed a sigh ;  
But when composed, with mild and gentle air,  
He bid Almanzor cease his woes to share !  
' I know,' said he, ' the merits of Zoraide,  
For me alone this sacrifice was made !'  
With upraised eyes his cheeks with tears suffused,  
He cries, ' the tyrant has Zoraide abused !  
Between us now there's one eternal bar  
Which all my dearest expectations mar !  
In other climes, far, far from hence I'll find  
Some calm retreat, a solace for the mind,  
Where loved Zoraide and Boabdil's career  
Shall ne'er again in accents reach my ear !

In Afric's deserts solitude I'll seek,  
Or den with lions, more than tyrants meek !  
Soon as the sun shall gild the coming day,  
To port Almeria we will bend our way,  
The gentle breeze from thence shall waft me o'er,  
And I thy friendly aid shall need no more !

" In ruddy mantle clad the eastern sky  
Gave indication of the morning nigh.  
Almazor and his friend their route pursue,  
Of rank divested and of retinue !  
They reach Almeria, and a vessel find  
For Tunis, ready, waiting but for wind.  
And now the hour that swelled each throbbing heart,  
For Abenhammet and Almanzor part !  
The trickling tears from Abenhammet fell,  
As he pronounced the last, the long farewell !  
His weeping friend, Almanzor clasped in grief,  
And bid him hope for comfort and relief !

" A horrid scheme had Abenhammet planned,  
With due observance too the project scanned !  
Within his heart was locked a dreadful thought,  
That now upon his frenzied senses wrought !  
The parting word had scarce escaped the friends,  
E'er Abenhammet to his purpose bends !  
His fell resolve, by fiction's clouds concealed,  
Made safe intent, till action stood revealed !  
His sallow cheeks, now cloaked in ebon hue,  
A slave's vile habit o'er his frame he threw,

Beneath, secured, his glittering poniard lay,  
And from Almeria's port he wends his way !  
The sacred ban of empire is despised,  
And through Grenada's streets he stalks disguised !  
He reached the Alhambra with a careless pace,  
Bounds its vast courts through countless populace ;  
The gardens passed, and presently is seen  
Near the apartments of Grenada's queen !

“ The western skies their roseate hues had past,  
Immerged in shadows of a deeper cast,  
And o'er the Generaliff, in murky dread,  
Returning night her sable mantle spread.  
Now, as accustomed, in the silent shade  
Grenada's queen her lonely musings made ;  
In secret sorrow she bewails her fate,  
Which passing time has failed to mitigate !  
Her tearful eye still inward grief expressed,  
The pallid cheek her aching heart confessed !  
But here her troubled mind would oft portray  
The happy moments of a better day ;  
And while the vision met her eager eye,  
Her quickened fancy dissipates the sigh !  
Oft retrospection all her thoughts combined,  
And Abenhammet lived within her mind !  
The thousand pastimes which beguiled their years,  
As love alternate moved their hopes and fears ;  
The hours of bliss within her roseate bowers,  
When he her brow bedecked with smiling flowers !  
But, when at length these dear illusions fled,  
Her swelling soul in silent grief was dead !

And dark reality in frightful guise,  
Like hideous monsters fit before her eyes !  
Then would again her crystal founts o'erflow,  
And deluge anguish in their floods of woe !

“ Thus stood Zoraide, Grenada’s queen, in tears,  
When echoing footsteps roused her sleeping fears ;  
With dread she looked, a timid slave drew nigh,  
She would have shrieked, but fear suppressed her cry.  
He still approached, and full before her drew,  
Again she looked, and Abenhammet knew !  
In deepest sighs she uttered forth his name,  
In lowest accents asked from whence he came !  
‘ Ah ! wretched, wretched queen ! I came,’ he cried,  
‘ From sorrow’s gloomy vale, but not to chide !  
That fatal sacrifice your pity won  
Has Abenhammet’s peace and hope undone !  
And since without thee life affords no zest,  
And death the asylum of my peace and rest,  
I come to offer to my loved Zoraide  
The gift her misled sympathies have made !’  
With this he grasped his dagger from its rest,  
The deadly point was rushing to his breast  
When sprang the queen in horror, seized his arm,  
And turned the deathful instrument from harm !  
‘ Ingrate !’ she cried, ‘ is not my cup of grief  
Swol’n to its brim, and flowing past relief ?  
Condemned for thee to unrelenting woe,  
Can thy rash hand inflict a deadlier blow ?  
Fly ! fly from hence ! lest infamy efface  
Recorded virtues, and thy name disgrace !’

“ ‘ Cease, cease, Zoraide ! ’ the wretched lover cried,  
‘ If every torture which the mind has tried,  
With powers united had enforced their art,  
To draw the life-blood from this troubled heart ;  
If Boabdil had supervised the while,  
And at each pang beamed forth the taunting smile,  
Or watched convulsive throes when tortures pained,  
As from their channels life’s pure essence drained,  
I would have gloried in these pangs of woe,  
And blessed the power that would no pain forego ;  
Had you in faith that solemn vow revered,  
And to the impress of our loves adhered,  
What hope for thee from this fell weakness now,  
While to another heaven has sealed thy vow !  
Think’st thou I ’ll court this misery, and see  
Another’s love devoted thus to thee !  
Think’st thou the joy t’ escape the hand of death  
Will stifle love, that lives but in thy breath ?  
No, no, Zoraide, thou art indeed deceived,  
Retarded death has yet a dart relieved.  
I came resolved, before thy face to die,  
To pardon thee as passed the last sad sigh !  
And, as the right to love thee is denied,  
The will to die shall yet be satisfied ! ’

“ ‘ Rash man, forbear ! ’ the trembling queen replied,  
‘ No fears of death within this breast reside.  
Had I have seen, or from thee e’en have heard,  
This fatal marriage would have been deferred !  
This glittering steel should then our souls have joined,  
And us from wrath of Boabdil enshrined !

Nor now too late to execute a deed  
To which our hearts so willingly accede !  
Take thou this poniard, act the hero's part,  
And search the oaths engraven on this heart !  
Then seek thine own, thou 'lt find no record there  
More deeply graven, or more truly fair !  
What chance for me to check the tyrant's power,  
Thy doom was death, within a given hour !  
The king inexorable, the scaffold stood  
In hungry expectation of thy blood !  
No voice but mine the falling axe could stay,  
It spoke to thee a life, gave mine away !  
And now farewell, of every joy bereft,  
My heart yet boasts of treasured honor left !  
It bids me cease to love you, to discard  
All fond affections, ev'ry sweet regard,  
If you, remorseless, still this life despise,  
And disregard this human sacrifice ;  
If you, resolved, no solace will impart,  
My hand alone shall rend this beating heart,  
This lonely heart, and, treacherous indeed,  
Not to have perished in a lover's need !'

" ' Angel of peace ! ' replied the wretched chief,  
' Thy words are spells that offer quick relief;  
And instantaneously o'erthrow at will  
The bold designs my nature would fulfil ;  
But live I will, since you command my fate,  
And bear the woes death would annihilate !  
Too much I love, yet thee no more I'll see,  
For banishment is now my destiny !

But, dear Zoraide, regard my direful grief,  
Give some kind token for this heart's relief;  
Say, only say, that time shall not efface  
The springtide passion formed by love's first trace;  
Say that my name, within thy thoughts shall course  
As running streams, exhausting not their source!  
And this shall quiet my perturbed heart,  
And from this moment we forever part!'  
But this announcement scarcely had been made,  
E'er cautious footsteps moved along the glade:  
The trembling queen to her apartment hies,  
And Abenhammet to the thicket flies!

" The imprudent lover, in his fervent zeal,  
Forgets the perils which around him steal;  
Though in the confines of a deadly foe,  
His ardent heart sustains its pristine glow;  
Within the purlieu of this Eden, stood  
Garland-decked arbors and the myrtle wood.  
Here, in the silent evening's perfumed shade  
Four faithful Zegris undiscovered strayed:  
Their listening ears the well known accents heard,  
As Abenhammet with Zoraide conferred!  
Within a shrubbery they lurk concealed,  
And marked the woeful chieftain as he kneeled!  
Their meditative minds, with joy elate,  
To death condemn the victim of their hate!  
They fly to Boabdil, unfold the scene  
That passed with Abenhammet and the queen.

“ To Mafarix the honor was assigned  
To speak the treason by this chief designed !  
‘ Pardon, great king, if through thy faithful friends  
Afflictions come that ev’ry fibre rends :  
We in our bounden duty must impart  
What stains thy honor, though it grieve thy heart !  
Still more in duty should we shield thy life,  
Assailed by foulest treason of thy wife !  
The Abencerrages have conspired thy fall,  
And now from exile Abenhammet call !  
This night, within the garden, have we seen  
The banished chief beside the treacherous queen !  
Around her waist his youthful arms he pressed,  
And clasped her closely to his panting breast !  
Suspended at his girdle hung the steel  
At whose command it leaps, thy fate to seal ;  
Avert, great king, the fury of this blow,  
That seeks thy life, and kingdom’s overthrow ! ’

“ The speechless Boabdil with wonder stood,  
Till passion’s fury, bursting like a flood,  
Swept ev’ry thought from his distracted mind,  
Save that alone to deep revenge confined.  
The dark tornado in its angry roar  
Ne’er such destruction in its aspect bore,  
Nor fell forebodings in its sweep displayed,  
As now the face of Beabdil portrayed !  
‘ Not one,’ he cried, ‘ of this detested race,  
Shall e’er again with kindred stock embrace !  
And with their lifeless frames I’ll raise a pyre,  
And in its kindlings shall the queen expire ! ’

' Revenge is pleasant,' Mafarix replied,  
' The victory sure if prudence be your guide,  
The Abencerrages, powerful in their friends,  
In open rupture will defeat your ends ;  
But let the guard the Generaliff surround,  
And Abenhammet instantly be found.  
A secret order separately convey  
To each Abencerrage, without delay,  
Forthwith enjoining this distinguished race  
Thy festive halls with royalty to grace,  
There through the court let each be singly led,  
And from the body strike the traitor head !'  
Grenada's king this bloody counsel heeds,  
And instantly a chosen guard he speeds,  
Who, every avenue and thicket scour,  
Till Abenhammet falls within their power !  
With chains secured the captive chief they bring,  
And Abenhammet stands before the king !  
' Detested traitor !' Boabdil exclaims,  
' Is this the gratitude my kindness claims ?  
Is 't here thou would'st thy open amour place,  
And wanton tricks display before my face ?  
Thy fondest hopes shall be no longer stayed,  
And soon in death thou shalt embrace Zoraide !'  
The bloody king this thought had scarce conceived,  
When his keen sabre had the work achieved ;  
The gory springs of life their founts o'erspread,  
And on the floor rolled Abenhammet's head !

" Still in the king no lessened wrath we trace,  
Nor in his fury saw subsiding grace ;

And Abenhammet's death but roused his ire,  
And formed a prelude to his base desire.  
The Zegris troop already were in arms,  
And every avenue with soldiers swarms ;  
Within the court the appointed lictors wait,  
The Abencerrages to exterminate ;  
Who, unsuspecting of the king's intent,  
By royal order to the Alhambra went.

" The lion's court in architecture stands  
The noblest edifice of foreign lands,  
Its galleries sustained by colonnade,  
In triple rows of richest marble made.  
Here, burnished walls in gold and azure, drest  
With fresco beauties, shade in mellow zest  
Midst flowery-kirtled ceilings, here expands  
Unrivaled grandeur of the graver's hands.  
We see within the circling chaplet's span,  
In gold chirography, the Alcoran.  
In this vast hall, at either end, unite  
Two marble cupolas of purest white ;  
On cones of bronze they stand in magic grace,  
And form the entrance to this splendid place.  
The centre decorations these excel,  
Here sculptor art exceeds the pencil spell.  
A marble basin exquisitely bound,  
Expands its circle from a jasper mound.  
Twelve marble lions, beautifully white,  
Augment the richness of this splendid sight ;  
Within the basin's circuit they are placed,  
And on their backs are living fountains based.

A brilliant vase of alabaster made,  
Embossed with figures cunningly displayed,  
Surmounted still with one of less extent,  
Yet, far surpassing in embellishment ;  
Through golden tubes from this the waters flow,  
And fall in gentle curve to that below,  
From whence again in silver threads they glide,  
And fill the circle of the basin's side.  
From these translucent drops is well displayed  
The constant rushing of the white cascade,  
Which from the mouth of every lion flows,  
And through the conduits find a calm repose.

“ ’T was here, where splendor holds unrivaled sway,  
That Boabdil his vengeance would allay.  
The Abencerrages to this court are led,  
And instantly are numbered with the dead !  
By lictors seized, by bloody hands they fall,  
As one by one is ushered to the hall !  
Within the fount their severed heads they throw,  
Till silver streams, in crimson currents flow,  
Break o'er the barrier of the fountain's side,  
And on the floor in clotted circles glide !  
As supervisor of this bloody scene,  
Stood Boabdil, contented and serene ;  
Till thirty-six of this devoted band  
Had yielded life-blood to the tyrant's hand.  
But now a miracle had interposed  
Which checked the tyrant and his deeds exposed !  
A little child, nurtured by Yezid's care,  
Would with his master to the court repair,

And struck with horror at this awful sight,  
With hideous shrieks he turns with wild affright,  
And undiscovered from the hall he fled,  
Proclaiming loudly, ‘ Yezid, Yezid’s dead !  
Approach not, friends ! approach no more this hall,  
By bloody hands I saw my master fall :  
The king’s within and many of his train  
And every good Abencerrage is slain ! ’

“ As when contending clouds in anger rise,  
Roll their dark volumes through the troubled skies,  
And the bright glare, in forked flashes seen,  
Darting in devious courses o’er the scene,  
So moved the wrath of this distinguished race,  
So flashed the fire on every brother’s face.  
Now mad with rage they through the city fly  
And blaze this outrage with terrific cry.  
Their friends in arms, in baleful war’s array,  
Rush to the Alhambra, force through death their way ;  
The massive gates to ardent prowess yield,  
The guards in death lay strewed upon the field.  
Onward they move, each step secures support,  
And through all barriers reach the fatal court.

“ What pencil skill can this dread scene portray,  
Here stretched in blood the murdered victims lay,  
Within the fount their grisly heads bestowed,  
Seemed floating beacons in a sea of blood.  
With horror here immovable they stand,  
Till every eye had read their chief’s command ;

Then suddenly their columned forces spread,  
To wreak their vengeance on this monarch's head.

"The Zegris rush to shield the traitor king  
And all their forces to this centre bring ;  
And now commenced this awful, deadly strife,  
At every blow a Zegris yields his life !  
Each brave Abencerrage his brother cheers,  
And thirst for vengeance dissipates all fears.  
The city groans with tumult and alarms,  
The Zegris friends in thousands rush to arms :  
A valiant band of twenty thousand Moors,  
Whose marshaled forces made the midnight tours,  
Unskilled in those events which caused dismay,  
Yet to the Alhambra marched to meet the fray ;  
But when they saw their monarch in the fight  
Contending, as they thought, for kingly right,  
They drew their strength for monarchy and laws,  
And thus opposed the Abencerrages' cause ;  
This valiant tribe no longer could sustain  
O'erwhelming force with half their numbers slain ;  
Checkered with wounds from combat they retire,  
Though for their country's good they still aspire ;  
Yet proud Grenada's tyrant king they spurn,  
And leave the city never to return.

**BOOK IV.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

Zulema continues her recital. The queen appears before the people. The four Zegrис accuse her. She is condemned to be burned if no warriors appear to defend her. The humble state of Zoraide. Her conversation with Ines. She writes to Gonzalvo. Reply of Lara. Magnanimity of Almanzor. Piety of the queen. She goes to her punishment. She waits for her defenders. Arrival of four Turks. Combat of the Turks with the Zegrис. The queen is justified. She refuses to return to Boabdil. She quits Grenada. The Spaniards approach the city. Mulei Hassem attempts to soften the Abencerrages. Reply of this tribe. Africa sends assistance to Grenada. Character of Alamar. He loves, and would marry Zulema. Flight of Zulema. She is taken by the Africans, and conveyed to a vessel. Retaken by Gonzalvo. Zulema's recital concluded.

## BOOK IV.

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“ THE bloody tumult, which the king had reared,  
His vile revengeful heart had nowise seared ;  
E'en virtue's balmy solitude could find  
No safe asylum from his jealous mind ;  
The holy fane of innocence he seeks,  
And on its inmate cruel vengeance wreaks.  
Zoraide, within her lone apartments pent,  
On retrospective scenes her thoughts were bent ;  
For yet unknown the coming flood of woe,  
Whose swelling waves involved her overthrow ;  
Upon her silent terrace now she mourned,  
Her tearful eyes to heaven in thanks were turned,  
That Abenhammet (whom she yet believed)  
Had safely left the garden, unperceived.

“ Within the garden, beautiful to view,  
Superbly decked, a lovely rose tree grew ;  
Whose crimson buds and party-colored flowers  
Lend their rich fragrance to the evening hours ;

Here, when the sun his daily course had made,  
 Would Abenhammet, with his fond Zoraide,  
 Of love converse, and dream of pleasures pure,  
 Which future time would strengthen and mature ;  
 But on the tree, as now she cast her eye,  
 Her bosom heaved the deep and inward sigh ;  
 That charm was dead that once so thrilled her breast,  
 And thus in tears the rose tree she addressed :

‘ How delightful thy fragrance  
     Thou beautiful rose,  
     When under thy shadow  
         I found sweet repose ;  
     ’T was there, when thy foliage  
         Was kissed by the dew,  
     I respired every zephyr  
         Thy balmy breath blew.

‘ How lovely thy flowers,  
     When the hand I adored  
     So faithfully gathered,  
         So faithfully stored ;  
     But the magic has changed,  
         Thy coral buds fled,  
     And the deep blushing beauties  
         Which decked thee, are dead !

‘ From the still limpid streamlet  
     I bathed each green leaf,  
     And forgot, in my cares,  
         That thy charms were so brief ;

But the streamlet is dry  
Which has fed thee for years,  
And the waters which nourish  
Thee now, are my tears !'

" Zoraide had scarcely this address achieved,  
Which by degrees her lonely heart relieved,  
When wild commotions reached her listening ear,  
And filled her palpitating heart with fear !  
Her eyes she raised, as flowed their pearly tide,  
And saw her faithful Ines by her side.  
Ines was young, a Spanish captive maid,  
Fondly attached, and servant to Zoraide ;  
Her heart a safe repository proved,  
From whose recess confiding thoughts ne'er moved.  
She comes, o'erwhelmed with sorrow and dismay,  
To speak the horrors of this sudden fray ;  
' The Abencerrages are in arms again,  
And call for vengeance for their brethren slain !  
They've fired the palace ! see the flames arise,  
And war's dread tumult thunders to the skies.  
The trumpet's shout diffuses shrill alarms ;  
Our foes are victors midst the clash of arms !  
I sought thy boudoir, entrance was denied,  
And guards of soldiers stalk on ev'ry side !'  
The queen distressed, a horrid chill ensues,  
Life's current rests, and fear her frame subdues ;  
Speechless, she swoons, and by her trusty maid,  
From scenes terrific safely is conveyed.

" A night of anguish passed the gentle queen,  
Yet e'er the dusky morn effused its sheen,  
Had Boabdil his satellites displayed,  
With royal orders to arrest Zoraide,  
And instantly before the assembled state  
To place the object of his cruel hate !  
The trembling queen the royal mandate viewed,  
Alone she stood, with innocence endued ;  
Without reply she veiled her lovely face,  
And with her Ines moved with stately grace.  
Amidst the assembled people she appears,  
Unveils her face and wipes the falling tears.  
Gently she asks, while deathlike silence reigns,  
What crime is hers, and who the charge sustains ?

" ' Learn that from me,' the impious king replied,  
' And by this people shall thy cause be tried !  
Wisdom shall canvass for the truth divine,  
And justice keep her never-varying line ;  
My worthy friends, in beams of brilliant light,  
Shall stand the records of your deeds this night.  
When torches blazed in brilliant sheets of fire,  
And flamed the Alhambra as a funeral pyre ;  
When through the streets the dismal tocsin tolled,  
And like the ocean waves confusion rolled,  
Then stood ye forth as sentinels of state,  
And saved your monarch from impending fate !  
The Abencerrages, this perfidious race,  
Who fled your city mantled in disgrace,

Are still to us the same inveterate foe,  
And basely seek our city's overthrow !  
A shameful treaty binds their force to Spain,  
And here, confederate, they hope to reign.  
That ingrate chief, who owes a forfeit life  
To royal clemency, upholds this strife.  
This Abenhammet now assassin stands  
In sacred pledge to place me in their hands,  
This bloody night, when treason stalked its round,  
Was Abenhammet in the garden found ;  
His hand uplifted held the ready knife,  
And his accomplice was my guilty wife !  
She who would thus your monarch have betrayed,  
I here pronounce to be the queen Zoraide !  
Revenge this outrage on your sacred laws,  
Your pure religion and your country's cause.'

"Zoraide was dumb with wonder and surprise,  
To heaven she raised her dark and peerless eyes ;  
The people sighed. Their murmurings were trans-  
fused,  
And whispering thousands deemed the queen abused.  
Then boldly forth the Zegrис champions stood,  
(Whose thirst for honor yields to thirst for blood)  
With loud acclaim affirming they had seen  
In Abenhammet's arms Grenada's queen !  
And in this cause appellants were, and now,  
By laws of chivalry would test their vow.  
Zoraide beheld with an indignant eye  
These perjured villains, and with deepened sigh

A sad imploring look to heaven she sent,  
And thus to vilest calumny she bent :  
Swooning she fell, and senseless was conveyed  
To her apartments, now a prison made.  
The king immediately his judges named,  
Inflamed their passions, and their judgment claimed,  
Exposed before them Abenhammet's head,  
With all its crimson congelations spread !  
The glittering steel produced, the slave's disguise,  
As base expedients of his enterprise ;  
He urged, with force, the Abencerrages' flight,  
The declaration of the Zegrис knight,  
The confirmation of the garden scene,  
With Abenhammet and the wretched queen ;  
So strong suspicion, none had yet proclaimed  
To stand defenders of the queen, defamed.  
Such indications of foul treason, drew  
(Joined with th' attack upon the palace too)  
From these vile judges an immediate doom,  
Which veiled the anxious multitude in gloom.  
This cruel judgment did forever place  
In banishment the Abencerrages race,  
Zoraide condemned to perish in the flame,  
Unless four knights her innocence proclaim  
In mortal combat, with her Zegrис foe,  
And grace her triumph with their overthrow.

“ Far from th' Alhambra, on a rising green,  
The ancient palace of Albazin 's seen ;  
Here did my father and myself reside,  
With brave Almanzor and his lovely bride ;

And here, at length, the harbinger of ill  
Our dwelling sought, his calling to fulfill ;  
And the first tidings of the woes conveyed  
Of Abenhammet and his loved Zoraide.  
Almanzor learned with bitter grief too late,  
The unjust record of the queen's sad fate :  
The impious king with lightning speed he sought,  
To check this doom, with savage impulse fraught ;  
And Moraima and myself were sent  
To soothe the queen in her imprisonment.  
E'er we had reached the wretched pris'ner's room,  
Zoraide had notice of her awful doom ;  
The cruel declaration was unsealed,  
And Abenhammet's destiny revealed ! .

“ Who can describe this wo-betiding day !  
Grenada's queen in bitter anguish lay ;  
Her tender frame by dread convulsions tossed,  
And every trait of blooming beauty lost.  
The faithful Ines, deluged in her tears,  
Still to her mistress tenderly adheres,  
And at her side, or seated on her bed,  
Folds to her bosom her distracted head.  
Zoraide, unconscious of surrounding friends,  
And much exhausted, soon to nature bends ;  
A mellow sleep creeps o'er her sunken frame,  
And sweet repose convulsive throes o'ercame.  
Meantime to Boabdil Almanzor went,  
Flush with the ardor of his soul's intent,  
To honor those Abencerrages slain,  
And thus by obsequies their rights maintain ;

These murdered relies Boabdil resigns,  
Which brave Almanzor to the tomb consigns.

" A verdant knoll without the city stood,  
O'ertopped with shrubbery and brushy wood,  
Where winding paths their intersections made,  
And broader avenues their charms displayed ;  
Within its precincts scattered dells were seen,  
And flowery plats, and mounds that intervene.  
Here, undisturbed, the fragrant brake is found,  
And there, a lawn with weeping willows bound ;  
The flower-decked arbors warriors' tombs enclosed,  
Here sleeps a hero, there a chief reposed.  
And here, within a consecrated glen,  
Sequestered from the haunts of busy men,  
Where fickle nature, in her wildest mood  
Displayed her freaks, majestic and rude,  
The new-turned turf a barren mound portrayed,  
With yet no cypress bloom or foliage shade,  
Nor rosemary with curling leaflets rise,  
Nor slab records ' Here Abenhammet lies ! '  
Yet here in death the hero calmly sleeps,  
While o'er his tomb a grateful country weeps.  
Almanzor here, by Abenhammet's grave,  
To martyred patriots a burial gave ;  
To earth consigned, their mangled relics rest,  
Their souls eternal and forever blest.

" In sweetest slumber still Zoraide is bound,  
And by her side is anxious Ines found ;

With cautious step she moves, and now is seen  
Watching the breathings of the injured queen.  
At length with transport at my feet she fell :  
‘ Oh, thou ! ’ said she, ‘ whose virtues none excel,  
Whose lively int’rest in the queen’s sad fate  
Has raised a hope my soul to elevate ;  
Swear now, by all thou holdest here most dear,  
The secret of my heart thou wilt revere ;  
And pledge thy faith to use thy princely power,  
To succor virtue in this trying hour !  
Two days have passed, and only two remain  
In which the queen her virtue can maintain !  
These vile accusers of our much loved queen  
Have long the terror of Grenada been ;  
In kingly smiles they flourish, and are still  
Acknowledged favorites of Boabdil !  
No Moor in deadly combat dares engage,  
Or these detested Zegrис e’en enrage ;  
None will contend who counts his life the cost,  
And thus by villany Zoraide is lost !  
Of Spanish birth, I do with pride confess  
The gallant daring which our knights possess ;  
And one there is of such exalted fame,  
Your armies tremble but to hear his name ;  
His well-tried valor wondering knights approve,  
And in his heart dwell tenderness and love.  
Advise Gonzalvo of the queen’s distress,  
His valiant arm will soon her griefs redress.  
Alone he ’ll come, her virtuous life reclaim,  
And laurels add to his distinguished name.

To heaven confide the justice of her cause,  
And to Gonzalvo's matchless arm the laws ;  
Zoraide will triumph in this chief renowned,  
And rescued thus, with honors will be crowned ! '

" Thus finished Ines, as the wronged Zoraide  
Threw off the shackles by sweet slumber made.  
' I ask for death ! ' she cried, ' not power to save,  
Since Abenhammet sleeps within the grave.  
For me no charm can this dull world display,  
No future comfort, no retrieving day ;  
The sleep of death alone can soothe my heart,  
And for its cold embrace I would depart ! '  
The faithful Ines, overwhelmed with woe,  
Would not the dictates of her heart forego :  
' Would you,' she said, ' to cold damp earth descend,  
And stigma court, which death could never end ?  
Would you encase your memory in crime,  
And sleep ingloriously the tide of time ?  
Shall ignominy chronicle thy fame  
On pillared marble, in a sullied name ?  
And shall vile slander hover o'er your tomb,  
And to the passing millions read your doom ?  
No, dearest mistress, thy much honored name  
Was ne'er allied to infamy or shame ;  
Protect thy honor, and thy foes defy,  
And with unsullied reputation die ! '

" Struck with these words Zoraide in anguish stood,  
And from her eyes burst forth the pearly flood,

Then to her bosom her dear Ines pressed,  
And in her counsels confidence expressed.

“ Grenada’s queen was yet oppressed with fear,  
On ev’ry side she saw new dangers near ;  
And this bold project of her Ines weighed,  
Brought no relief, but greater fears betrayed,  
For savage Mars had not forgot his reign,  
His fiery chariot rattled o’er the plain,  
His glittering spear he brandishes in pride,  
And fear and terror follow at his side.  
How could Gonzalvo then, a Spanish chief,  
Within the city walls extend relief ?  
How could his arm, though terrible in fight,  
Against four Zegrис foes her cause requite !  
And should the hero three companions bring,  
Could he escape the censure of his king ?  
Midst these reflections still the hope she pressed,  
And to the Spanish chief these words addressed :  
‘ Respected chief, Grenada’s wretched queen,  
O’erpressed with grief and sorrows unforeseen,  
Condemned to perish by tyrannic laws,  
Entreats your succor in her righteous cause.  
That mighty God whom hourly I implore,  
Is the same being whom yourself adore ;  
His wisdom governs and his mercies save,  
But thy right arm must rescue from the grave ;  
Before my God my innocence I place,  
And in thy valor a confiding grace :  
To me, alas ! two only days remain  
To prove my innocence, or worth sustain.

My doom is death, unless some gallant knight  
Protects my life and injured fame in fight.  
Four valiant warriors of the Zegrис tribe  
Denounce my virtue, and my name proscribe !  
To thee, Gonzalvo, I entrust my fate,  
Oh do not shun me in this trying state :  
Although my country's enemy you stand,  
To injured virtue pledge the ready hand.  
If you refuse then virtue meets decay,  
And vice triumphant bears its potent sway !'

" With quickened speed the precious billet flew,  
Borne by a captive to his mistress true,  
Who, veiled in night, was passed the secret gate  
At which my father's fleetest coursers wait,  
An old Castilian led the troubled way,  
And reached the christian camp at dawn of day.  
At once he seeks the brave Gonzalvo's tent ;  
What now his grief, his sore astonishment :  
This courteous knight, ambassador of Spain,  
Had passed but lately on the billowy main,  
From Spain's blue wave to Afric's foamy tides,  
And near the royal court of Fez abides ;  
This trusty slave, immediately in tears,  
Complains to heaven, and indicates his fears ;  
A valiant soldier, sensible to grief,  
Felt all his woes, and would afford relief.  
' The brave Gonzalvo for a time,' said he,  
' Has left the army by the king's decree ;  
But his companion, in the embattled plains,  
A chosen brother, in the camp remains.

The generous Lara, noble, skilful, brave,  
With soul to animate and arm to save :  
Disclose to him the secret of your heart,  
To his confiding worth your griefs impart.'

" To Lara's tent the anxious slave had flown,  
And found the hero seated and alone.  
Without delay the message is displayed,  
And in the hand of Lara quickly laid ;  
The ebon seal to eagerness gave way,  
And his dark eyes the sad contents survey.  
As he perused, his animated frame  
The inward feelings of his soul proclaim.  
With indignation ev'ry feature burns,  
The crimson current to the cheek returns,  
His noble heart distends with bitter ire,  
And from his eyes flashed forth the living fire.  
Absorbed in thought at length the hero rose :  
Grenada's queen shall triumph o'er her foes ;  
The brave Gonzalvo, by his king's commands,  
Is now on embassy to foreign lands ;  
But he on me his glorious mantle left,  
Of arms to save Zoraide is not bereft ;  
And if Gonzalvo have an envious breast,  
'T is when for him I succor the oppressed !  
Bear thus my duty, quickly speed thy flight,  
And say, with three companions of the fight,  
Within the walls to-morrow's rising sun  
Shall shine in splendor on the victory won.

"Ines awaits with anxious care the slave,  
Whose quick return much hope and comfort gave ;  
With hurried steps she to her mistress bore  
The joyful tidings which would peace restore.  
'Assure yourself,' spoke Ines with a smile,  
'You are relieved from your accusers vile !  
To-morrow's sun shall see thy glory rise,  
Midst heartfelt plaudits, echoed to the skies,  
Thy fame shall soar, from foul detraction flown,  
And Lara's goodness triumph with thine own !'

"The joyful Ines all her love displayed,  
She kissed the hands of her much loved Zoraide,  
Recounted deeds which had secured the fame  
Of valiant Lara in a hero's name,  
Until the hope that filled her joyous breast  
Inspired Zoraide, and in her heart found rest.

"The eastern sky its murky veil had drawn,  
And flashed the radiance of the morning dawn,  
The placid day uncurled its vivid scene,  
The city mourns Grenada's fallen queen ;  
And on this day must chance alone ordain  
That vice shall triumph or pure virtue reign.  
But long before the sun his beams displayed,  
Was brave Almanzor with the queen Zoraide.  
'Fair queen,' said he, 'the fatal day is here,  
For your defence no warriors dare appear ;  
Since from this place the Abencerrages fled,  
Knighthood succombs, and bravery is dead ;

In vain my toils, and lost untiring zeal,  
No bold defenders answer this appeal !  
I blush to find that gallantry is lost,  
And chivalry no more our country's boast !  
But with these Zegrис I alone contend,  
And trust in God, who will the right defend !  
Come, gentle queen, thy cause will heaven decide,  
Rest there thy strength, and there thy hopes confide.'

"The drooping queen to heaven with upturned eye  
In mellow accents breathed this mild reply :  
'I did expect, and proudly will confess  
That your kind heart would offer this redress.  
But better far this fate on me devolve,  
Than my sad life should thine in death involve.  
Grenada's hope thou art, her glittering shield,  
Her tower of strength, her hero in the field :  
Whose virtues bloom midst vice's prolific sway,  
And heaven's avenging bolts of wrath yet stay.  
No, worthy friend, already I have claimed  
The boldest knights that chivalry e'er named,  
And soon they'll come, in majesty of might,  
To reap new honors in this glorious fight ;  
Who, after victory, can brave the will  
And mar the fell revenge of Boabdil.  
But still of thee, Almanzor, I would ask  
And claim thy favor, in a friendly task.  
By fondest cares for my deep woes expressed,  
That sense of pity glowing in your breast,

By that stern justice which your action guides,  
That sense of right which in your heart resides,  
‘Watch, watch, the foe, now openly declared,  
That my defenders may not be ensnared ;  
And at the fight let honesty preside,  
And heaven the cause will happily decide ! ’

“ With wonder dumb, Almanzor ne’er delayed,  
Nor strove to solve the riddle of Zoraide ;  
But flies apace, and bids his friends unite  
To guard the combat and adjudge the fight.

“ The eventful hour of mockery was near,  
When at the dread tribunal must appear  
Grenada’s queen, to infamy consigned,  
Although in spotless purity enshrined.  
Before her God devoutly now she knelt,  
And long in fervent adoration dwelt :  
For her defenders heavenly aid implored,  
In whom she rests the hope to be restored ;  
To me she brought the homage of her love  
In strains so soft that angels would approve ;  
Her full-fraught heart its grateful sense conveyed  
Through briny currents, on her cheeks portrayed.  
To Ines next she turned, o’erwhelmed with grief,  
In silence wept till weeping gave relief ;  
And when her heart its throbings had laid by,  
And the pure fountain of her tears was dry,  
To her lone breast she clasped the faithful maid,  
And in the calm of sweet composure said :

‘ Before Zulema I will now express  
My deep-felt thanks for your devotedness ;  
The jewels which this golden casket shares,  
Are not an offering for your tender cares ;  
Of fatal grandeur they are sad remains,  
And much beneath the worth thy heart sustains ;  
But with these trifles, I devote to thee  
A precious boon, the gift of liberty !  
This token, Ines, of my love receive,  
And for my earthly woes no longer grieve.  
If fate resolve my death, to me is given  
A bliss eternal in the courts of heaven !’

“ As when the fury of the midnight storm  
The placid waves to mountain billows form,  
And shipwrecked mariners on quicksands driven,  
With hopes extinguished, save the hope of heaven,  
So thus the queen, midst passions stormy sea  
Moved, tempest-tossed by blasts of perfidy !  
The distant murmurings of the muffled drum  
Admonishes the fearful moment come !  
The guards draw nigh, the judges here are seen,  
And all await the movement of the queen.  
Zoraide arose with dignity and grace,  
An ebon veil concealed her pallid face ;  
Composed her heart, her eyes from tears refrain,  
And onward moves the slow and solemn train.

“ The field of combat is an open square,  
Where oft the sportive multitude repair

The tilt to view, or mark the tournament,  
These pastimes blending with their merriment.  
Now other scenes this mirthful place pervade,  
And beams of pleasure merge in gloomy shade ;  
And silent groups their mournful weeds display,  
And anxious thousands droop in sad dismay ;  
The scaffold stands displayed in mantled gloom,  
The fagot pyre awaits, the convict's doom ;  
A deathful silence reigns the list around,  
Hearts bend to pity, eyes in tears are drowned !

“ The royal carriage which the queen conveyed,  
A gloomy aspect in procession made ;  
Of blackest hue, with drapery o'erspread,  
Which on the sides a festoon folding led ;  
The tasseled fringe upon its margin laid,  
Profusely plied, in ambient breezes played.  
Six jetty coursers of Arabian race  
In black caparisons the chariot grace ;  
Their curly webs the riband weeds display,  
Surmount their heads, and in deep clusters lay ;  
And o'er each steed is thrown a mourning veil,  
Whose tambour borders to the pavements trail ;  
Slowly they step, as conscious of the scene  
That veiled in woe Grenada's injured queen !

“ As clay-cold tenants of th' insatiate tomb  
Send not a whisper from their murky gloom,  
But rest in silence, 'till almighty power  
Shall speak existence at th' appointed hour,

So, in suspense, the gathered thousands wait  
In breathless stillness this impending fate ;  
Till the loud trump sends forth its echoing breath,  
Announcing victory, or inglorious death !

" Zoraide arrives, and with her dearest friends  
Upon the scaffold instantly ascends ;  
Here cushioned seats of softest velvet 'rose,  
O'er which the stately canopies repose ;  
The tissued floor, where golden figures played,  
The only contrast in this scen'ry made ;  
For dark the hue these draperies display,  
And deep the shadows in their foldings lay.  
Here, robed in purity, the queen reclined,  
With friendship's highest attributes entwined ;  
While at her feet, and heedless in dismay,  
The wretched Ines in her sorrows lay.  
In crimson robes the judges now convene,  
Approach the scaffold and salute the queen,  
The accusation and the sentence read,  
And in judicial formula proceed ;  
While through the throng disapprobation flies,  
And reprobates the atrocious sacrifice !

" The trump proclaims the proud appellants nigh,  
' They come, they come ! ' burst forth the echoing cry !  
The barriers ope, the Zegris knights advance,  
And o'er the square their furious chargers prance.  
In armor clothed is each distinguished knight,  
With steel-clad crowns and weapons dazzling bright.

Before the queen they pass in high disdain,  
 Wheel on the course, and for the tilt arraign.  
 As captain of this band first Ali stood,  
 The second Mafarix, a chief in blood ;  
 The third Sahalel, and the fourth who claimed  
 This mighty honor, was Moctador named.  
 These valiant four their battle gage displayed  
 And stood accusers of the queen Zoraide !

“ Almanzor, in his richest armor dressed,  
 With well-armed troops upon the barriers pressed ;  
 The willing crowd to this brave chieftain yield,  
 And hail him guardian of the battle-field !

“ Now gentle breezes o'er th' arena played,  
 And Sol advancing, had meridian made,  
 The whispering multitude their fears express,  
 Yet smile in hope, through tears of deep distress.  
 Each anxious eye in alternation strayed,  
 First to the scaffold, then to queen Zoraide ;  
 Then to the far horizon wide extends  
 To watch the coming of some warrior friends.  
 And fast retiring moves the orb of day,  
 No knight in armor yet to meet the fray !  
 The fleeting moments pass like wind along,  
 And discontent is murmuring through the throng.  
 The drooping queen is struggling with her grief,  
 Each passing moment offers no relief ;  
 Her deepened sighs no more she can suppress,  
 But yields her hope and sinks in wretchedness !

The trumpet's awful peals, the solemn chime  
Brings indication of the battle time !  
The judges rise, and through the crowd proclaim  
The warrior knights who now the honor claim  
To throw the gage, and with that foe contend  
Who dares the virtue of Zoraide defend !

“ The beams of hope which broke with morning light,  
By envious clouds were nearly veiled in night !  
The aching heart had ushered its last sigh !  
The crystal drops had left their fountains dry !  
The silent groups their homeward steps prepare,  
And drooping friends seemed spell-bound in despair !  
Adown the western skies, in rapid flight  
Apollo's coursers sought the lodge of night.  
Already twice had rung the herald's strain,  
Which no response had echoed back again !  
And doubt and fear had cast their gloomy shades,  
And sadness through the multitude pervades !  
But with the third and last announcement given,  
As if the thunder had its confines riven,  
The repercussion burst upon the ear,  
And deafening plaudits dissipates all fear !  
Anon is heard the tramp of horses nigh,  
The crowd give way and raise the joyous cry !  
In Turkish guise four warriors now advance,  
And ride the circuit of the field's expanse,  
Receive the gage, the trembling queen salute,  
And with the foe are ready to dispute !  
The first in infancy seemed closely bound,  
And two had scarcely life's meridian found ;

With bleachen locks the fourth and last appears,  
An indication of his lengthened years.  
The chief dismounts, and instantly is seen  
Upon the scaffold, kneeling to the queen !  
His placid eye a noble soul expressed,  
And thus in Arabic the queen addressed :  
' From Istambol,\* fair queen, on mission sent,  
Our little bark by storm and tempest rent,  
Upon your coast by wayward fate was driven,  
And by the briny surge to pieces riven !  
'T was here we learned that calumny's vile breath  
Had doomed thee victim to a frightful death !  
Accept fair queen the homage of a knight,  
And e'en to strangers grant this favored right,  
From infamy to shield thy honored name,  
Which vilest foes endeavor to defame !  
My friends in arms these traitors now defy ;  
We will protect thee, or for virtue die !'  
And bowing low, with hands upon his breast,  
He dropped the letter, secretly addressed  
To brave Gonzalvo, by the wronged Zoraide,  
Which Ines slyly to the queen conveyed.  
Zoraide, in transports which she still suppressed,  
Found valiant Lara in the Turk confessed !  
Her flooded eyes she raised to heaven above,  
Poured forth thanksgivings for its wondrous love,  
Then to the chief in feeble voice replied,  
' To heaven and thee my life I now confide !'

\* Constantinople.

The gallant chief his noble friends regains,  
He vaults his steed and clasps the golden reins,  
Wields his bright lance and flings it to its rest,  
And with his band within the arena pressed.  
Here face to face stand voluntary foes,  
To blend in strife till death the scene shall close !

" These brave defenders of Grenada's queen,  
Although in Turkish dress and armor seen,  
Were valiant chiefs in Spain's devoted cause,  
Robed in her honors, rich in her applause !  
The first was Lara, that distinguished knight,  
Bred with Gonzalvo, skilled in battle fight.  
The youthful Cortez and Aguilar bold,  
The valiant Teller, venerable and old !  
These daring chiefs Grenada's queen to shield,  
Unknown to Ferdinand, had left the field !  
Their deep disguises veiled suspicion's sight,  
And passports were for each intrepid knight  
Who now for virtue precious lives expose  
Within the walls of their inveterate foes !

" All now are ready for the awful fight,  
And each with each had measured strength and height,  
Before great Ali, Lara took his ground,  
And Teller soon with Mafarix was foun~~t~~;  
Aguilar to Sahalel stood opposed,  
And valiant Cortez with Moctador closed !  
The signal trump in peals of thunder rings,  
And to the onset every foeman springs :

Clash now their spears, their brilliant shields resound,  
Their snorting coursers lacerate the ground ;  
With skill each chief sustains this mortal strife,  
And dreams of glory, thoughtless of his life !  
Now fierce Moctador at Young Cortez flew,  
And with a lance his faithful charger slew !  
Undaunted Cortez bounds his falling steed,  
And full his heart to avenge the bloody deed !  
With ready sword his dark and piercing eyes,  
The wily purpose of his foe descries ;  
And flush with hope at this successful aim  
Moctador saw the budding of his fame,  
His soul elate, no vantage would forego,  
To trample under foot his unhorsed foe !  
With spurs deep buried in his noble steed,  
With savage hate he urged with furious speed,  
And onward rushed while watchful Cortez springs,  
And to the ground Moctador's charger brings !  
Beneath his steed the vile Moctador lies  
And thus the Zegris in his treachery dies !

“ The brave Aguilar soon his foeman sped,  
And on his lance displayed Sahalel's head !  
Now Teller, still contending with his foe,  
Though weak with wounds had met him blow for blow !  
Yet now purposed a course of mere defence,  
To lure the chief and lull his confidence ;  
With wayward Mafarix this plan succeeds,  
He quick advances as his foe recedes,  
And wearied now by his impetuous zeal,  
He yields the palm to Teller's matchless steel !

"The noble Lara, with his warrior knight,  
The fearless Ali well sustained the fight,  
And at the onset each a blow received,  
That pierced each cuirass and their lances cleaved !  
Thus wounded both and high inflamed their ire,  
And wild in rage and savage in desire,  
Their swords are drawn, but vainly they contend,  
Their spirits falter and their strengths expend,  
For now their chargers, heedless of the rein,  
Vault in the air and sideways tramp the plain !  
Unable still this evil to surmount,  
With one accord the daring chiefs dismount !  
Again on foot the combat is renewed,  
Again their arms in human blood imbued !  
From tempered swords the sparkling fire-drops fly,  
And from life's fountains bursts the purple dye !  
To mark the progress of his valiant friends,  
With lessened zeal great Ali now contends ;  
But when he saw their unauspicious fate,  
His fiend-like passions quick predominate !  
And blind with fury frantically enraged,  
Again and resolute the warfare waged !  
With increased zeal and mad in his career,  
He dropped his sword and seized his shattered spear,  
And with both hands the heavy weapon plied,  
And from the Spaniard drew the crimson tide !  
The Spanish chieftain well withstood his foe,  
His skilful sword had parried every blow ;  
But now, in rashness, by the Zegris pressed,  
He plucks his poniard from its secret rest,

And as the Zegrис chose the ruffian's part,  
He sheathed it quickly in his faithless heart!  
Thus Ali fell! And joyous cries resound,  
And heart-felt praises to the chiefs redound!

“ Almanzor flies, the victors to embrace,  
His palace offered for their resting place,  
Where balmy comforts for their wounds abound,  
And rich refreshments marble tablets crowned.  
But no entreaties could these chieftains stay,  
Their borrowed guises brooked of no delay;  
But ere they moved would Mafarix express  
His sad contrition and his crime confess!  
‘ Our fate is just,’ the dying Zegrис said,  
And we by Boabdil have been misled!  
Grenada’s queen is innocent and pure,  
As are the shadows of her portraiture!  
And Abenhammet’s criminal intent  
Was at her feet to give his life-blood vent!  
The judge aloud this brief confession named,  
And for the injured queen protection claimed!

“ Before Zoraide these chiefs victorious stood,  
Their swords and armors crimsoned o'er with blood:  
The grateful queen her thanks in tears displayed,  
While each bold knight his silent homage paid.  
Almanzor now conducts them to the gate,  
Where their attendants anxiously await,  
And crowned with honor, blessed with praise unfeigned,  
The gallant chiefs the Spanish camp regained!

" When Boabdil, informed of this event,  
Saw round him gathering clouds of discontent,  
With wings of wind he clothed his noble steed,  
And to the arena flies with lightning speed !  
Before the queen a suppliant he falls,  
And this vile outrage on her fame recalls !  
Here at her feet he swears eternal love,  
That future life shall his contrition prove,  
If at the Alhambra she will yet remain  
And o'er himself as o'er his subjects reign !  
Zoraide, indignant, cried, ' vile monster, hence !  
The God of heaven reveals my innocence !  
Thou hadst delivered me to death and shame,  
And ignominy hovered o'er my name !  
But heaven in mercy sent me noble friends  
To check thy power and crush thy wily ends ;  
Sooner than live within thy cruel power,  
Upon this scaffold at this very hour,  
Bonds due to strangers I would here renounce,  
And let thy villany my doom pronounce !  
Thy tongue no more my virtue can defame,  
Pile now the fagots, bid arise the flame,  
The ascending blaze will waft my spirit home  
To that sweet peace where thine can never come.  
Grenadians, shout ! I wait for your decree,  
Bind me a victim, or pronounce me free !'  
Joy's loudest peal in gratulation flies,  
And thundering plaudits echo through the skies ;  
Each voice proclaimed the marriage contract void,  
And thus the hopes of Boabdil destroyed.

This manifesto much the king disturbs,  
He feels its vigor, and his passion curbs !  
The outraged laws he fears, his people's hate,  
And in the Alhambra pursued his fallen state.

" Almanzor's carriage to Carthame conveyed  
The faithful Ines and her loved Zoraide.  
This famous city, with its rocky belt,  
Where now the brave Abencerrages dwelt,  
A kind asylum offered to Zoraide,  
Where fondest cares around her person played.  
But ere Almanzor from his charge retired,  
War's fres' alarms the Moslem bosom fired,  
The Spanish war-blast echoed o'er the plain,  
And summoned Boabdil to arms again.  
This common peril softened high-wrought rage,  
Domestic clamor ceased, all hearts engage,  
Resentment dies, and tribes united stand,  
The bold defenders of their native land.

" Almanzor chieftain of the army stood,  
His life devoted to his country's good ;  
His brother chiefs he summoned to his aid,  
And soon their hosts for battle are arrayed.  
This gathering strife has strengthened Mulei's fears,  
Before the king he instantly appears,  
And on his knees with fervency implored  
To have the Abencerrages troop restored.  
The king, through fear, his father's counsel heeds,  
And Mulei on this embassy proceeds,

To ask assistance from that noble tribe  
Whom Boabdil unjustly dared proscribe.

“ Where flows the Guardala its silver tide  
Carthame displays her thousand spires in pride.  
The Abencerrages here confederate,  
And dwell in peace from persecution’s hate.  
Grenada’s queen for refuge here had fled,  
No more the frowns of kingly power to dread.  
Here Mulei comes, attendant with his train,  
Entreats for succor, but entreats in vain.  
Most costly presents Mulei then displayed,  
And precious gifts before the chieftains laid,  
Their wealth again in promise is at hand,  
Their rank acknowledged, and their honors stand  
Where fame shall set her bright unsading ray,  
To give their merits an eternal day,  
If once again this valiant band will bring  
Their marshaled forces to support the king.

“ The Abencerrages by their chief replied :  
‘ For thee brave Mulei we would all have died !  
Thou art to us a much loved monarch still,  
We owe no fealty to Boabdil.  
For our religion, laws, and thee we ’ll die,  
And every foe to these we still defy !  
But if within our tribe we should detect  
Ingrates so base that would your king protect,  
Immediate death would be the traitor’s fate,  
And brothers’ swords should brothers immolate !

Carthame is ours, its walls we will defend,  
Our independence with our lives we blend,  
And long and bloody must that contest be  
That binds in chains the will that sets us free !  
Those baubling toys presented by your king,  
Upon the monster back again we fling,  
They have no charms a towering mind to quell,  
Nor magic powers a soul once freed to spell !  
Grenada's city, once our love and care,  
In vain shall seek the Abencerrages there,  
In vain shall listen for a footstep sound  
While traitor Boabdil her king is crowned !'  
Thus Zier spoke, his valiant tribe approved  
The noble answer of the chief they loved.

" The humble Mulei to Grenada came,  
Embittered deeply in his country's shame,  
The star of hope which in this mission beamed,  
Was shorn of beauties, and no longer gleamed.  
While public woes thus pressed upon the state,  
Our private sorrows still accumulate,  
With grief we learn Zoraide, so much endeared,  
With Ines, from Carthame had disappeared ;  
And trickling tears, that for her anguish flowed,  
Too soon, alas, were for my own bestowed.

" In Africa reside those savage clans,  
Near Atlas' mount, called Beriberians :  
These wandering tribes in bloody warfare's strife,  
Fight but to conquer, disregarding life !

A sordid passion their dark bosoms fill  
With strong desires to execute its will.  
Now Boabdil had intercession made,  
And drew these warriors promptly to his aid.  
Six thousand cavalry, in bold display,  
Had reached our city, decked in war's array ;  
The general chiefs of these adventurers were  
The noble Ismael, and his wife Zoáre !  
But far removed from this bewildered race,  
In qualities that human actions grace,  
To love devote, in virtue's garb arrayed,  
And civil intercourse their manners swayed.  
To these succeed an Ethiopian throng  
Whose forces numbered twenty thousand strong,  
Led by their prince, in Ethiopia famed  
For strength and valor, and Alamar named.  
This ebon prince king Boabdil caressed,  
And folded him to his enraptured breast :  
From Moslem's God his faith almost withdraws,  
And hails him savior of Grenada's cause.

“ While war's alarms filled every heart with dread,  
And dire confusion o'er the city spread,  
While Boabdil his foreign phalanx calls  
To guard the city and protect its walls ;  
While ev'ry arm was nerved for its defence,  
The pristine budding of my woes commence,  
Alamar, flushed with Boabdil's kind care,  
Had dared his burning passion to declare.

His dark ferocious eye and giant height  
Blends all sensations into wild affright ;  
His sanguinary deeds his arms disgrace,  
His deep contempt for all the human race,  
Established in my heart such ardent hate  
That softer feelings were exterminate !  
Yet while maintaining dignity of birth,  
In answer to this reptile of the earth,  
No just offence excited in reply  
To move the ire of Boabdil's ally !

" Now rings the war-blast from the camp again,  
And to Grenada march the troops of Spain,  
A flag of truce approaches e'en the gate,  
And cites Grenada to capitulate !  
But Boabdil this haughty threat derides,  
He in Alamar's power and strength confides :  
And marshaled troops through sally-ports are led,  
And to the Spanish camp are promptly sped,  
The Christian prowess could not long withstand  
The awful havoc of Alamar's band ;  
This unexpected blow such terror spread,  
That from their camp the frightened Spaniards fled,  
Their scattered troops to Ethiopia's cower,  
And victims fall to great Alamar's power !  
Their bravest chiefs to circumstances yield,  
And leave Alamar master of the field !  
The conquering prince returns, elate with pride  
And crowned with glory, claims me as his bride !

The traitor king, in joy's unbounded strains,  
Decrees the bans, and nuptial hour ordains !

" My father, Mulei, robbed of kingly power,  
Grants us protection in this trying hour,  
And at Alpaxas loved Almanzor waits  
For gathering troops to guard Grenada's gates !  
Without support or succor in my fears,  
And with this tyrant useless were my tears !  
But hope yet clung to my distracted heart,  
And prudence bid me from the realm depart !  
The young Zoáre, an Amazonian bold,  
Who well her Ismael's faithful heart controlled,  
Had learned my sorrows, and her swelling breast  
In pity's passion, strove to give them rest !  
In her fond bosom my deep woes I hide,  
And in the stranger's holy zeal confide !  
Zoáre in secret had my safety planned,  
And thirty of her brave Numidian band  
At her command are ready for the flight,  
But wait advantage of approaching night !

" In Malaga a sumptuous palace rose,  
Where oft my father sought in peace repose,  
Its splendid courts asylums yet would prove  
To shield me from Alamar's hasty love !  
Until Almanzor should be told my grief,  
And his bold arm extended for relief !

" The orb of day had quenched its brilliant fires,  
And veiled in darkness were Grenada's spires,

The weary soldiers to their tents repair,  
No fearful hum, or murmurs rend the air,  
And nought discoursing save the watch-tower bell,  
Whose pliant tongue the midnight hour must tell !  
And soon it spoke. The pleasing summons flies,  
It is the signal for our enterprise !

Zoáre appears with her Numidian guide,  
The faithful escort march on either side,  
The guarded gate her silken voice obeyed,  
And through its portal were our band conveyed !  
Our cavaliers through devious courses wend,  
While up to heaven my fervent prayers ascend,  
These zealous hearts all thoughts of self forbore,  
And onward rushing, reached the sea-girt shore !

“ As dancing moon-beams o'er the waters glide,  
Their beauties spreading on the silvery tide,  
So hope had now our darkling prospects lit,  
As o'er our hearts her ambient gleamings flit ;  
Yet like the fleetings of bright summer skies,  
When envious clouds in murky volumes rise,  
Our fancies fled, as clouds of darkness rose,  
And all our fond anticipations close !

Our eager eyes the green-waved sea scarce met,  
When hordes of blacks our wanderings beset !

The brave Numidians stand the awful fray,  
But much out-numbered yield at last the day !

The chief of these dark fiends (now near the shore)  
On board a ship my trembling person bore,  
This monster there the secret did confide  
That I was destined for Alamar's bride !

“ This bitter thought had filled my cup of woe,  
And death alone could but the draft forego,  
With horror filled, upon the floor I laid,  
And humbly courted death’s alleviate aid !  
A tempest now had harrowed up the deep,  
And swelling mountains o’er the vessel sweep !  
I strove to plunge within the briny wave,  
And hope again stood smiling o’er my grave !  
But these foul fiends this only hope did blast,  
And in my struggling chained me to the mast !  
The rest, brave seignor, to yourself is known :  
The matchless skill and courage you have shown,  
That snatched me from barbarians’ cruel hands,  
The longest life of gratitude demands.  
Misfortune’s heavy step pursues me still,  
Again, within the power of Boabdil,  
My trembling heart yet menaced peril feels,  
And to your noble soul again appeals ! ”

Thus spoke Zulema, and Gonzalvo knelt,  
But could not speak the transports which he felt,  
Midst hopes and fears the hero’s soul was pent,  
And from his chamber fair Zulema went.



**BOOK V.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

The impressions which Zulema's recital made upon Gonzalvo. Situation of the lovers. Gonzalvo's wounds detain him. The siege of Grenada continues. Preparations of Ferdinand. Isabelle amuses the army with sports. Combat of bulls. Spanish feats. Vigilance of Almanzor. Dream and affright of Moraima. Almanzor and Alamar go out during the night to surprise the Christians. Attack and burning of the camp. Exploits of Almanzor and Alamar. Death of the prince of Portugal. Almanzor refuses to reenter Grenada. The Moors encamp upon the field of victory. The affright of the Spaniards. Religious discourse of Isabelle. She reanimates the troops. Funeral solemnities.

## BOOK V.

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YE tender hearts, who oft have felt the power,  
And still remember the primeval hour  
When sweet affection filled your throbbing breast,  
And love's soft passion hovered there to rest :  
Remember ye, in that delicious state,  
Your very souls with joys inebriate,  
How chilling thoughts would check your mind's employ,  
That some blest rival might your peace destroy !  
This sad reflection filled Gonzalvo's mind,  
Yet still no chamber in his heart could find ;  
For rooted was the germ of his desire,  
And in his breast increased the tender spire !  
The fair Zulema had already pressed  
Her strong aversion to Alamar's quest,  
And in the long recital of her woes  
No self-convicting words of love arose.  
Unceasing still, his thoughts on love were bent,  
He wooed the fancies which his night-dreams lent,  
And nought as yet his golden visions move  
Except the daring of Alamar's love !  
Within his breast he felt the kindled flame  
Which burst in fury at this chieftain's name !

His eager soul would to Grenada fly,  
And meet the warrior, Boabdil's ally,  
Pluck the proud crest from Afric's dusky son,  
And punish him for deeds of rashness done !

But thoughts more sweet filled fair Zulema's breast,  
On this brave stranger all her prospects rest ;  
To him her life she now would consecrate,  
But held concealed that love controlled her fate !  
A bold design, upon reflection broke,  
To save her country from the Spanish yoke ;  
And while the musings of her mind create  
An apprehension for her country's fate,  
She dreams of him who snatched her from the grave,  
Whose powerful arm might yet Grenada save !  
To that proud city she would soon repair,  
And take the gallant unknown hero there ;  
This valiant chief shall be her walls' defence,  
And Mulei's daughter be his recompense.  
Thus mused Zulema, while her throbbing heart  
Felt not these fleeting fancies might depart !

To care's sweet influence and balmy power,  
Gonzalvo's wounds are yielding every hour ;  
But he, too weak to meet the foeman's rage,  
Or in the din of battle to engage !  
On downy cushions still the chief reclined,  
And heavenly nectar sipped, by love refined !  
Zulema still to fancy's visions bent,  
A trusty courier to her father sent,

And to the bosom of her royal sire  
Revealed the inklings which her thoughts inspire !  
Her dire misfortunes were in truth portrayed,  
The undaunted valor of the chief displayed,  
Named the asylum of his present rest,  
The crescent vigor of her unknown guest,  
Till faint surmises danced on Mulei's brain  
That omened ill for chivalry of Spain !

The Spanish troops before Grenada lay,  
Complaining loudly of their chief's delay.  
These tardy steps the zealous soldiers chide,  
Alamar'sfeat humiliates their pride !  
Their ardent hearts from peaceful dreams revolt,  
And fearful ran the clamor for assault !  
But firm in purpose Ferdinand remained,  
And furious strugglings of their bosoms chained.  
The bland tranquillity that filled his breast  
Brought fiery passions to their holy rest ;  
His mild reproof their anxious wishes still,  
And seals subjection to the monarch's will.

Grenada, belted by her hundred towers,  
Bids proud defiance to beleaguing powers,  
Too vast to fear the threat'nings of blockade  
Or dread the forces at her walls arrayed.  
Upon her east the Alpuxarras rise,  
Their bleachin summits towering in the skies,  
Whose fertile vales and wide luxuriant plain  
A golden harvest for the troops sustain :

And from the glens the brave Moriscoes spring  
In hordes unnumbered, to defend their king ;  
And at the south Carthame her power displays,  
Her rocky base a matchless strength portrays ;  
The Abencerrages here her walls defend,  
And with their arms Grenada's cause befriend.  
Thus stood the city, while her Spanish foe  
Was slowly scheming for her overthrow.

The king of Spain his anxious soldiers stayed,  
And war's fell demon summoned to his aid ;  
He subterranean passages constructs,  
And earthly thunders to these cells conducts !  
These secret mines beneath the walls obtrude,  
And watchful eyes of Moslem guards elude :  
Destructive trains within these caverns lay,  
Ignited ropes their smokey curls display ;  
Inventive genius amplifies her power,  
To hold the hazard of the eventful hour  
When mystic fires shall raze Grenada's wall,  
And in the shock the Moslem race enthrall.  
The Spanish monarch still withholds the blow,  
Aguilar yet approves, and Teller too ;  
And Lara, silent, views all efforts vain,  
Gonzalvo's absence blasts the hopes of Spain.

Morbid inaction o'er the armies lay,  
Royal prerogative had lost its sway,  
And anxious Isabelle beholds with dread  
The martial spirit from her warriors fled.

Full well she knows that holy love's behest  
Augments the valor in a Spaniard's breast :  
Capricious fancies of her subjects prove  
In glory's race the sharpest spar is love.  
To strike anew this now extinguished fire  
And raise a flame that would their hearts inspire,  
To give a zest to war's embittered toil,  
And in the bud this canker power despoil,  
The narrow bounds of pleasure she expands,  
And rigor's cold austerity disbands.  
Her tented field a brilliant court displayed,  
Where armored knights their bounden homage paid,  
Where care-worn veterans, scrupulously toy,  
To matron cheeks apply the rouge of joy,  
While blithesome maids these pleasantries enhance  
With youthful warriors in the sprightly dance.

Queen Isabelle around her person drew  
Beyond compare, a splendid retinue :  
Within her camp Castilian beauties shine,  
And virtue, love, and dignity, combine.  
In beauty's rank the most distinguished are  
Blanche of Madina, and the lovely Clare,  
Eleonore of Corda, Josephine,  
And Leocada, Celi, Seraphine :  
O'er many more the goddess held control,  
And each the idol of some hero's soul.  
Next to the queen, in dignity and pride,  
Was her loved daughter, now Alphonso's bride,  
Alphonso, prince of Portugal, whose name  
On virtue's tablet stands enrolled to fame.

But this young prince, to vauntful passions prone,  
Would bear the palm in chivalry alone !  
Almanzor's deeds his jealous heart inflamed,  
He threw the gauntlet, and his foe proclaimed.

A splendid circus in the camp is found,  
And garden scenery its circle bound :  
Here gayety her jocund power sustains,  
With wondrous feats the audience entertains ;  
Here tournament again puts forth its bloom,  
And from war's features dissipates the gloom ;  
Ferocious beasts for man's destruction trained,  
And savage bears for hungry mastiffs chained.  
Queen Isabelle her soldiers here invites  
To view the sport that Spanish hearts excites :  
Here youthful chiefs, without cuirass, are seen  
In silken tunics of the richest green ;  
In periled courses ardently they move  
To catch the favor of the heart they love.  
On furious chargers some with pride advance,  
No deadly weapon, save alone the lance ;  
With this they hold the savage bulls at bay,  
First goad to fury, then in kindness slay :  
While some on foot the mortal combat lead,  
Less armed than those who mount the foaming steed ;  
In satin tunics they, of salmon hue,  
With golden belt and turbans tipped with blue ;  
Their dexter hands the glittering poinard clasp,  
Their sinister the purple vesture grasp,  
Whose waving folds by constant change, is found  
To lure the beast and misdirect his bound.

With other weapons here the laws dispense,  
For immolation or for self-defence,  
Nor e'er permit a combatant in fight  
To ask assistance from a brother knight.  
The queen in person at these sports presides,  
And in this salutary mean confides :  
It health promotes, and vigor lost regains,  
And checks the horrors of these dull campaigns.

The signal horns all orders execute,  
The barriers ope, the thousand tongues are mute,  
The throbbing heart intensely feels its pang,  
As flits the lover at the trumpet's clang.  
Again the sound, and furious from his lair  
The savage bull is bounding through the air ;  
His smoky nostrils and protruded eyes  
A seeming dread denotes, and deep surprise.  
In mournful lowings he the crowd surveys,  
Rends now the earth, now savage ire displays :  
With sudden bound a cavalier he meets,  
Whose skilful lance the rushing victim greets ;  
His bloody shoulders deep incisions show,  
As oft he turns to meet the assailing foe :  
The purple vesture now excites his rage,  
He leaps, the phantom-warrior to engage,  
The dextrous chief from these wild boundings springs,  
And o'er his horns the foe delusive flings ;  
Then in his sides the glittering poinards fly,  
Till streams of blood have left their fountains dry,  
Till writhing pains their agonies forego,  
And death the victim snatches from his foe.

These are the combats, full of blood and strife,  
Where man for fame will risk his precious life ;  
Here Cortez would in glory's rank be seen  
To win a chaplet for his Seraphine.  
This beauteous maid had long his heart possessed,  
And in her charms were all his wishes blest :  
Yet in his bosom burned the latent flame  
Of strong desire, to signalize his name !  
And passing time his moments soon delayed,  
And to the hero's burning wishes played !  
The savage bull had made his angry bound,  
And Cortez' charger had received a wound.  
The knight, undaunted, peril still pursues,  
Increasing danger but his strength renews !  
His failing steed but held a slackened pace,  
Depicted terror sat on every face !  
When lo ! an envious zephyr-breeze displaced  
The splendid bouquet which his dear one graced ;  
In ambient air, in courtly waves it played,  
And gently sinking in the arena layed !  
This flowery charm soon caught young Cortez' eyes,  
He checks his steed, dismounts, and grasps the prize !  
This gallant feature every bosom swelled,  
And e'en the wonted plaudits were withheld !  
Before the chief, to feelings thus displayed,  
Had passed the smile, or glad responses made,  
The angry bull his unhorsed foe observed ;  
With rage impetuous, and with frenzy nerved,  
With tiger bound upon his foeman springs,  
And o'er his shoulders the opponent flings !

Throughout the throng a cry of horror rung,  
But Cortez quickly on his victim sprung ;  
With skilful lance he closed the bloody scene,  
And bore the trophy to his Seraphine !

In rounds of mirth thus pass successive days,  
And royal footsteps grace plebeian ways !  
But intervening night eclipsed the ray,  
And dimmed the gleamings of the god of day !  
For when his majesty to rest retired,  
And azure skies with sparkling gems were fired,  
Then envious torches burst their golden sheen,  
And wrap in flame this camp-encircled scene !  
In tents, translucent lights through prisms blaze,  
Outvieing Iris in their piebald rays !  
Here, the assembled beauties of the court  
Around their queen prepare the evening sport ;  
Within these tents the lovely dames collect,  
With brilliant garb and sparkling diamonds decked ;  
Their tresses here to zephyr-winds unfurl,  
And dancing ringlets on their bosoms curl :  
Here, veterans nod, and youthful heroes smile,  
In fields of joy war's dismal croaks beguile !  
Here, music lends her soul-inspiring charms,  
And lifeless hearts to vivid throbings warms !  
Those pleasing sports, fandango and quadrille,  
The fleeting moments in these pastimes fill !  
And every heart concedes to pleasure's power,  
Till come the chimings of the midnight hour !  
Ere morning dawn, while Morpheus holds control,  
And fair Tacita leads the grand patrol,

The ardent suitors, from their ambuscades,  
 Charm earthly angels by their serenades !  
 On sweet guitars their magic fingers play,  
 While each warm heart breathes forth a roundelay !  
 These are the joys that veil Bellona's face,  
 And from the memory bitter griefs efface !

'T was on a time that nature's memory failed,  
 And day's bright gleamings through the night prevailed,  
 That youthful Cortez played the lover's part,  
 And sung the feelings of his anxious heart.  
 Before the dawn was this brave chieftain seen  
 Beside the tent of lovely Seraphine :  
 Upon his neck his famed guitar was flung,  
 Each trembling chord in sweet vibration sung,  
 And to the slumbers of his lovely maid  
 In magic melody this strain he played :

Lovely and brilliant moon,  
 Dear gem of light,  
 Hide now thy borrowed charms,  
 Veil them in night ;  
 My timid heart would yet  
 Darkly repose  
 While I to Seraphine  
 Love's thoughts disclose.

Come, gentle zephyr, come  
 Waft quick my lay ;  
 Soft, in her slumbers now,  
 Bright dreams array ;

Tell her my anxious heart  
Love would disclose !  
Wake, dearest Seraphine,  
Banish repose.

Hush ! 't is the nightingale  
Warbling its strain,  
Death to my hopes, until  
Morn beams again ;  
O, could my timid heart  
Fondly depose !  
Seraphine, Seraphine,  
Banish repose.

Hark ! 't is the reveille !  
Morn opes with sheen,  
Wake from thy revery  
Dear Seraphine ;  
Fleetly the moments come,  
Love's fane to close !  
Seraphine, Seraphine,  
Banish repose.

A night like this it was, when slept dismay,  
And nought was heard except the lover's lay,  
That brave Almanzor had the ramparts viewed  
And cheered his soldiers in their solitude ;  
And on his couch (his daily labors closed)  
In sweetest slumbers undisturbed, reposed.  
The god of sleep, around the hero's bed  
His silken tapestry had scarcely spread,

Ere Moraima, bounding in her dream,  
Awoke Almanzor with her frightful scream !  
The gallant chieftain, wild with terror sprung,  
His guardian arms around his wife he flung,  
With anxious dread he folds her to his breast,  
In soothing strains his trembling love addressed :  
“ Speak Moraima, why these dire alarms ?  
It is Almanzor holds thee in his arms ;  
What fiend within the temple of thy brain,  
That dares its holy altar thus profane !  
Disclose thy griefs, thy bitter thoughts unbend,  
Almanzor’s arm is ready to defend ! ”

“ O chief beloved, an awful dream this night  
Has filled my soul with horrible affright !  
I thought, while wandering o’er the vasty plain  
That separates our troops from those of Spain,  
That suddenly the Spanish host concrete,  
And gathering Moors advancing foemen meet !  
I saw thee, brilliant as a beam of fire,  
With troops progressing, decked in war’s attire,  
Till face to face, the countless foe were seen  
Prepared for battle on the extended green !  
There, stood you forth the contest to decide,  
Alone, this bold Cordovian chief defied !  
The noble chief, delighted with thy threat,  
In high disdain thy proud defiance met !  
I saw thee conquer ! saw Gonzalvo fall,  
And o’er his corse beheld the funeral pall !  
But ere these lips my thankful prayers impart,  
Ere these frail arms had pressed thee to my heart,

To mournful weeds of blackest hue it changed,  
And on thyself its tristful garb arranged ;  
Its sombrous folds enveloped soon thy frame,  
And none approached, though all revered thy name :  
I saw thee thus of every friend bereft,  
And flew to succor, but no power was left !  
The sable crape again its folds extends,  
Falls o'er my head, and to my feet descends ;  
In serpent coils around our frames it twines,  
And to one course our destinies confines.  
Before us lay a bubbling lake of blood,  
Upon its crimson brink we trembling stood,  
Till to our feet it rolled its waves of gore,  
And in th' abyss we sank, to rise no more !  
I know too well thy nobleness of soul  
To think these wild forebodings will control  
Or e'en intimidate thy generous heart,  
Or draw thee from thy country's love apart.  
Remember, dear Almanzor, that for me  
No pleasures bloom, except what bud in thee :  
Thy Moraima 's like a blasted palm,  
Completely riven by the lightning storm !  
Parental tears no moistening succor send,  
Nor brother's cares renewing verdure lend ;  
Those dear affections all in thee unite,  
And, torn asunder, will all comfort blight.  
By Boabdil my honored father fell,  
For two loved brothers pealed the self-same knell ;  
In bitter grief my mother reached her tomb,  
And Moraima left enshrined in gloom ;

And now, dear love, of kindred all bereft,  
Must sink in death if by Almanzor left.  
By heaven protest thou wilt not leave thy wife,  
Or on the battle-field seek battle-strife !  
But rest within the city's walls, and bend  
Thy skill and valor to protect thy friend ;  
For this base king no fealty is due,  
Nor beats his heart one faithful throb for you ;  
He loathes your virtues, scorns your honored fame,  
And sceptre safe, your precious life would claim ! ”

Almanzor thus replied : “ My lovely wife,  
Thou art the fountain from whence springs my life !  
In thee my hopes and earthly wishes rest ;  
Thine are the charms that give to life a zest,  
In me my king a sacred trust confides,  
Which leaves no chancel for a thought besides.  
Full well I know this traitor Boabdil,  
And from his cunning can sustain me still ;  
’T is not to give this monster laureled note  
That I my life to bloody scenes devote ;  
But to preserve my country and its fame,  
And give Grenada an eternal name !  
” T is not to weave a chaplet for his crown  
Or raise for him the pillar of renown,  
That I the paths of honied peace forego  
And change for love’s embrace the grasp of woe ;  
No, dearest love, it is that life may bloom  
In honored marble o’er Almanzor’s tomb ;  
That his bright name a lasting relic prove,  
A valued legacy to widowed love !

Forbear to soil a name so much revered,  
To undermine the virtue thou hast reared  
By holy precepts, sanctioned from above,  
And now embellished by thy purest love.  
The God of battles will our cause befriend,  
To noble efforts will protection lend ;  
The din of war will change its horrid strain,  
And peaceful echoes greet our ears again ;  
Rejoicing people will glad pæans raise,  
In loud acclaim their honored chieftain praise !  
What glory, then, what happiness for me,  
To find distinguished honors, shared with thee ;  
While at thy feet the shouting thousands fall,  
And on my dearest love heaven's blessings call ! ”

This burst of feeling had Almanzor given,  
With eyes upturned he sent a prayer to heaven,  
To grant him strength to brave this battle fray,  
And bless Grenada with a brighter day !

Now from the palace peal the trumpets' note,  
And through the air the dismal war-blast floats ;  
Th' astonished hero quickly seized his arms,  
And reached th' Alhambra midst these dread alarms ;  
Here darkness fled before the torches' sheen,  
And with his troops was proud Aalmar seen ;  
Upon his charger sat the ready knight  
In war's habiliments, prepared for fight :  
Two serpent skins around his shoulders dance,  
Whose silver scales the foeman's missiles glance ;

A studded turban, crowned with brilliant green  
Around his dark and comely brow is seen ;  
And thus equipped, the chief with swelling crest  
Grenada's prince indignantly addressed :  
“ Behold Alamar, ready for his foes,  
While prince Almanzor slumbers in repose ;  
The tocsin peals, the beacon-fire 's displayed,  
And Afric's troops for battle are arrayed ;  
Spain's haughty sons this night in fear shall gaze  
Upon the glare of their pavilions' blaze,  
Their nightly revels I will cloud with woe,  
And Spanish blood shall Spanish tents o'erflow !  
The coward brand upon our brows they place,  
And nought but blood this stigma can efface.  
Alone I go, the contest is my own,  
Barbarian troops shall save Grenada's throne ! ”  
Alamar's scorn drew forth Almanzor's smile,  
And for a moment did his thoughts beguile ;  
But soon his spirits reached their highest flood :  
“ I will outstrip thee in this deed of blood !  
Grenada's forces did the war-cry heed,  
And as thine own are ready to proceed.  
The gathering troops are ordered to the gates,  
Almanzor only for his charger waits :  
Come, valiant chief, we will our armies join,  
And in the open field draw up the line.”

The plan of action was at once portrayed,  
To every chief was instantly conveyed.  
The Zegris troop, with Moaz at their head,  
And first in rank, were at the centre led ;

For here the warriors of Castile were seen,  
The army's strength, and guardian of the queen !  
Alamar, with his Ethiopian band,  
Upon the left his operations planned ;  
For here the knights of Calatrava wield  
(By Teller led) the polished lance and shield.  
Almanzor's faithful soldiers take the right,  
And wheel in order to sustain the fight ;  
Here Ferdinand had fixed his strongest post,  
Surrounded by his Arragonian host !

The troops in solid columns now unite,  
And softly move in darkness of the night.  
The outer guard they seize and immolate,  
The second line are sharers in their fate :  
Th' intrenchments soon with furtive strides they reach,  
The intrepid Africans require no breach,  
Their fiery chargers o'er the barrier's leap,  
And through the Spanish camp in fury sweep !  
Alamar's troops send forth their horrid cries,  
The repercussions from Almanzor's rise,  
Then from the centre bursts the direful strain,  
Which Zegris soldiers echo back again !  
Tumult and havoc now exert their sway,  
And slaughtered thousands choke the bloody way !  
Expiring mortals welter in their blood,  
And crimson streams seem swelling to a flood !  
The spreading flames emit a vivid glare,  
And dark confusion lights to sad despair !  
Alamar fights for glory and renown,  
And victory will his ardent wishes crown ;

Midst battle din, alone he seeks the foe,  
And sore destruction deals at every blow !  
The valiant Teller sprang at these alarms,  
Seized his bright sword, but sought no other arms,  
Quick to the knights of Calatrava flies,  
And leads them onward to the enterprise !  
The clarion blast, the glare of torch-light blaze,  
This honored band of veterans much amaze !  
Disordered, wild, they rally round their chief,  
Alas ! too late to give the wished relief !  
Alamar's cimeter had passed its round,  
And Teller's lips had kissed the crimson ground !  
"Behold thy chief!" the brave Alamar said,  
And from the camp bore off the bloody head !

While these fell troops their savage warfare wage,  
Almanzor's forces with the king's engage !  
The Arragonian chiefs protect their king,  
And in the onset bold defiance bring !  
Destruction here her crimson flag unfurled,  
Impetuous wrath her barbed arrows hurled.  
But firm and close Grenada's ranks appear,  
Martialed by valor in this grand career ;  
As angry waves they onward rolled their course,  
Nor heed the barriers of opposing force !  
From right to left the fiery missiles fly,  
And curling smoke in volumes fill the sky !  
The crackling flames burst forth in brilliant hue,  
Through skies illumed the shouts of triumph flew !  
At length o'erwhelmed, the Arragonians yield,  
And leave Almanzor master of the field !

Amidst the havoc of this awful scene,  
Stood Isabelle, the mild intrepid queen !  
Her brave Castilians, posted by her side,  
Successfully the Zegrис power defied !  
Here Lara stood, Alphonso and his train,  
With Cortez and Aguilar, chiefs of Spain.  
These gallant heroes checked the assailants' pace,  
And thrice repulsed, the Zegrис now give place !  
Their fearless chief by Lara is pursued,  
And Moaz yields the victory, subdued !  
The king alarmed and weaponless, is seen  
Within the grand pavilion of the queen ;  
From whence contention had withdrawn its strife,  
And left him thoughtless with his august wife !

When Ferdinand beheld his army's plight,  
His tents in flames, his troops in rapid flight,  
By fury spurred he seized his naked brand,  
And with Almanzor would the fight withstand !  
But prince Alphonso, envious of the name  
Which had his own so far eclipsed in fame,  
Saw now the dawning of a better day,  
Where budding hopes might soon their bloom display !  
As flies the fawn, the fatal arrows sting,  
So flew Alphonso, and outstripped the king !  
Through fields of fire his vaulting course he winds,  
Nor checks his speed till he Almanzor finds.  
Impetuous still, no warning voice he lends,  
But his bright lance perfidiously distends !  
Almanzor's shield this unjust blow defied,  
And fell the weapon harmless by his side !

With burning anger flashing from his eyes,  
Almanzor would this reckless foe chastise :  
He checked his steed as he upraised his spear,  
And saw the prince Alphonso standing near.  
Almanzor no unequal contest counts,  
He doffs his spear and instantly dismounts.  
With eye to eye and sword to sword they stood,  
While to their faces rushed the boiling blood ;  
As hungry lions to obtain their prey,  
In semblant death inanimate will lay,  
Till some marked victim heedlessly secure,  
Has roamed within the precincts of their lure,  
So waits each chief, as each would wield a blow  
That should his dread antagonist o'erthrew.  
Now blow met blow, and each increased his ire,  
From polished swords fall trains of sparkling fire ;  
Nowburst the currents from their veiny bounds,  
And crimson streamlets issue from their wounds.  
At length Alphonso gained upon his foe,  
Almanzor's arm received the skilful blow :  
The nerveless member fell upon his side,  
While towering upward moved Alphonso's pride.  
Almanzor still the fight would not forego,  
And with both hands he hurled a furious blow !  
The fatal movement reached Alphonso's head,  
And at his feet lay prince Alphonso dead.  
Almanzor now his onward course pursued,  
The fires augment, the contest is renewed,  
And red-eyed slaughter, lingering on the plain,  
Records the number of the victims slain.

Alamar too is bounding o'er the field,  
While Christian troops to Ethiopians yield ;  
O'er heaps of slain Grenada's prince he meets,  
And with becoming grace the victor greets.  
From each full heart congratulations flow,  
As twine their laurels in this overthrow.  
Now suddenly is heard war's baleful cry,  
And towering flames again illume the sky.  
The astonished chiefs return at these alarms,  
And find again the Zegrис troop in arms ;  
This thrice-repulsed, yet still unconquered band,  
Again had rallied by their chief's command,  
Stood forth again to meet the contest dire,  
To win the field, or on the plain expire.

Far from the ruins of the camp are seen  
The rallied forces of Hispania's queen,  
Castilian vet'rans, Calatrava knights,  
With whom the Arragonian troop unites.  
These remnants of the Spanish forces were  
In four divisions drawn, and formed a square ;  
Queen Isabelle within the centre stands,  
With eyes upraised and elevated hands,  
Imploring heaven her daughter to sustain,  
The dying widow of Alphonso slain.  
To her pale cheek her crimson lips she pressed,  
Extends her arms, and folds her to her breast,  
Essaying still affliction's pang to soothe,  
By the soft lenient of a mother's love.

Around the queen, in sympathizing griefs,  
Stood royal Ferdinand with many chiefs.  
Valiant Aguilar and young Cortez too,  
Gusman and Lara, these intrepid few  
Who yet undaunted still support their king,  
And to his aid their gathered forces bring.  
Their martial souls with indignation burn,  
And to the conflict they would yet return ;  
But prudent Ferdinand their ardor checks,  
And to his fallen state their cares directs.  
With these brave chieftains there remains no choice,  
They bow submissive to their sovereign's voice.  
These weakened forces were his only tower,  
The only citadel of kingly power,  
The only refuge from a gaping grave,  
The only staff where Spanish banners wave.

As shepherds from the rude Pyrenean rocks  
Reclaim the savage beasts to guard their flocks,  
Who at the fold with iron fetters bound,  
Perform like sentinels their lonely round,  
And when they see the wolves upon the plain,  
In furious boundings find all efforts vain,  
With frightful howlings fill the ambient air,  
And their own flesh in horrid anguish tear,  
Till spent with rage their outstretched claws they  
sheathe,  
Withhold their growls and still their gnashing teeth,  
So stood their chiefs by Ferdinand detained,  
Their prowess checked, their fiery hearts restrained,

While stood the vanquished majesty of Spain,  
Securely guarded by his royal train.  
In vain the pleadings of each gallant knight  
Again to meet the Moslem foe in fight :  
The royal mandate was again announced,  
And ev'ry effort of these chiefs denounced.  
Thus dies the ardor of these noble hearts,  
And chivalry, as fleeting dreams, departs ;  
War's piercing blast no more their bosoms thrill,  
Enchained and conquered by their monarch's will.

Calm in the bosom of a victory won,  
Almanzor still counts nothing yet as done,  
Besieging troops still round Grenada lay  
In expectation of a brighter day ;  
This weakened phalanx of the Spanish king  
Within the field no dreaded force can bring,  
This then the time to give the finished blow,  
And end the conflict by their overthrow.  
Almanzor's strength kept not with courage pace,  
His faithful troops their wounded prince embrace :  
They now beheld their dawn of glory rise  
In the successes of this enterprise,  
And cherished hope that one eventful blow  
Would brighten it to full meridian glow ;  
But, anxious for Almanzor's precious life,  
Refuse with him to stand the second strife.

Alamar too, elate with victory's spoils,  
Would his own force withdraw from battle toils ;

This night's success distinguished honors brought,  
And well secured the talisman he sought :  
The conflict passed, no more to counsel lends,  
But from the field his faithful soldiers sends.

Almanzor saw the glory of this night,  
Which beamed in brilliant halos to his sight,  
As evanescent as the morning dew,  
Which envious sunbeams instantly subdue,  
And prospects bright in meditation planned,  
By passion lost, or verging to a stand.  
He knew in war the most important blow  
Was that which would intimidate the foe ;  
That notes of preparation oft secure  
As firm a peace as victories procure.  
Unwilling then such well-earned fame should rest,  
He calls around, and thus his chiefs addressed :

" Ye valiant men, your prince, though much constrained,  
Will not by flight lose all this night has gained ;  
Nor to the city's ramparts will he hie  
Till here the foe submit, or from us fly.  
Shall we like cowards to the city run,  
And mar this enterprise so well begun ?  
No, brother chiefs, Almanzor seeks repose  
But in the bosom of his country's foes.  
Behold their tottering flag ! No more it waves  
On Moslem soil, except o'er Moslem graves !  
This haughty foe we will exterminate,  
Or seek no more our much-loved city's gate !

Our bleachen tents shall whiten still this plain,  
Our armies here in martial power shall reign,  
On smoky ruins shall our camp arise,  
And here we 'll wrestle for the victor's prize !  
On this proud spot shall sculptured marble tell  
How Moslems conquered and how Spaniards fell ! "

Thus spoke Almanzor, every chief admired,  
For endless fame each gallant heart aspired ;  
But fear sat brooding in Alamar's breast,  
Lest this bold project might his hopes arrest :  
Yet he to this alternative accedes,  
And to Almanzor's plans with grace concedes.  
Alamar was despatched to seek the king,  
And for this enterprise more troops to bring !  
With quickened pace he reached the Alhambra gates,  
And the glad tidings of the night relates.  
Unbounded joys in grateful strains arise,  
And fleeting meteors light the spangled skies,  
Through every street the mirthful echoes glide,  
And envious thoughts in cheerful hopes subside !  
The clarion's thrilling note had scarcely rung,  
Or souls devout the pæan chant had sung,  
When at the gates already had appeared  
The city's phalanx with their standards reared !  
The king, well mounted on his fiery steed,  
With prince Alamar these brave forces lead.  
To royalty the ready portals yield,  
And move these warriors to the battle field !

To brave Almanzor every tongue speaks praise,  
And shouting voices strains of homage raise,  
And tutelary chief, with loud acclaim,  
The Moorish forces loved Almanzor name !  
This proud appellative the king decreed,  
And each division to the lines proceed,  
The Alabez, by brave Almanzor led,  
Upon the right in three divisions spread,  
While on the left Alamar's warriors stood  
Insatiate still, athirst for Christian blood !  
With fresh recruits the outposts are sustained,  
And through the whole encampment order reigned.

A thousand tents, displayed in varied rows,  
From which transalcently the torch-light glows,  
Like glittering mountains looming from afar,  
When on their summits glides Aurora's car.  
Back from the centre on a verdant mound  
A specious tent for royalty is found :  
This grand pavilion, elegance displayed  
In splendid drapery of rich brocade,  
And near this site stood one superbly dressed,  
In which Almanzor and Alamar rest.

The beams of morn, which now resplendent rose,  
Disclosed to Spain the image of her woes !  
Here war's dread implements foretold dismay,  
In scattered fragments o'er the field they lay !  
Here countless tents in smoky ruins lie ;  
From magazines the bounding cinders fly.

Unhoused warriors sleeping here in death,  
And wounded thousands gasping yet for breath !  
A group of soldiers here move o'er the plain,  
Seeking, in anguish, friends or brothers slain !  
The widowed mother, with distraction wild,  
Bounds o'er the field and calls her slaughtered child !  
Each bloody corse she wipes with anxious care,  
But finds no traces of a loved son there.  
Thus opening day brings horrid deeds to light,  
And shows Grenada victor in the fight !

The Spanish monarch drooped in deadly grief,  
In magic spells stood bound each loyal chief !  
The proud Castilians, steeped in horror's dye,  
With ranks disordered ready were to fly !  
And even hope, with pinions trimmed and spread,  
Had from the precincts of the encampment fled !  
O'er troops disheartened, Isabelle prevails,  
She knows the charm that panic countervails !  
Religion's impulse Spanish zeal inspires,  
And lights to flame the long extinguished fires !  
The holy cross before her troops she raised,  
The banners waved, the sacred altars blazed !  
The holy pontiffs at her side are seen,  
And to reviving troops thus spoke the queen :

" My brave companions, let us still adore  
Our heavenly father, and his aid implore :  
His hand has chastened, but 't is still the same  
That will restore us to his love again !

The God of armies still remains our guide,  
And o'er the bloody conflict will preside,  
And ne'er permit the holy cross to cower  
To infidelity's unhallowed power !  
The golden meed of heaven's eternal love  
Shines but on merit sanctioned from above !  
Be this bright gift in heaven reserved for those  
Who shall from Christian soil drive heathen foes !  
Those, whom the sword has gathered up this night,  
Behold your sadness from the realms of light ;  
There decked in robes which angel hands prepare,  
With heavenly hosts their palms immortal share !  
Cease, Christians, then to weep departed friends,  
Such deep despair our duty here suspends !  
Invoke to aid this sainted train above,  
And hopes confiding build on heavenly love !  
Thy martyred friends behold ! their sad remains  
A holy relic which success ordains,  
A bright assurance that foretells the end,  
That vile barbarians to the cross shall bend !  
That heaven in wrath the avenging bolt will call,  
And Spain yet triumph in Grenada's fall ! ”

The listening troops reply but in their tears,  
The holy promise dissipates all fears,  
And at the feet of their beloved queen,  
In humble adoration all are seen.  
In fervent prayer they raise the suppliant cry,  
And for their country nobly dare to die !  
With new-born zeal each gallant bosom glows,  
And pants to meet the conflict with their foes !

The king beheld with wonder and surprise  
This new-wrought passion in his soldiers rise !  
Yet well he knew to profit by its sway,  
The hand of prudence must direct the way.  
As when the swelling wave in angry roar  
Directs its fury 'gainst the rock-bound shore,  
Finds when the cliff its impetus impedes,  
Its passion prostrate from the bound recedes,  
So Ferdinand awhile their ardor checks,  
And to his chiefs his further views directs.

Still unperformed those obsequies remain  
Which honor claims for those in battle slain !  
The generous queen in mournful weeds arrayed,  
The rites of sepulture in pomp displayed,  
And tristful honors hovered o'er the dead,  
Till coming night her sable mantle spread !  
Suppressed in silence now were war's alarms,  
The exhausted soldiers sleep upon their arms,  
The watchful guards patrol their lonely way  
In sad forebodings of the coming day,  
The valiant chiefs within their tents repose,  
And in sweet sleep their anxious thoughts compose !



**BOOK VI.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

Isabelle assembles her chiefs. Discourse and project of the queen. Convalescence of Gonzalvo. His love for Zulema. The queen executes her great designs. Labor of the Spanish troops. Arrival of Mulei Hassem with three Abencerrages. News which one of them disclosed. Zulema is promised in marriage to the vanquisher of Gonzalvo. Zulema and Gonzalvo disclose their secrets. Zulema provides armor for Gonzalvo. He departs with the Abencerrages. He discovers himself to them. His combat with the three Moors. He is victorious. He joins the Spanish army.

## BOOK VI.

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THE pious queen, within her sacred court,  
In holy faith found comfort and support ;  
Here hallowed fires displayed their mellow sheen  
Around the soul of this distinguished queen,  
And in the bosom of her God she found  
The gilead balm for every bleeding wound.

A sullen gloom the Spanish camp pervades,  
And sad inertness darkens still its shades :  
The tristful queen yet mourns Alphonso dead,  
Her golden dreams of worldly joys are fled !  
Each vista now displays a settled gloom  
That blights each prospect in its early bloom ;  
Haggard despair usurps the royal place,  
The widowed princess clasps in cold embrace :  
Within the precincts of her warrior band  
Mortality has stretched his awful hand ;  
Already still upon the blood-stained plain  
In glory sleeps the choicest troops of Spain !  
Though clouds of woe still hovered round the queen,  
Her path of duty was distinctly seen ;

Her people's love to adoration glowed,  
And in each heart the patriot current flowed ;  
One effort, then, to gain an endless name,  
And add new halos to the crown of Spain !  
To raise her country to this honored goal,  
On marble slabs its brilliant name t' enroll,  
A glowing flame to give to slumbering fire,  
To cheer her soldiers, and their hearts inspire,  
This murky mist must cast its shade of night  
And yield its darkness to the glare of light.  
Maternal cares, which fill her sorry heart,  
Must for her country's love be set apart,  
And stayed the flowing fountains of the soul  
Which through their flooded apertures now roll !

Alphonso's corse to Belem was conveyed,  
Where honored rites of sepulture were paid ;  
His lovely widow, buried in her grief,  
From heartfelt sympathy found no relief .  
This princess Isabelle to Jaén sends  
In solemn train of her distinguished friends,  
Where fondest cares their balmy lenients prove,  
From Seraphine and Leöcadia's love ;  
And thus relieved from heart-corroding cares,  
The patriot Isabelle for war prepares !

To finish now a preconceived intent,  
This martial queen unbounded efforts bent ;  
To give effect and heighten hostile zest,  
Which dormant lay in every soldier's breast,

Her chiefs she called : the trusty band appear,  
And to the counsel of the queen give ear :  
“ My brave companions, long has glory’s ray  
Spread brightest halos o’er our conquering way !  
Long have our toils resplendent deeds achieved,  
And well fulfilled what fondest hopes conceived.  
In victory’s breeze our unfurled banners played,  
And conquerors smiled beneath their chaplets’ shade !  
Spain’s sun of glory reached meridian height,  
And o’er the world shed brilliant beams of light.  
Misfortune now pours in with swelling tide,  
Deluges hope and triumph sweeps aside ;  
Our glorious deeds in arms no longer tower,  
And paralyzed seems every conquering power.  
This unforeseen attack, this bold array  
Within our camp has scattered wild dismay ;  
Our choicest troops by infidels are slain,  
Their precious bones lie bleaching o’er the plain ;  
Our magazines in smoldering ruins lie,  
Our shattered engines can no longer ply !  
Retreat is vain, success has nerved our foes,  
In grand pavilions proudly they repose ;  
While we with unsheathed swords are but employed  
To watch the ashes of a camp destroyed !  
My honored friends, shall we from efforts cease,  
And leave the foe to calendar our peace ?  
To table deeds, and blazon thus our shame,  
And bring disgrace upon the christian name ?  
Or shall heroic constancy decide  
That honor still shall o’er our acts preside ?

This show of strength will not avail their power,  
But prove delusive in the battle hour ;  
The Moors but march to beds of early death,  
Their ranks have felt a pestilential breath ;  
Disorder there lifts up her hydra heads  
And dread confusion in their army spreads.  
Unfit to rule, their weak and cruel king  
A throne usurped will soon to ruin bring !  
The Abencerrages, once his grand ally,  
Now mock his royalty, his power defy ;  
Proud Africa is struggling for her fame,  
Her dusky sons are trembling at my name ;  
O'er her broad seas are borne our spreading sails,  
Our flags dance boldly in her spicy gales !  
Upon our rear stands blooming, fertile France,  
Who at our nod will faithfully advance ;  
Gonzalvo too, our army's hope and stay,  
The pride of Spain, is hastening on his way !  
Propitious chances gallant friends, t' obtain  
Triumphant glories for the sons of Spain.

" We court, my chiefs, the sweet delights of peace,  
And must secure them ere our efforts cease ;  
War's iron arm has vengeful havoc shown,  
And struck in death the life-guard of our throne !  
I feel our woes, our losses I deplore,  
But from the ashes of our griefs shall soar  
A vital spirit, whose immortal flame  
Shall blaze eternal with Hispania's name !  
'T was sad despair that bid the Moslems rise  
And push their daring to this enterprise ;

And now in view their grand pavilions tower  
And wave their banners, to deride our power !  
Here rests their strength, their city here they guard,  
Their rising ramparts yet our steps retard.  
But wall to wall with infidels we 'll build,  
Till Spain shall triumph in her hopes fulfilled !  
See ! from afar those green-clad forests soar,  
See ! quarries open their exhaustless store,  
See ! rivers winding through the meady way,  
While flocks upon their verdant margins play :  
Here to our God we 'll raise the sacred fane,  
Our holy cross and empire to sustain ;  
On this proud spot a city too we 'll raise,  
And here the foe shall see our altars blaze !

“ To you, brave chiefs, these mighty deeds belong,  
Which latest time shall chronicle in song ;  
Your valiant troops with ramparts can surround  
The vast extension of our city's bound.  
Behind these shields, unseen, shall dwellings rise,  
In splendid marks of Spanish enterprise ;  
Where throngs unnumbered shall their force employ,  
And every hope of Moslem foes destroy,  
And from the plains of Andalusia chase  
The haughty sons of Afric's dingy race ! ”

Lara rejoiced that this intrepid scheme  
Would lend his shadowed thoughts a passing gleam ;  
But this delay a brighter prospect sends,  
It gives Gonzalvo time to meet his friends.

Gonzalvo, strengthened in his love-decked bower,  
And roseate health had crowned him with her power,  
A carnate hue bloomed on his manly face,  
And stood restored his charms and martial grace ;  
Beside him still the fair Zulema moved,  
Devout in duties which her heart approved,  
And oft in tears the glassy drops would roll,  
At cloistered thoughts within her swelling soul ;  
For yet, as mystic caverns of the earth,  
Was veiled the knowledge of the hero's birth,  
Unknown to her his country or his name,  
His honored title, family or fame.

As pass the clouds in fleeting movements by,  
So sweetest moments with these lovers fly !  
While arm in arm they tread the orange groves,  
Their hopes concealed and unexpressed their loves ;  
Yet still with them unbounded pleasures teem,  
Where myrtles shade or glides the limpid stream,  
On terraced walks where grassy cushions bide,  
They drink sweet converse at the even tide.  
Oft ere the east had lost that lingering ray  
Which o'er its gray-tinged face is wont to play,  
When the calm air, impregnate with perfumes  
Robbed from the chambers of ten thousand blooms,  
Where murmuring echoes from the rippling tide,  
Whose silver streams o'er golden pebbles glide,  
Where humming bees upon the Iris ply  
And cull the treasures which in secret lie,  
Would these distinguished, pensive lovers rove,  
To speak of friendship, but to sigh for love.

When pale face Cynthia trimmed her lamps of light,  
And lent their beauties to illume the night,  
When evening breezes waft their spicy breath,  
And warbling songsters sleep in semblant death,  
Then would Zulema with her trembling lyre  
The loved Gonzalvo with her songs inspire !  
And to the mild vibration of its chords  
Blend sweetest melody with fairy words :  
In trains of pleasure passed the moments by,  
And crowned their joys in pure felicity.  
The valiant chief had not disclosed his name,  
Announced his country or his brilliant fame,  
Nor had Zulema's swelling heart revealed  
The ardent passion it had long concealed ;  
Yet both had firmly in their minds resolved  
These dark enigmas should be fairly solved.

The even tide had rolled its charms along,  
The choicest hour for sentiment and song :  
Again Zulema strikes the trembling strings  
And to the chief this native legend sings :

A Spaniard once loved  
A sweet Moorish maid,  
While he to her father a captive stayed ;  
And the fair Bellerose  
Had a heart as warm,  
A quick piercing eye and a smile to charm ;  
But the Moorish laws,  
With penalties dread,  
Prohibit the Moor with Spaniard to wed,

And love is passion  
 That finds no repose,  
 When Cupid for mischief his archery shows !

O the grotto of love,  
 O the grotto of love !

One beautiful day,  
 These fond lovers strayed  
 To the mountain glen and the grot's cool shade,  
 Where two roaring torrents  
 Their white foams inwove  
 As they bounded the rocks to their silent alcove.  
 And here had they mingled  
 Their sweet oaths of love,  
 Which angels of heaven recorded above ;  
 They echoed in air  
 To a father's ear,  
 While in anger this father was hurrying here !

O the grotto of love,  
 O the grotto of love !

And now on the verge  
 Of a frightful abyss  
 These lovers were seated, and dreaming of bliss,  
 When her father appeared  
 With his minions in arms,  
 And their joys of sweet converse were changed to  
 alarms !  
 ' Stop, father ! ' she cried,  
 ' Or thy victim I'll be,'  
 And she trembling sank at her dear captive's knee !

' Advance but one step  
 From this brink you 'll behold  
 The death-chilling current your daughter enfold !'  
 O the grotto of love,  
 O the grotto of love !

The father distracted,  
 Pressed onward to save,  
 While they stood at the brink of this watery grave !  
 And his villainous minions,  
 Who thirsted for blood,  
 Had rushed to the rock where these fond lovers stood !  
 'O heaven !' she cried,  
 To the captive she sprung,  
 And around her dear lover her arms quickly flung !  
 'T is the fiat of fate  
 That o'erwhelms us in woe ;'  
 And they sunk in the deep ruffled surges below !  
 O the grotto of love,  
 O the grotto of love !

Gonzalvo, weeping, listened to this strain,  
 His half-distracted heart was full with pain,  
 And deep reflection pressed upon his soul,  
 To stay his fancies and his thoughts control.  
 The Moslem God to whom Zulema bends,  
 To her pure heart his dispensation sends :  
 Gonzalvo owes no homage to that throne  
 Which christian virtue bids him e'er disown !

This was the rock that gave his wishes check,  
On which his love-impassioned heart must wreck ;  
This was the knell that echoed dread dismay,  
As chronicled in fair Zulema's lay.  
Thus spelled in reverie no uttering word  
From the deep chambers of his heart was heard ;  
But trickling tears in glassy droppings roll  
To mark the feeling of his troubled soul.

Zulema saw these deep emotions rise,  
And from Goncalvo turned her flowing eyes ;  
Upon her cheeks the crimson blushes burn,  
And from her harp the truant fingers turn ;  
The pensive princess ceased awhile to sing,  
And hushed in silence was each trembling string.  
Goncalvo's heart from throbings found a rest,  
When he the loved Zulema thus addressed :

“ I know, fair princess, with this closing day,  
Our sweetest flowers of friendship will decay ;  
‘T is hard to break affection’s silken band,  
So strongly twined by your too generous hand ;  
But less abhorrent for my soul to part  
With earthly pleasures than to wound your heart ;  
For thy displeasure better far to grieve  
Than wear the smiles which must at last deceive !  
Learn now the hidden trouble of my breast,  
Which seals thy hate the moment ‘t is expressed ;  
This burning passion, kindled in my soul,  
Consumes my faculties, defies control,

And leaves me merely courage to declare  
The deep unbounded love that centers there ! ”

The modest princess, wrapped in silent fear,  
Could not the whispers of a lover hear ;  
And as the passion, eager to depart,  
Leaped from the hidden recess of his heart,  
Zulema sought its progress to arrest,  
And thus disclosed the feelings of her breast :  
“ Brave chief, to thee a grateful debt I owe  
For life preserved, and precious honor too,  
Which my o'erflowing heart can ill repay,  
Though life were measured to eternal day ;  
But yet for thee shall meeds of honor blaze,  
And all Grenada glory in thy praise.  
A much loved father hastens to this place  
To bless his daughter with a fond embrace,  
And while his heart pours fervent vows to heaven,  
Shall learn this boon is by thy valor given ;  
And may his friendship with Almanzor's prove  
A wreath to twine thy heart with endless love.  
And now to draw this sombrous veil apart,  
To show the vista to my beating heart,  
To blazen forth the hidden secrets there,  
Yet uncommitted to a father's care,  
To you alone this treasure I confide,  
Which in your breast must faithfully abide ;  
And when my heart this precious charge sets free,  
You'll wish perhaps to learn no more from me.”

Gonzalvo dumb, but startled with surprise,  
And from Zulema turned his tearful eyes :  
The high-wrought feelings which his soul expressed,  
With horror rushed within his bursting breast,  
The silent tear in silver currents rolled,  
The bleachèn cheeks his secret feeling told ;  
Imagination waved her magic wand,  
And placed Zulema in a rival's hand.  
A calm succeeds, and wrapped in silent gloom  
Gonzalvo listened his expected doom.  
The princess, moved to see Gonzalvo's grief,  
Again proceeds to give his heart relief,  
When suddenly an anxious slave appeared,  
And with his greetings fair Zulema cheered :  
“ Thy father, princess, at the gate alights,  
And with him comes two noble warrior knights ! ”  
As speeds the lightning on the vapor tide,  
So flew Zulema to her father's side,  
With speechless joy his daughter he beholds,  
And to his bosom loved Zulema folds.  
At length the working of his soul found rest,  
And Hassem thus his long-lost child addressed :

“ My dear Zulema, death would soon have stilled  
These ebbing currents which my griefs had chilled,  
Had not the tidings of thy safety flew  
To check his hand, and this weak frame renew ;  
Thy faithful slave had found me at Carthame,  
And of Alamar's baseness gave alarm.

These valiant chiefs, the Abencerrages' pride,  
Omar and Zeir, to my heart allied,  
With generous Velid, who will soon be here,  
Have been thy champions in this bold career ;  
And by thy father's side, o'er mount and plain,  
Have sought his fondest daughter to regain.  
And now we'll end those toils to friendship given,  
A father here devotes a vow to heaven,  
Again enfolds his daughter to his breast,  
And asks kind heaven on her its grace to rest ! ”

With modest mien Zulema greets her friends,  
Her hand to each brave chief she now extends ;  
And to the list'ning group relates her woes,  
While every breast with love and pity glows ;  
The silent tear from its blue fountain rolled  
As she the baseness of Alamar told,  
And whelmed with horror stands each gallant knight  
As she relates the story of her flight :  
“ You know, dear father, from that fatal hour  
When war's success increased Alamar's power,  
When from thy hand the royal sceptre fell,  
And usurpation tolled thy kingly knell ;  
Then stood Alamar lofty in his pride,  
And claimed thy daughter for his victor bride ;  
In thee, alas ! protective power was dead,  
And from Alamar's wiles thy daughter fled !  
When from that loved paternal roof I flew,  
Compelled, dear father, to abandon you,  
Hope round my path in brilliant meteors played,  
And from my footsteps chased the evening shade ;

Pleasure again put forth her petal flowers,  
And bent my wanderings to her fragrant bowers ;  
And sympathy outspread her bleachen sails  
To waft my fancies in her fleeting gales ;  
Delusion, too, on her false strains relied,  
And thus my heart Alamar's power defied !  
But this vile wretch had summoned to his aid  
A vassal power, that soon my footsteps stayed ;  
Their flinty souls no lenient spark possessed,  
To the rough surges was thy daughter pressed ;  
Lunched on the bosom of the briny wave,  
On shipboard bound, to be Alamar's slave !  
When tempest-tossed, amidst the ocean waves,  
A valiant chief thy wretched daughter saves !  
A warrior prince, of Afric's noble blood,  
In this dark contest by thy daughter stood ;  
The foe subdued from me the chains he flings,  
And to her father his Zulema brings ! ”

“ Where is this chief ? ” the aged Mulei cries,  
“ Bring quick this stranger to my weeping eyes,  
Who on the bosom of the ocean's gloom  
Has snatched my daughter from the briny tomb ! ”  
“ Be that my joy,” the fair Zulema said,  
And to the lone Gonzalvo quick she sped ;  
With lively heart she clasped his trembling hand  
And begged her friend to meet her sire's command.  
The modest chief to Mulei's wishes bends,  
And with Zulema seeks her anxious friends ;  
Old Mulei's feelings had his speech subdued,  
And tears alone announced his gratitude.

In silence still this warrior's hand he pressed,  
Fell on his neck, then clasped him to his breast,  
Till nature shut the flood-gates of his heart,  
And bid the tide in ebbing streams depart !  
The hero blushed through praises justly due,  
In modest sweetness from his arms withdrew,  
And bound in reverence, those joys approve  
In the dear father of his only love ;  
Yet still his bright unquiet eye extends,  
Foreseeing rivals in old Mulei's friends.

Omar and Zeir heard in silent grief  
The valiant daring of this unknown chief ;  
Their envious hearts with bitter passions swell,  
Their anguished minds their flushing eyes foretell ;  
Yet virtuous worth within their souls abode,  
And commendations for this chieftain flowed !  
With downcast eye the blushing daughter heard  
Deserving merit on her friend conferred ;  
Her deep confusion to each chief imparts  
A confirmation to their jealous hearts !  
While silent thoughts thus pensively pervade,  
And clouds of danger spread increasing shade,  
Zulema saw the bursting spark of ire,  
And begged her father and his friends retire ;  
She would alone relieve her tortured friend,  
And with one word his cruel sufferings end.  
But Mulei's soul so liberally had quaffed  
At pleasures fount th' inebriating draught,  
When first his arms his dear Zulema pressed,  
That to this moment only had it rest ;

And now no theme could Mulei animate  
But the forebodings of Grenada's fate :  
Upon this chief unknown he fixed his eyes,  
And in him saw Grenada's glories rise ;  
With open heart he tells Grenada's woes,  
Reveals her dangers and her weakness shows,  
And rests a hope that by this chieftain's sword  
Grenada's peace will be again restored !  
Gonzalvo's eyes alternately were moved,  
First on the chiefs, then on the maid he loved,  
While mused the Moors at Mulei's gen'rous praise  
And sadly silent on each other gaze.

Already night had veiled the earth in gloom,  
And speculation sought the silent tomb,  
When fair Zulema, at her father's quest,  
With Zeir and Omar and the unknown guest,  
Awhile retired to pass the evening hour  
In the sweet fragrance of a rosy bower.  
Here richest viands graced the festive board,  
With luscious fruits and frosted conserves stored ;  
Here cooling streams in rippling notes resound,  
Through vases glide and skip the cascade's bound ;  
Here fragrant flowers their thousand scents prepare,  
Their odors mingling with the evening air.  
At this repast all ruffled thoughts were still,  
And mirth and joy the cups of pleasure fill ;  
But soon, alas ! this revelry was hushed,  
For suddenly before them Veliid rushed :  
Depicted fright upon his features rest,  
And in wild accents Mulei thus addressed :

“ My honored lord, with pain I now relate  
The sad event which seals thy country’s fate !  
From Fez Gonzalvo has re-crossed the main,  
And seeks, disguised, to join the troops of Spain.  
Brothers in arms ! ” was valiant Velid’s cry,  
“ Behold the moment of our vengeance nigh ;  
Within our precincts lurks this dreaded foe,  
Grenada’s scourge, Grenada’s bitter woe !  
Resolve, this night, our efforts shall not cease  
Till in his death we give Grenada peace ! ”  
These valiant three the Spanish chief reviled,  
Zulema trembled, and Gonzalvo smiled.  
On Mulei’s visage terror took its seat,  
Zeir and Omar left the festive fete,  
Zulema, too, involuntary moved,  
In fear approached the unknown chief she loved.

“ My worthy chiefs,” old Mulei Hassem cried,  
“ On this event let discords all subside,  
Extinguished now be every jealous fear,  
And glory mark the line of your career.  
Each of you, chiefs, have asked my daughter’s love,  
And worth’s bright tablet will of each approve ;  
While each, to win, has raised the suppliant voice,  
Her heart withdraws, indicative of choice ;  
Let glory, then, the passive heart pursue,  
Which love has not been able to subdue :  
Go, seek Gonzalvo, dare him to the fight,  
At single hand contend with this brave knight !  
In hallowed honors shall the victor stand,  
And claim the promise of Zulema’s hand ! ”

And Mulei ceased ; the lovers drew their swords,  
And begged Zulema to confirm his words !  
Zulema blushed, and mute awhile she stood,  
Her tearful eyes at length discharged their flood :  
With rapid glance she caught Gonzalvo's eye,  
And to her father made this sweet reply :  
“ To you, kind sire, submissively I bend,  
My dear affections with thine own shall blend ;  
My soul adores the Abencerrages still,  
Their faithful hearts are bound to Mulei's will ;  
Yet, while I live, shall I forget the debt  
So largely due, and stands uncanceled yet ?  
This gallant stranger on the troubled sea  
Has periled life and lost his blood for me !  
Let him stand rival with these noble friends,  
And in thy confidence my duty ends.  
Like them he would the brave Gonzalvo foil,  
Like them he 's equal for the dangerous toil.”  
Thus spoke Zulema, fearing too much said,  
While our brave chief in silence bowed his head !

The valiant Zeir now the theme discussed :  
“ To me, fair maid, thy gratitude seems just,  
Your love for this brave chief shall ne'er offend,  
We prize his virtues, and thy praise commend,  
The hand of fellowship we freely grant,  
And in our hearts his friendship we implant.  
We shall regret if he should victor prove,  
Yet without jealousy will yield our love !  
But this Gonzalvo is our mortal foe ;  
To him no hatred can this chieftain owe !

To us alone the combat should belong,  
To us the deed be chronicled in song :  
As chieftain of our tribe I will but claim  
To be the first in this fair tilt for fame.

“ You shall be first,” with accents firm and bold  
Gonzalvo cried, “ and soon this foe behold ! ”  
“ Tomorrow’s sun shall scarce illume the day  
Ere we shall meet Gonzalvo on his way !  
Hold no dispute for rank, I dare be sworn  
He’ll fight with all and give to each a turn ! ”  
The haughty Zeir, with his eyes on fire,  
Could not constrain the bounding of his ire !  
But prudent Mulei bid the tempest cease,  
Confirmed his promise and compelled a peace,  
The bland good night in sweetest accents rose,  
Zulema and her father sought repose ;  
The warriors part to meet at break of day,  
To seek new glories in a bloody fray !

Slow passed the chariot of revolving time,  
And sad the moments to the midnight chime !  
No pillow'd sleep the jealous chief attained,  
No fleeting hope his rivaled heart sustained ;  
The fatal secret which Zulema bore,  
Yet unrevealed his anxious bosom tore !  
And all the horrors which fond love invents,  
In blackest characters she now presents !  
A prey to grief, and banished all repose,  
His budded hope destroyed by canker foes,  
His couch he left, his tapestried alcove,  
And sought, ere morning dawn, the myrtle grove,

And longed but for a moment to renew  
His flickering hope or bid the last adieu !

Zulema, too, felt all the lover's part,  
Sleepless her eyes, perturbed her feeling heart ;  
With grief she saw the peril of her friend,  
And mourned the haste that urged him to contend !  
An ancient armor long the mosque had graced,  
From Count Simancas ta'en, and some defaced ;  
Yet still the trophy of her father's fame,  
And now the glory of his envied name !  
Zulema this for her brave chief secured,  
And implements for this bold fight procured !  
The fleetest courser from Arabia's fold,  
Caparisoned and decked with burnished gold,  
On the mild breeze sent forth his echoing neigh,  
And ushered in the dawning of the day !  
Zulema's cares found not their downy rest,  
Still beat the surges in her troubled breast !  
In solitude she strove to calm her mind,  
And in the garden roved this peace to find !  
As through a winding avenue she strayed,  
Where odors waft and flitting moonbeams played,  
She reached a canopy of fragrant flowers,  
And lonely sat to mark the speedless hours !  
But scarcely seated in this balmy shrine,  
Where woodbine blooms with myrtle twigs entwine,  
When through the paling she beheld portrayed  
A human figure in a moving shade !

Her piercing shriek pervades the verdant wood,  
And at her side the unknown chieftain stood !

With feeling accents trembling and depressed,  
Gonzalvo thus the lovely maid addressed :  
“ My anxious prayer has reached the heavenly seat,  
And we again permitted are to meet !  
From me, Zulema, take the last adieu,  
These eyes no more can e'er thy charms review !  
From this sad hour eternally we part,  
But thy bright image ne'er shall leave my heart !  
And e'en to death one only thought shall last  
The sweet remembrance of our moments past ! ”

The astonished princess, overwhelmed in grief,  
Mildly, in anguish, thus addressed the chief :  
“ Shall he, who on the ocean's midnight wave  
Dared, mid dire perils, fell barbarians brave !  
Whose faithful cimeter the harvest reaped,  
Till its bright blade in crimson dye was steeped !  
Whose gallant daring on that night exceeds  
The far-trumped fame of all Gonzalvo's deeds !  
Shall he, this moment, lose an envied fame,  
And dim the glories that surround his name ?  
Shall he believe that e'en Gonzalvo's breath,  
Like Upas respiration, leads to death ?  
That same dear cause that nerved thy arm to save  
When black despair had chained me to her grave,  
Again to arms thy noble soul doth greet,  
And offers now a recompense more sweet.

The god of love our destinies unites,  
A father's voice to honored strife invites ;  
The feelings of my heart I'll not disown,  
My vows to heaven shall be for thee alone !  
My heart, my hope, you carry to the field,  
And to thy arms may proud Gonzalvo yield.  
Remember, chief, Gonzalvo is my hate !  
My father's foe, a scourge unto our state,  
And lasting praises shall that chief receive,  
Who will Grenada from this foe relieve !  
If to the best beloved the victory rest,  
Then in thy triumph is my country blest ! ”

Zulema ceased, but yet with much surprise,  
That no emotions in the chief should rise !  
No towering ecstasy for love confessed,  
Nor e'en a sigh seemed struggling in his breast !

Gonzalvo downward cast his eyes in tears,  
A prey to anguish, blasted hopes and fears,  
No single word his arid lips had passed,  
For fear that word his last reply might blast !  
But whom he loved he never would deceive !  
The torments of his soul he must relieve,  
On bended knee the power of love confessed,  
Drew forth his sword, and placed it to his breast !  
“ You hate Gonzalvo ! ” calmly he replied,  
“ Then in his breast this faithful weapon hide !  
This deed shall long Grenada's sons inspire,  
And thy hand execute thy heart's desire !

He who was proud of an illustrious name,  
Reared by successful victories to fame,  
A thousand times has cursed the wayward fate  
That renders him the object of your hate !  
Strike to the heart of this detested chief !  
No other hand can give the wished relief !  
Thy country's foe this welcome blow will greet ;  
Behold ! Gonzalvo prostrate at thy feet ! ”

The lovely princess with amazement heard,  
But lost in wonder uttered not a word !  
Upon the sword she fixed awhile her eyes,  
Then viewed the kneeling hero with surprise,  
And thought her own intrepid heart to blame,  
That did not tremble at Gonzalvo's name !  
But doubting yet that such kind words should flow  
In honeyed language from Grenada's foe,  
She begged this mystery might be revealed,  
Which long had slumbered in his breast concealed !

Gonzalvo gives to this request assent,  
Recounts in haste each peril and event,  
His Afric embassy in full relates,  
On Seid's foul treachery awhile dilates ;  
Tells o'er the dangers of his artful flight,  
Until the coming of that awful night  
When his frail bark had yielded to the wave,  
And he preserved, Zulema's life to save !  
“ A trouble still which I will here disclose,  
Adds but a trifle to my other woes !

A vile decree thy father has outspread,  
Which sets a price on my devoted head !  
Strike thou the blow ! set thou thy country free,  
Gonzalvo yields his life adoring thee ! ”

The sigh had passed, the tearful fount had dried,  
When loved Zulema to the chief replied :  
“ The duty which my heart may indicate,  
Is rendered sacred and inviolate ;  
It points to me the course I must pursue  
To ward the dangers gathering fast on you !  
In me your confidence is not misplaced,  
But on the rock of adamant is based !  
Before the accents of our last adieu,  
A solemn trust I had prepared for you,  
Which this lone heart to thine would have conveyed,  
But that the coming of my father stayed !  
But time, who courses with perpetual wings,  
Again the dawning of a moment brings,  
And ere its flight shows one declining ray,  
Within thy bosom shall the treasure lay !  
Within my heart the Christian precepts rest,  
Long has my soul this saving faith possessed,  
And you the only being on this earth  
To whom the holy secret has had birth !  
My worthy mother at her dying hour,  
Disclosed to me its sovereign, healing power,  
My mind and soul embraced the righteous creed,  
And from its dictates never will recede !  
And you Gonzalvo make this faith more dear,  
Since you adore the God whom I revere !

My soul again will still its sweets confess  
 In loving you, whom God will surely bless !  
 But mark ! Zulema in her faith and love,  
 No recreant to her country e'er will prove !  
 A father's love shall in his daughter rest,  
 While she with life and father shall be blest.  
 A second life you gave; I proffer love,  
 Which now is registered in heaven above;  
 And angel hands shall ne'er that record trace,  
 And find another in Gonzalvo's place !  
 But while to heaven this solemn vow ascends,  
 A firm asseveration with it wends,  
 The hand and heart I would to thee bestow,  
 Shall ne'er be offered to Grenada's foe ! ”

“ Now, honored chief, thy duties to fulfil,  
 While I pursue the dictates of my will ;  
 Go render succor to your chiefs in arms,  
 And save thy country from o'erwhelming harms.  
 One favor more is all that I desire,  
 And that in love, Gonzalvo, I require :  
 You know how much Almanzor fills my heart,  
 My much-loved brother, nay, my counterpart ;  
 In the dire conflict, midst the battle din,  
 Seek not an honor by his death to win ;  
 Ne'er dare with him contend in mortal strife,  
 To render me thy enemy for life.  
 Adieu, dear chief, our conference must end,  
 Adieu, adieu, most worthy, honored friend !

And may that God who bids the whirlwinds cease,  
Direct our nations to a lasting peace."

Zulema ceased. The hero thus replied :  
" This day Almanzor to my heart's allied,  
A brother's love shall win a brother's heart,  
Conjoined by thee for death alone to part ! ".  
The sad Zulema, with a heart depressed,  
Bending in sorrow, weak for want of rest,  
From jetty locks her tissue veil withdrew,  
And on his breast the precious token threw !  
And now in tears, o'erwhelmed with bitter grief,  
Anticipates adieu, and leaves her chief.

Now joy and grief divide Gonzalvo's heart ;  
From his beloved Zulema he must part,  
Yet pleasure creeps within his burdened breast,  
In the memorial of her love confessed.  
The blinking twilight in its garb of gray,  
Now marshaled forth the long-expected day ;  
Gonzalvo's thoughts upon the combat turned,  
And for the fight his heaving bosom burned !  
Our lonely hero to his chamber hied,  
His faithful Pedro summoned to his side,  
Announced the hour of his departure near,  
But kept the motive from his list'ning ear.

The saffron morn its golden tints displayed,  
And found the chief in panoply arrayed.  
This brilliant armor, flexible, though dense,  
Was fair Zulema's gift for his defence,

Of polished steel, of finest ringlets made,  
Closely inwoven, and with gems inlaid ;  
The crimson plumes the shadowed helmet grace,  
And half concealed the warrior's manly face.  
Upon his arm he bore the glittering shield  
On which the fire and phoenix stood revealed,  
And underneath this ribboned metto stood  
The word UNEQUALED, typified in blood ;  
The sword suspended at the hero's side  
With chains of gold, was with the veil allied,  
Which the dear idol of his soul had thrown  
Upon his heart, and sealed it for her own.  
His heavy lance upon his arm he throws,  
And thus equipped Gonzalvo waits his foes.

Gonzalvo's courser in attendance stands,  
Groomed and caparisoned by Pedro's hands ;  
His tossing head defies the golden rein,  
While to his knees descends the flowing mane ;  
His flashing eyes their brilliant sparks unfold,  
And smoke in volumes from his nostrils rolled,  
His neighing notes in echoing air resound,  
He champs his bit and strikes the yielding ground :  
And now Gonzalvo backs his furious steed,  
And anxious waits the signal to proceed.

On Andalusian steeds at length were seen  
Zeir and Omar prancing o'er the green ;  
And Veliid too, not tardy in the race,  
Brings his bold charger to the starting place.

Their long caparisons that reached the ground,  
With costly jewels studded were and crowned,  
Their golden shields the Moslem emblems bore,  
And stained their lances yet with Spanish gore ;  
Their cimeters to silver girdles tied  
With chains of gold that bound them to the side,  
Of crimson silk their dress, with purple lined,  
Loose from the shoulders, and with buskin joined :  
A yellow turban graced each warrior's head,  
With crescent decked and spangled plumes o'erspread.  
All three advanced, and all with wonder rest,  
To see the chief in christian armor dressed :  
Still all were mute, no question, no delay,  
And all departed on the dangerous fray.

Through winding paths these silent warriors wend,  
The Abencerrages doubt their unknown friend ;  
And troubled too, that this strange chief should prove  
A valiant rival in Zulema's love :  
And onward still absorbed in thought they ride,  
But none to either dares his thoughts confide.  
Upon a plain at length these warriors stood,  
Whose circuit bounds a vast and verdant wood ;  
Here intersecting paths their steps delay,  
And with the Moslems indicate dismay.  
Still mute the tongue, but visible the doubt,  
As on they travelled through the winding route ;  
But now resolved this fearful course should rest,  
Through their brave chief the stranger they addressed :

“ When first to thee our willing hearts were bound,  
Thou promised, chief, Gonzalvo should be found :  
Thy honor pledged his lurking-place to scour,  
And this dread foe to bring within our power.  
Is dead the faith that rested on thy word ?  
Is honor lost, and our bright hopes deferred ?  
Is faint the heart that would this act desire ?  
And chilled the currents that should courage fire ?  
This bold assurance will thy knighthood shame,  
And doubtless bring dishonor to thy name ! ”

“ Forbear ! ” our hero modestly replied,  
“ You may with justice in my words confide ;  
But rest awhile lest your impetuous zeal  
Rashly disclose what prudence would conceal ;  
Thy brightest hopes shall have their promised bent,  
And this the moment of accomplishment.  
Let not thy boasting heart with fear embrace,  
Gonzalvo yet shall meet you face to face !  
I am Gonzalvo ! here behold thy foe !  
The famed Cordovian, and thy rival too !  
Zulema’s love is stored within this breast,  
Nor deeds of thine can draw it from its rest !  
Come all ! come singly ! as you most approve,  
You’ll find me worthy of Zulema’s love ! ”

“ Christian ! ” at once the Moslem chief replied,  
I know thy nation’s insolence and pride ;  
But ours thou little know’st, if you suppose  
We in unequal contest meet our foes !

My arm alone shall set Zulema free,  
And rid my country of a scourge in thee !  
As the next moments which succeed the storm,  
Seem doubly hushed and mellowed in the calm,  
So breathless stood these heroes in their ire,  
Till from their bosoms burst the latent fire !  
Now lances wave, and now the chieftains meet,  
And the first shock threw Zeir from his seat :  
With mighty power the saddle he regained,  
And on his foe his furious courser reined !  
The second bout, more skilful than the first,  
The wary Zeir from his charger thrust,  
And as he fell, the crimson tide displayed  
The fatal havoc by Gonzalvo made !  
Gonzalvo quick his second foe would see,  
And cried " brave Omar I but wait for thee ! "  
The furious Omar to the combat flew,  
And from his side the glittering broadsword drew,  
Forth from its rest, his powerful lance he flings,  
To fleetest speed his ready courser brings !  
More light than wind his charger skims the ground,  
And Omar ready for his foe is found !  
Upon the brave Cordovian chief he throws  
A heavy shower of thrice-repeated blows !  
Gonzalvo bravely stood the Moor's assault,  
And played and parried even to a fault !  
But Omar pressed the valiant knight so near,  
That useless was Gonzalvo's ponderous spear,  
And most indignant at this long delay  
Of efforts vain, he cast his lance away !

And now with rage the panting Moor he grasped,  
And from their steeds they fell together clasped !  
With sword to sword the contest is renewed,  
Till faint and weary Omar falls subdued !  
“ Thy life is mine,” was brave Gonzalvo’s cry,  
“ Yet nought of thee I claim but victory ! ”

Young Veliid now with cimeter and shield,  
On foot advanced upon the battle field !  
No passing word escaped this manly chief,  
His brother’s fate had filled his soul with grief ;  
Before his bold antagonist he stood,  
The prompt avenger of his brother’s blood !  
His trusty sword again Gonzalvo drew,  
And at this champion fearlessly he flew !  
Blow answered blow, and skill with skill allied  
Drew strength from valor, valor strength defied !  
A blow at length young Veliid’s hopes dispel,  
And from his hand his faithless sabre fell !  
Our valiant chief the unstained weapon caught,  
Which to his conquered foe he quickly brought,  
And kindly hoped this deed might firmly prove  
A seal of friendship and of lasting love !  
“ Now valiant friends let unjust hatred cease,  
I go to seek my king and sue for peace !  
While you your course to Mulei Hassem wend,  
And tell the Moor Gonzalvo is his friend ! ”  
His noble steed he mounts without delay,  
And to the Spanish camp directs his way !



**B O O K VII.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

The sentiments of Gonzalvo. He continues his way through by-roads, and unfrequented passages. The new city built by Isabelle. Almanzor's wounds prevent his being with the army. Lara watches during the night the repose of the army. His rencounter with Ismael. Ismael is taken prisoner. Lara's humanity for the captive. The Numidian recounts his history. The manners of the Arab shepherds. His courtship and marriage with Zoáre. Their arrival at Grenada. Their separation. His jealousy. Lara conducts Ismael to the camp. Demands his liberty of the King. Zoáre defies Lara. The combat and deaths of Ismael and Zoáre.

## BOOK VII.

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WHAT mortal e'er has bent to love's control,  
And found not virtue germing in his soul,  
Felt not the heart's ennobling passions sway  
At the first dawning of love's holy day !  
In leaving thus the object of his love,  
Gonzalvo's heart for peaceful glory strove !  
From war's dread turmoils he would gladly cease,  
And din of arms exchange for songs of peace !  
The heart which long had thrilled with martial fame,  
And bounded high at war's enkindled flame,  
With roseate chaplets now was interwove,  
And bore the impress of Zulema's love.

The Spanish camp before Grenada lay,  
And brave Gonzalvo thither bent his way ;  
The faithful Pedro mounted by his side,  
And through the mountain glens his only guide,  
Within the precincts of a vengeful foe,  
Each step is marked with danger as they go ;  
A devious course the cautious Pedro finds,  
And through defiles and secret passes winds !

Now Ferdinand with busy hands is seen  
Deeply engaged with projects of the queen :  
The forest bends obedient to his will  
And yields its pride to industry and skill ;  
The lofty pines and branching elms give way,  
The stately oak and maple feel his sway,  
Till one vast wood, extending every side,  
Has changed to monuments of city pride !  
The lowing herd, submissive to the trace,  
The fallen timbers carry to their place,  
While squads of troops devoted daily aid,  
The turf upturned, and broken rocks conveyed !  
And some again their wiry nets unfold,  
To rob the Daro of its sands of gold !

The Spanish troops no more by foes annoyed,  
Alternate were in arts and arms employed :  
The Spanish chiefs accordant in their zeal,  
Bend every effort for their country's weal :  
Fair Andalusia's golden garners yield  
The choicest fruits and products of the field ;  
Her magazines with ammunition stored,  
Their portals oped, and treasures quick outpoured ;  
The laboring troops pursue with joy their toils,  
Blessed with abundance, and the queen's bright smiles !  
Where towered the waving forest to the skies,  
Upspringing now behold a city rise,  
Whose lofty spires shall stand in honored fame  
To crown in glory Isabelle's great name !

The tented field the valiant Lara guards,  
Virtue promotes, and promptly vice discards ;  
His brave Castilians exercise each day,  
And to the foe their glittering arms display !  
This watchful chief each night the camp inspects,  
And insubjection and misrule corrects.  
Oft in the silent midnight hour of rest,  
When on his mind Gonzalvo's image pressed,  
O'er moonlit billows would his eyes extend  
To view the coming of his much-loved friend,  
And on the margin of some pebbly shore  
The lengthened absence of his friend deplore !

The orb of night its full-face charm displays,  
And o'er the earth extends its silver rays ;  
The night-bird slumbered, ceased had echo's lay,  
The mellow breeze of evening passed away,  
The laboring troops oblivious in repose,  
And but in dreams held contest with their foes,  
When valiant Lara with his cavaliers  
Again on his nocturnal course appears ;  
Far from the camp in silent march they wend,  
And Lara thoughtless save but of his friend !  
At length upon the buoyant air along  
Came echoing forth in sweetest voice of song  
The glowing accents of a lover's lay,  
At which the wandering train their chargers stay ;  
And eager listening to the plaintive strain  
Note the effusions of an unknown swain :

I fly to the soul I adore,  
My heart will its fond passion own ;  
Yet still should it ever deplore  
The love of my Zoâre o'erthrown,  
I will, like the timid gazelle,  
From the footsteps of mortals soon fly,  
And in the lone desert I 'll dwell,  
In its undisturbed shades I will die !

The song had ceased, the cavaliers again  
Had put their neighing coursers to the rein,  
When full before them, in the moon's pale light,  
On charger mounted stood a fearless knight ;  
His manly brow a purple turban bound,  
A satin tunic belted him around,  
His cimeter with silver chains was hung,  
Around the hilt were golden tassels flung ;  
His arms and legs no mantling vestments wore  
Except the glittering bracelets that they bore ;  
Three javelins bright the dexter hand enfolds,  
The sinister the gilded buckler holds ;  
White was his steed as virgin snow unstained,  
Of trappings shorn, unpanoplied, unreined ;  
Though fleet as wind and yet uncurbed he stands,  
And moves submissive to his lord's commands.  
Lara with care had marked the warrior's face,  
Knew him as of that Bereberian race  
Whom Boabdil from dark Numidia's plain  
Had called in succor 'gainst the power of Spain.  
Twelve of his train he ordered forth, to bring  
This stranger warrior captive to the king.

The bold Numidian, at this warlike feat,  
As statue firmly fixed, despised retreat ;  
Upon th' advancing foe he kept his eye,  
And from his hand the deathful javelins fly ;  
With aim unerring each a foeman thrust,  
And three brave Spaniards fall to bite the dust !  
With lightning speed the brave Numidian flew,  
Scouring the field, while Lara's troops pursue ;  
He winds a hill, then on the beaten plain  
Directs his furious courser back again ;  
Upon a fallen knight his steed he pressed  
And drew the blood-stained javelin from his breast ;  
With vengeful ire again the weapon flew,  
And to death's slumber one more victim drew !

With uncurbed fury now each Spaniard flies  
This half-distracted Moor to sacrifice ;  
But Lara bid their high-wrought passions rest  
While he alone the African addressed :  
“ Brave stranger cease this useless, cruel strife,  
Be mine the bliss to save a human life !  
Yield, ere my troop their fiery zeal regain,  
Avoid the blow thy strength can ne'er sustain ! ”  
“ Yield, and to thee ! ” the haughty Moor replied,  
“ The charms of life no more with me abide ;  
And sooner would I perish by thy hand  
Than in thy presence a vile captive stand ! ”

Defiance now was mute, the gage was flung,  
And from their scabbards forth each sabre sprung ;

Equal and long the contest was sustained,  
And neither combatant advantage gained.  
Without cuirass the Moor with buckler shields  
The heavy blows the brave Castilian yields !  
Till one which skill and power could not restrain  
Divides the buckler of the Moor in twain ;  
Quick from his brow the crimson drops dispel,  
And from his steed the brave Numidian fell ;  
His noble courser stood enchained in grief  
Till in a gentle neigh he found relief ;  
And when away his wounded lord they bore,  
He fled the plain and soon was seen no more !  
The wounded Moor as yet had found no rest,  
For burning thoughts were harbored in his breast,  
And tears alone his deep-fraught heart portrayed  
While Lara thus his sympathy displayed :

“ Valiant Numidian cease, alas, to grieve  
At that which chance alone this night achieved ;  
My conquest here falls very far below  
Those mighty deeds I ’ve seen thy valor do !  
With firmness, Moor, thy overthrow support,  
A common fate within Bellona’s court ;  
The favor fortune gave me at thy cost  
In the reproaches of thy tears is lost.  
Am I alone the cause of this deep grief,  
What hand as mine so ready for relief ?  
Has this misfortune robbed thee of a friend ?  
This heart the balmy comforts will extend.  
In me confide, consult my feeling breast,  
And in its chambers shall thy sorrows rest ;

And when the sun shall gild the coming day,  
In freedom's path I'll set thee on thy way ;  
The royal clemency I'll claim for thee,  
Whom Lara conquers Ferdinand can free ! ”

The brave Numidian, shocked at Lara's name,  
Burst from his stupor, and with loud acclaim :  
“ What ! art thou Lara ? him whom Spain holds dear,  
That famous chief whom Moors esteem and fear ?  
Whose powerful arm this night has done its worst,  
And rendered me of mortals most accursed ?  
Ah ! if you knew at what expense obtained  
You would regret the conquest you have gained ! ”  
The virtuous Lara pressed him still to state  
This unknown mischief, and his woes relate :  
Such deepening interest feelingly displayed,  
So much the rigor of his heart allayed,  
To Lara's kind solicitude he yields,  
And the deep anguish of his breast reveals :  
Brave Lara quickly calls around his clan,  
And thus the bold Numidian knight began :

“ Happy the mortal, who obscure and lone,  
Nor birth, nor rank, nor wealth can call his own !  
Who knows no duties save what life requires,  
No other pleasures save what love inspires,  
No other glory than a heart sincere,  
Insensible to vice or pride's career ;  
Who ne'er beyond his native bound would roam  
For favors uncongenial to his home,

Who closely dwells with beings he adores,  
Nor cruel pains of jealousy deplores ;  
His hours are blest, and as they pass along  
With sweets perfumed and blithe with evening's song ;  
Beneath the tree where infant sports were made  
In manhood's hour he still enjoys the shade ;  
And on that mound where germed the first love sigh  
He rests his hope, and wishes there to die.  
No mundane frolics change with him the scene,  
All seasons here are mantled still in green ;  
The same bright sun develops constant sweets,  
The same fruits nourish, and the same friend greets :  
Thus joys unknown to haughtiness and pride  
Within the cottage of content reside !  
Thus stand the lonely : such was once my state,  
Till proud Grenada's war reversed my fate !  
Among the shepherd clan I trace my birth,  
A race who find no resting-place on earth !  
No canopy except the star-gemmed sky,  
Or, when with flocks within the cote they lie !  
From Atlas' mount to Egypt's farthest bound  
Our wandering tribe of peasantry are found,  
Descendants from the ancient Arab race,  
Whose darkened intellect no light could trace  
Till Yeman's spirit glowed in mental fire,  
And from their visions bid the clouds retire,  
And valiant Yafric, venerable in arms,  
Subdued and conquered this vast land of palms !  
The vanquished bend to vanquisher's decree,  
But from the cities exiled thousands flee :

And wandering still, this long-continued race  
In labors pastoral their pleasures place ;  
~~The ancient~~ manners and the customs too  
Of those our ancestors we still pursue ;  
Each tribe controls its bounding flocks and wealth,  
Nor fears abstraction by the hand of stealth ;  
To one great maxim all our laws belong,  
'Be always happy, do to none a wrong !'

"The store of wealth which we so highly prize,  
Springs from the blessings nature's hand supplies,  
Our docile camels bend the willing knee,  
And with their burdens brave the desert lea ;  
Nor halt, though panting 'neath a burning sun,  
Nor slake their thirst until their work be done !  
Our neighing steeds, though conscious of the rein,  
Fearless of dangers, bound upon the plain,  
And swift of speed through scorching air they fly,  
The faithful couriers of each peril nigh !  
Our thousand flocks on verdant hills displayed,  
Whose white robes mingle with the grassy shade,  
On evening breezes cast their bleating notes,  
As through the vales they cluster to their cotes ;  
While pipes the shepherd his accustomed lay,  
And frisking lambkins ambulate and play :  
From these resources are our wants supplied,  
The meat our viand and the fleece when dyed  
Its silky woof to plastic skill unbends,  
And useful vestments for our comfort lends ;  
The nodding barley smiling on our plains,  
The rice plant bending with its pearly grains,

The orange groves their golden treasures show,  
 While fig and olive sweetest fruits bestow ;  
 And clustered vineyards, prodigal in store,  
 Their richest products to our hands outpour !  
 Our thousand founts their limpid streams expand  
 To slake our thirst and fertilize our land.  
 Content with these, we ask for nothing more,  
 No mines we seek or golden streams explore :  
 This evil root, incentive oft to crimes,  
 We leave to vegetate in other climes.

“ We dwell in friendship, happiness and love,  
 And what our hands perform, our hearts approve :  
 That dear religion which our fathers taught,  
 Still by their race in holy zeal is sought !  
 One only God we honor and adore,  
 And through his prophet live we ever more.  
 We make no comment on his holy law,  
 Or from its maxims sacred duties draw ;  
 These very precepts we are sure to scan  
 In that benevolence we render man !  
 In those dear virtues which the heart admired,  
 Before the Coran’s holy page inspired !

“ Among this race where first my soul respired,  
 First sprang those transports which my bosom fired ;  
 The loved Zoáre as chaste as is the snow  
 That spreads its mantle o’er the mountain brow,  
 With love’s pure joys my anxious heart instilled,  
 And the bright promise of her soul fulfilled.

Zoáre of parents suddenly bereft,  
In early life was to my father left,  
His fondest cares a parent loss restored,  
And healed the heart which orphan grief had sored.  
Our daily intercourse was marked with joy,  
The selfsame labor would our hands employ,  
The selfsame pastimes would each heart delight,  
Till both in love's enchanting bond unite :  
My father saw the kindling passion rise,  
Beheld my soul its angel idolize ;  
He fanned the embers till a bursting flame  
Illumined our hearts and gave to hope a name.

" Before my second lustre was attained  
I threw the javelin and the courser reined :  
The shepherds thus their leisure moments fill,  
Inuring youth to feats of strength and skill ;  
Beloved Zoáre at ev'ry feat was near,  
She reined the courser and she threw the spear :  
Unreined she oft the furious charger strode,  
And o'er the course in gallant bearing rode ;  
A special vestment for the chase she wore,  
Which graced the various implements she bore ;  
Of whitest silk her tunic, plain and chaste,  
A golden clasp confined it to her waist ;  
Upon her arms the bow and lance were hung,  
And at her back the quivered arrows swung.  
And thus equipped o'er plain or brake we stray,  
While our dear flocks on mountain summits play.

" Oft we have roamed upon the river side,  
And snatched the breeze that danced upon its tide,  
The swift-foot ostrich o'er the plains pursued,  
E'en to the borders of its solitude.

Together we have sought the lion's den,  
And chased the wolf within the craggy glen ;  
And when the shaft from loved Zoáre's light bow  
Had laid in death the trembling victim low,  
We hailed the feat that filled our cup of bliss,  
And crowned the victory with a lovely kiss !  
How sad, and yet how sweet it is to gaze  
In retrospection on our bygone days,  
When pleasure's pipes were tuned to joyful song,  
And mirth on tiptoe skipped in giddy throng.  
Soon as Aurora oped her gates of day,  
And lent her splendor to illume the way,  
Would brothers, sisters, and Zoáre retire  
To the lone tent where slept our much-loved sire,  
And there in silence wait the coming hour  
When drowsy Morpheus would relax his power.  
Our aged sire each morn his children pressed,  
And asked that blessings on his race might rest,  
And up to heaven he sent his fervent prayer  
In fullest faith of intercession there.

" The solemn duties of the morn gone by,  
To their full flocks the gathering shepherds hie ;  
Again o'er fields with verdant carpets spread,  
The lowing herds and bleating flocks are led,

And lover's pipes in divers mystic strains  
Of wild romance, are echoing on the plains,  
While at the tents our maids and matrons ply,  
In virtue only with each other vie ;  
From their kind cares domestic joys abound,  
And ev'ry comfort in their love is found.

“ When eventide its sombre shades display,  
And closed the varied labors of the day,  
The happy swain to his fond lover hies,  
And finds his welcome in her sparkling eyes.  
Thus old and young with bland endearments greet  
And still the oftold tale of love repeat ;  
Together then they grace the festive board,  
With viands decked and simple comfits stored,  
Where mirth presides and age forgets its years  
In that sweet home which ev'ry bosom cheers.  
From early dawn to hours of sweet repose,  
With all our race this tide of pleasure flows ;  
And when at night these mirthful moments end,  
In adoration to one God we bend ;  
In humble prayer our sense of duty show  
For blessings which through his kind mercies flow.

“ In younger years thus passed those happy days,  
No envious clouds obscured their brilliant rays,  
Time's unchained speed on fleetest pinions moved,  
And brought the nuptial moments well approved !  
My happiness attained its highest round,  
And in Zoâre my bliss in life was crowned ;

As morning sunbeams robed in crimson dye  
Reflect their beauties on the eastern sky,  
So danced the blushes on Zoáre's full face,  
And gave fresh beauties to her winning grace.

" Upon a camel, to my little tent,  
The blooming bride in rich costume was sent,  
While from the train of shepherds, old and young,  
The nuptial pastorals were loudly sung.  
In robes of white my loved Zoáre was drest,  
Whose surplus folds enclosed the heaving breast;  
Her slender waist a silver girdle spanned,  
And saved the symmetry of nature's hand ;  
Upon her neck the coral studs appear,  
And sparkling jewels, pendant from the ear ;  
O'er her dark locks the tissue veil was bound,  
Through curling tresses twined, and reached the  
ground :  
A doating guardian, standing by my side,  
Invoked kind heaven for blessings on my bride.  
Surrounding friends unbounded joys display,  
And hearts congenial bless the festive day.

" Alas, how fickle are the joys we prize,  
Like brilliant meteors fleeting through the skies,  
Their exhalations scarcely meet the eye  
Ere all their evanescent beauties die :  
The nuptial rites had scarce received the seal,  
Scarcely the bells had chimed their merry peal,  
When o'er the plains the direful war-blast flies,  
And ' Arms ! to arms ! ' was echoed to the skies ;

For Boabdil announced his dread behest,  
And thus by messengers our tribes addressed :

“ Children of Agar ! from Grenada’s king,  
We to thy tents a royal mandate bring !  
Within Grenada’s walls thy friends deplore  
War’s dreadful havoc, and thy aid implore.  
This splendid province, all that now remains  
Of your vast conquests on Hispania’s plains,  
To Christian rule and slavish power must bend,  
Unless your efforts their great cause befriend ;  
The gathering foe, from Spain’s remotest bound,  
Foe to our faith, our towering walls surround,  
In full-fed pride their glittering pomp display,  
And hope to conquer Moslems by dismay.  
But if Grenada fall they stop not here !  
The mighty ocean bounds not their career ;  
On Afric’s plains they ’ll bid the flames arise,  
Till ev’ry cot partakes the sacrifice,  
And city mosques, while mantled in the flame,  
Will but reflect your cowardice and shame,  
To vile brigands will hold the ruddy glare,  
And light to homes where wives and children are.  
Too late will be your efforts to sustain  
When fire and sword have ravaged ev’ry plain ;  
When on your necks are placed the foot of foes,  
Too late, alas ! to give avenging blows !  
The holy prophet will forsake your cause  
If you unfeelingly neglect his laws,  
And leave to perish, in Grenada’s fall,  
Those chiefs who now upon your valor call ! ”

" Thus young and old with love of country fired,  
The war-song echoed, and with hearts inspired,  
Fly to their arms with patriotic zeal,  
Their lives devoting to their country's weal ;  
Six thousand warriors soon this call obeyed,  
Armed and equipped to give Grenada aid :  
On fleetest coursers moved this valiant band,  
And on myself devolved the chief command !  
My wife, Zoáre, had heard, with wild alarms,  
The sad decree that bore me from her arms !  
My father's feet she clasped with bended knee,  
And begged in pity but to follow me !  
The use of arms had long been Zoáre's pride,  
She hurled the javelin and the lance could guide,  
The powerful steed to her subjection bends,  
As o'er the plains in frantic steps he wends !  
My brave companions saw the afflicted wife  
Bending to sorrow in her newborn life,  
With one accord they intercession bring,  
Cry, ' Live Zoáre, long live Grenada's king ! '

" My valiant band now eager for the fray,  
Thrilled at the trump, at once its calls obey !  
Far o'er the fields they march with quickened speed,  
While silent, dear-loved homes from them recede !  
Cairona city was the destined port  
To which my troops were ordered to resort,  
Where Boabdil his transport ships had sent  
To waft us o'er the billowy element !  
Our fleeting castles spread their bleachèn sails  
To catch the breathings of the spicy gales,

And o'er the bosom of the blue tinged sea  
We swiftly glide, to set our brethren free !  
Almeira now her lofty spires displayed,  
And to her port in safety we're conveyed,  
Grenada's splendid city next we gain,  
And join her forces 'gainst the power of Spain !

“ Our royal master, prodigal of cares,  
The choicest quarters for my troop prepares,  
His richest subjects gave our chieftains place,  
And Zoáre found within the palace, grace ;  
Alas ! Grenada, with her pomp and pride,  
Could not her foul contamination hide,  
A vicious despot closely round him draws  
A court corrupt, who trample virtue's laws,  
And bid defiance to that magic art  
Which moved by virtue, will control the heart !  
My loved Zoáre beheld with bitter dread  
These poisoned viands for her palate spread,  
She saw extend the serpent's wily fangs,  
Whose venom'd gripes produce such deadly pangs,  
And from this impious court requires release,  
To seek again on Afric's shores her peace !

“ The note of preparation now was stilled,  
And war's conscriptive register was filled,  
And stood Grenada ready for the field,  
Her brave compatriots but in death to yield !  
But on the breeze came echoes of alarm,  
Castilian troops had moved t' attack Carthame,

That famous city, now the resting place  
Of that brave band, the Abencerrages race,  
Who from Grenadian tyranny had fled,  
And to her walls, impregnable, had sped !

“ This gathering storm the brave Almanzor saw,  
And to their succor would assistance draw ;  
Full well he knew the Abencerrages band  
Would not this contest with Grenadians stand,  
And on my troops the noble chief relied,  
And to Zoáre would chief command confide !  
These Bereberians, prodigal of life,  
With faithful hearts devoted to my wife,  
Two thousand strong her new-made power obey,  
And at Carthame their martial pomp display.

“ Osman, the ruler of Carthame, commends  
This expedition of his warrior friends ;  
On Zoáre heaps the meed of lofty praise,  
And to her troops his grateful homage pays !  
Tranquillity within the encampment reigned,  
But Zoáre’s absence much my bosom pained ;  
Yet oft, when night her shadowy veil had drawn,  
On my fleet courser would I skim the lawn,  
And at Carthame a happy hour improve,  
In the fond revels of my Zoáre’s love !  
These frequent interviews somewhat allayed  
The painful feelings which her absence made,  
Appeased the rigor of war’s baleful toils,  
Which mellowed gently in her lovely smiles.

How oft, upon the placid summer skies  
The envious clouds in angry aspect rise,  
And those bright charms which mantled nature's face,  
To the o'ershadings of their gloom give place.  
Thus midst the joys that danced in Zoáre's smiles,  
The monster vice dispersed his crafty wiles :  
The traitor, Osman, filled with hellish fire  
Burned for my wife, and oped his foul desire !

“ O Jealousy ! how powerful is thy sway,  
How absolute the empire of thy way !  
No interdiction can allay the heart  
Fraught with the passions which thy spells impart !  
With vengeance fired I flew at this alarm  
To seek the villain, Osman, at Carthame ;  
Within his breast to plant the thirsty glaive,  
And from his arts my lovely Zoáre save !

“ While hope of vengeance filled my soul with joys,  
This intercession every glimpse destroys !  
Thy arm invincible has checked my will,  
And o'er my efforts you but triumph still ;  
And while you glory in this battle strife,  
You blast the brightest moments of my life !  
Are you surprised these tearful founts should flow  
When through their flood-gates rush such tides of woe ?  
My Zoáre asks a duty at my hand,  
And I am captive to your valiant band !  
While that vile traitor parleys at her side,  
Thy chains ignoble all my hopes deride ! ”

Suffused with tears the valiant Lara pressed  
This woful captive to his manly breast :  
“ I will,” he said, “ these bitter pangs allay,  
And place thee yet in freedom’s hallowed way ;  
On Ferdinand’s brave heart I may rely,  
And haggard woe shall from thy features fly !  
My noble steed shall speed you to Carthame,  
Where Zoáre’s love shall yield for griefs a balm !  
Before the sun the eastern sky shall gild,  
These fond anticipations shall be filled ;  
And if one sentiment of friendship rest  
For my fond zeal within thy troubled breast,  
More dear to me the memory of thy name  
Than glory’s laureled chaplets to my fame ! ”

These soothing words had scarcely reached the ear,  
When full in view the Spanish tents appear,  
The silent sentinels their chieftain knew,  
And from his pathway instantly withdrew ;  
The valiant Lara now the knight embraced,  
And with his faithful guard the captive placed,  
Besought his king a favor to bestow,  
And claimed a freedom for this fallen foe !

Within the grand pavilion of the queen,  
This august monarch, Ferdinand is seen ;  
Upon his brow foreboding ills are traced,  
Nor which the smiles of Isabelle effaced !  
A noble stranger here before them stands,  
Asking protection from their royal hands ;

On his full face ambition placed her throne,  
And genius stamped this mighty man her own !  
It was Columbus ! he whose towering mind  
To earth's known limits would not be confined,  
Whose daring hand Spain's lofty flag unfurled,  
And gave to man a new-discovered world !

The valiant Lara with this subject fired,  
So much this bold adventurer admired,  
His own fair claims to press at once forbore,  
And yields to those which may a world explore !  
While stubborn time her steps accelerates,  
Impatient Ismael yet for Lara waits !

In that sad hour when Ismael fell subdued,  
His gallant courser would the foe elude,  
And from the combat furious in alarm,  
Through well-known passes hurried to Carthame !  
Her long-expected knight here Zoáre waits  
And fearfully her woes anticipates !  
The tedious hours she counts in sad dismay,  
Retraces perils which obstruct his way,  
Till horrid fancies hovering o'er her frame,  
Fanned her enkindled frenzy to a flame !  
These bitter torments urged to wild despair,  
Brought to destruction's brink the mad Zoáre ;  
Her throbbing heart no balmy solace stayed,  
Her Ismael calls, that call must be obeyed !  
To him she loved was all her efforts due,  
His periled course at once she would pursue !

The gates were sentinel'd, the city still,  
And none found egress save by Osman's will.  
This faithful wife her duty to discharge,  
Clothed in the costume of the Abencerrage,  
On steed caparisoned she nimbly springs,  
And for her Ismael leaves all other things !  
Her anxious steps were to Grenada bent,  
And of her lord inquiring as she went,  
O'er the lone plain her ambling courser strayed,  
While horrid thoughts upon her fancies played ;  
Before her eyes fantastic spectres flit,  
With death's pale visage 'neath their mantles lit !  
Now suddenly is heard a courser's neigh,  
Dancing in echoes on her lonely way,  
And for a moment respiration ceased,  
The attentive ear its power of sense increased !  
Nearer again is heard the thrilling sound,  
And tramp of courser undulates the ground.  
Immovable she stood, increased her fear,  
While to the spot the affrighted steed drew near !  
With lightning speed he skims his wonted way,  
Bent for Carthame, he heeds nor brooks delay !  
'T was Ismael's steed ! the faithful horse she knew,  
And from her cheeks retired the crimson hue !  
Without her knight the noble courser flies,  
His blood-stained sides in wild despair she eyes,  
With piercing cries on Ismael she calls,  
And from her courser to the ground she falls !  
At her known voice her gallant steed advanced,  
And at her side in playful movements pranced !

Wild in her grief Zoáre the maniac, flies,  
And gush the torrents from her teemful eyes,  
The pallid shroud of her dear lord she sees  
In waving flittings on the zephyr breeze,  
While her hallucinated vision charms  
The mangled corse of Ismael to her arms !  
The fancied spectre of her lord she pressed,  
And in despair enfolds him to her breast.  
Ere reason's harp its lucid notes had rung,  
Upon the steed of Ismael she sprung :  
On wings of wind the unchecked courser flies,  
Bounds o'er the plain, through mountain passes hies ;  
The reins' controlling power he disregards,  
Nor soothing voice his quickened step retards ;  
To stay his course each effort seems t' impel,  
And on the spot he stood, where Ismael fell !

With horror dumb, her soul surcharged with grief,  
Utopian fancies yield to stern belief ;  
She here beheld the ruins of the fray  
Depicted ruthlessly in dire array !  
Upon this field, imbued with crimson dye,  
The four Castilian soldiers breathless lie :  
Their vital sparks had left this mundane sphere,  
Freed by her Ismael's fleet unerring spear.  
Distracting thoughts no more her mind inflame,  
Stubborn reality all doubts o'ercame,  
The broken buckler of her lord she found  
In scattered fragments on the bloody ground ;

The silken knot that on his sword he wore  
When last they parted, here lay stained with gore.  
Deep now her anguish, for no hopes remain,  
She sinks exhausted on the battle plain !  
While thus in grief absorbed, no succor near,  
A groan of agony burst on her ear.  
As flies the fawn from the fell hunter's cry  
For some lone covert when pursuit is nigh,  
So sprung our heroine from her semblant death,  
To catch the murmur of this woful breath.  
On each pale corse she laid her ready hands,  
Tore off cuirass and loosed their tightened bands ;  
O'er each stained face her bleacheden kerchief plies,  
As closed in death seemed each Castilian's eyes.  
Among these soldiers one again respires,  
Within his breast glow yet the latent fires ;  
The pallid tint that mantled o'er his face,  
To vigor's hue now instantly gave place.  
Zoáre encouraged and with doubled zeal  
Bent ev'ry effort for the soldier's weal,  
His bleeding wounds with feeling heart she dressed,  
His aching head was pillow'd on her breast.  
Soon as the Spaniard had his speech regained,  
This bloody scene she begged might be explained :  
Why scattered here upon the crimson ground  
The broken shield of Ismael is found !  
Why clasped in death his brave companions lie !  
What savage rule has wrought this destiny !

The Spaniard, moved with this kind stranger's cares,  
For the brief story of his woes prepares,  
And soon unfolds this sad mysterious strife,  
Which his companions had bereft of life :  
“ The broken shield that here neglected lies,  
Which thy whole soul seems now to idolize,  
Was from a brave Numidian chieftain torn,  
And his the blood-drops on its surface borne ;  
Those death-bound subjects, now released from woe,  
By his nerved arm were leveled at a blow,  
The insatiate javelin at my heart was hurled  
To strike another victim from the world !  
But thanks to God the deathful arm was staid,  
And valiant Lara this fell rashness paid :  
His was the arm that caused the chief to yield,  
And his the spear that pierced and rent his shield ! ”

This mournful tale had scarcely reached its close,  
When from her charge Zoáre in tears arose,  
Frantic and rageful, sinking in despair,  
She would her being end, and end all care ;  
Of hope bereft, no budding joys to bloom,  
Where Ismael fell she there would make her tomb !  
But calm reflection resolution stayed,  
His spirit cried revenge ! her soul obeyed !  
The strong impulsion she could not withstand,  
She seized with force the drooping soldier's hand ;  
“ Tell me,” she said, “ and let thy words be brief,  
Where I can meet this valiant Spanish chief :

Lara ! on thee, detested chief, I call,  
That on thy head the avenging blow may fall ;  
Upon thy track pursuit shall ne'er be still,  
Until thy blood the cup of vengeance fill !”  
The astonished soldier indicates the way  
Where this brave chieftain in encampment lay ;  
And begs his intercession with that chief  
To grant his dying soldier quick relief.

Zoáre upon her bloody mission hies,  
And o'er the plain the furious warhorse flies ;  
Her onward course no check or bar retards,  
‘Till challenged promptly by the Spanish guards.  
“ The pass ! the pass ! ” the surly watchman cries :  
“ Where is thy chief ? ” Zoáre in rage replies,  
“ The far-famed Lara ; if within his tent,  
Tell him his foe brings direful punishment ;  
That Carthame’s chief his potent sword defies,  
And will his insolence this hour chastise :  
Unequal contest he has not to fear,  
No secret mine or artful ambush here.  
Alone I stand, and if within his breast  
A coward’s impress has not fixed its rest,  
This admonition he will not forego,  
Nor tardily confront his deadly foe ! ”  
The guard surprised, and staggered in belief,  
Bore quick the mandate for the Spanish chief,  
Who yet within the royal court remained,  
To obtain the pardon for his foe detained.

On Zoáre's heart, which owned the powerful sway,  
Benevolence had fixed her mellow ray,  
And midst the increasing fury of her soul,  
This healing virtue had its full control.  
The dying man, whose vital sparks yet burn,  
Was not forgotten in this fitful turn.  
Soft-hearted care her anxious wish displayed,  
And friendly hands her filial charge obeyed.  
By her request two sentinels were sent  
To bring the wounded Spaniard to the tent.

Meantime the sentinels the message bring,  
But learn their chief is yet before the king.  
Unwilling to disturb the royal court,  
With what they fancied was of wild import,  
In other objects they indulge delay,  
And halt upon their warlike embassy :  
And still before the grand pavilion stood  
The captive Ismael, stained with human blood,  
In anxious expectation, veiled in gloom,  
The promulgation waiting of his doom !  
This woful knight, in bloody garments clad,  
Noble in stature, but in aspect sad,  
The marvel of these envoys much excites,  
And with their griefs their sympathy unites ;  
To lull his woes, his heart to animate,  
Their embassy to Lara they relate :  
“ Carthame's fell governor our chief decries,  
And valiant Lara to the field defies ! ”

As through the breach the rushing waters wend,  
When rapid streams the massive flood-gates rend,  
So from their fountains rushed the torrent tears,  
When Osman's name had fell on Ismael's ears ;  
“ Carthame's proud ruler ! ” Ismael quickly cries ;  
Then Allah 's just ! O bring him to these eyes !  
O not for Lara this vile caitiff waits !  
Not Spanish hatred now his soul elates !  
O Christians ! if with love thy bosoms glow  
For valiant Lara, shield him from this foe !  
Fatigued with combat on this fatal night  
Expose him not to this vile traitor's sight ;  
No, Christians ! no ! if Lara you esteem  
Keep from his knowledge this detested scheme.  
If thou wilt listen to a captive's voice  
In this dire conflict, give to me the choice ;  
Lend me thy arms, and bring me to this knave,  
Within his heart I 'll sheathe the polished glaive,  
And on thy heads a blessing will descend  
For this protection of thy valued friend ! ”

The soldiers balance, Ismael still entreats,  
Each seems to bend, yet still his hope defeats,  
Till from his arms the golden chains he wrest,  
And to their willing hands the treasure pressed :  
Their stubborn souls converted, soon relent,  
And braving danger forward his intent.  
Themselves of arms they quickly dispossessed,  
And Ismael now in glittering steel stands dressed,

The heavy cuirass pierced his wounded side,  
But hate for Osman would all sufferance bide !  
His jealous soul, which now for vengeance flies,  
Will seek no resting-place till Osman dies !  
On Lara's steed the favored Ismael springs,  
And o'er his face the veiling helmet brings ;  
With sword in hand he flies where Zoáre waits,  
And in his wife a foe anticipates !

Zoáre, impatient at the long delay  
Indignantly denounced brave Lara's stay ;  
Yet filled with vengeance was her beating heart,  
And Lara's blood alone could ease impart !  
The tramp of steed at length, and now behold  
Before her stands a chief in armor bold !  
Mute in their anger, blind with bitter rage,  
By night o'ershadowed they at once engage !  
For speech, when both had objects to conceal,  
Would sooner both their purposes reveal !  
Their thirsty swords, which nought but blood could  
slake,  
Rush eager forth their crimson drops to take ;  
No parrying move to check the adverse blow,  
No feint to lure the fierce unguarded foe ;  
To die was gain, if in this bloody death  
The opponent also yielded instant breath !  
From rules of chivalry they disengage,  
And grade their valor by ungoverned rage ;  
But loss of blood will not their fury still,  
Nor wounded chargers reverence their will !

Dismounting both they still pursue the fray,  
And sad the havoc where their red swords play ;  
Thrust answers thrust at each successor's call,  
'Till locked in arms they thus together fall !

These combatants in error spell-bound lay,  
To wild delirium, too, a horrid prey !  
The fated Ismael, shrouded in his gore,  
With nerveless arm to wield the sword no more !  
And Zoáre bleeding, writhing by his side,  
Th' unconquered heroine and the unknown bride !  
O fatal error ! if but one dear word  
In this extremity had been preferred,  
If but one groan of agony had sprung,  
And on th' opponent's ear its peal had rung,  
This spell accursed would soon have winged its way  
Through the mild dawning of a brighter day,  
And angry passions would have sunk to rest  
On downy pillows of each lover's breast.  
O fatal chance ! could not one pang have rung  
The well-known accent from a lover's tongue ?  
Could not the glow of love's inspiring breath  
Arouse from apathy, awake from death ?  
Or hands that once had clasped in love's embrace  
No thrilling token give this love to trace ?  
Could not their hearts, that fervently had beat,  
Now feel love's impulse and each other greet ?  
If some bright seraph could but this way wing,  
And wakening strains of love's first moments sing,  
What thrilling transports would each bosom feel  
As her blithe song these sad mistakes reveal !

How vain regret, how useless each desire,  
One moment's rest had much increased their ire !  
No eye had they the path of bliss to see,  
No ear to catch the lover's welcome glee ;  
Reviving life reviving passion brings,  
And more acute the barb of hatred stings.  
Boldest in effort, Ismael now succeeds,  
And thrice his aim secures, and Zoáre bleeds !  
Again he strikes, Zoáre with lifted arm  
The weapon parries, and directs from harm ;  
But much exhausted by the previous fray,  
Brave Ismael falters, and at length gives way ;  
Zoáre encouraged, finds her efforts tell,  
With blows redoubled on her victim fell,  
And still upon her vanquished foe she pressed,  
And her stained weapon sheathed within his breast !  
“ Die, miscreant ! die ! ” Zoáre exulting cries,  
“ And with thy downfall all my vengeance dies ;  
But learn, barbarian, ere thy spirit soars  
To pass the confines of the Stygian shores,  
The blow which drives thee from this world's abode  
By the dear wife of Ismael is bestowed ! ”

“ Oh heaven ! that voice,” the dying victim said,  
As from the earth he raised his drooping head,  
“ That well-known voice, Zoáre, my dearest wife,  
Is 't thou, my love, that takest from me life ? ”  
His faltering tongue its office here denied,  
And fell Zoáre distracted by his side ;  
She stripped the casque that still the foe concealed,  
And morning light her Ismael, lost, revealed !

'As swollen billows, when the storm is o'er,  
 Shrink to mere ripples and unheard their roar,  
 In Zoáre's breast so sinks the billowy rage,  
 And her fell passion finds its mellow swage,  
 As she her husband's pallid corse beheld,  
 By jealous fury urged, by error felled :  
 Heart-broken now, immovable and mute,  
 With hasty hands no more to execute,  
 On the cold glebe inanimate she lies  
 To love and hate a mournful sacrifice !

The expiring wick sends forth its brightest ray  
 As slowly fades the lone last glimpse away,  
 So Ismael's spirit, ere it takes its flight,  
 Displays serenely radiant beams of light ;  
 The dying knight his lovely wife addressed  
 As he in anguish clasped her to his breast :  
 " O cease thy sorrows, dear beloved Zoáre,  
 These bitter griefs will but thy life impair ;  
 Thy Ismael dies, seek thou, my love, to live,  
 Our souls this cruel error must forgive.  
 Thou wouldst avenge my death, and hurled the blow  
 While I would combat with thy honor's foe ;  
 Thy heart is pure, those bloody hands but prove  
 That Ismael still possessed Zoáre's best love !

" And now dear wife, for thy dear guardian's sake,  
 Fly to his cot, and him no more forsake ;  
 Live to console him in his feeble age,  
 Bury thy woes, and all his griefs assuage.

Once more adieu, my dearest love," he said,  
And from his mortal frame the spirit fled !

The mute Zoáre like statuary stands,  
To heaven her eyes, and clasped the blood-stained  
hands ;  
**No vital spark her icy bosom warms,**  
**No carnate hue her pallid features charms,**  
Of every marked impulsion dispossessed,  
She stands awhile death's counterfeit confessed !

At length the gnashing teeth, the hideous cry,  
The trembling knees, the flashings of the eye,  
The throes convulsive, all with each unite  
To drive the victim from the bounds of light ;  
Grim-visaged death his privilege requires,  
And on her Ismael's corse Zoáre expires !

END OF SEVENTH BOOK.

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**B O O K VIII.**

### **THE ARGUMENT.**

Grief of Lara. He renders the last duty to Ismael and his wife. Arrival of Gonzalvo. Joy of the army. Transports of the two friends. Terror of the Moors. They would retreat to the city. Almanzor forbids the retreat. He sends defiance to Gonzalvo. Isabelle approves the challenge. Troubles of the hero. A troubadour seeks him. He is found. Gonzalvo finds Zulema in a wood. His conversation with the Princess. Her virtuous sentiments. His return again to the army. He is arrested by the Bereberians. Combat and death of Almanzor. General battle. Exploits and generosity of Gonzalvo. The Spaniards victorious.

## BOOK VIII.

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O DEATH ! how solemn the allotted hour  
That claims a mortal for thy greedy power,  
And fearful too, although in this repose  
Man finds the ægis for his varied woes !

Upon the battle field in cold embrace,  
Zoáre and Ismael slumber face to face ;  
Their hands still clasped seem icy fetters now,  
To bind in death the life-recorded vow !  
The Spanish guard encircle yet the dead,  
And mournful tears for their misfortunes shed ;  
In silent sadness their lone rounds pursued,  
And idle chat and inquiry elude !  
Meantime, the valiant Lara had obtained  
The generous boon which he for Ismael claimed ;  
To cheer his heart, now verging to despair,  
He would himself the grateful tidings bear.  
What pencil skill that glowing tint could trace  
Which burst unconsciously on Lara's face,  
As casual revelation brought to light  
Carthame's defiance, and brave Ismael's fight !

With mind distracted, to the field he flew  
To check the rashness of this interview !  
“ It was not Ismael, but himself defied,  
And Osman’s passion shall be gratified,”  
He said ; and now his glittering sword he drew  
To stay the hand that robbed him of his due !  
But what a spectacle for mortal eye !  
Upon the ground in crimson vestments lie  
Two pallid corses, interlaced their arms,  
And lips still greeting as in life’s sweet charms !  
At this sad aspect Lara speechless stood,  
While his Castilians told the tale of blood,  
Unfolded briefly to his burdened soul  
The fatal error now beyond control !  
The valiant chieftain turned awhile aside,  
While from his eyes the tears of sorrow glide,  
And funeral honors then the chief ordains,  
As the last ritual for their sad remains !

These death-bound lovers on one bier are laid,  
And to the same cold sepulchre conveyed,  
And on the mound two cypress trees intwined,  
By Lara’s hand implanted and inclined !  
“ Increase,” he said, “ and let thy foliage bloom  
O’er martyred love, that sleeps within this tomb ;  
The pillared marble shall this deed unfold  
How love devout the shafts of death controlled !  
When in this shade some warrior seeks repose,  
Or the lone stranger shrinks from worldly woes,  
This thrilling story here shall meet their eyes,  
That faith in love death’s cruel ban defies !

And when through moonlit groves fond lovers stray,  
May chance direct them in their balmy way  
To this dear spot now consecrate to love,  
And may their hearts this bond of faith approve !

Wide o'er the plain the extended city lies,  
Here tents distend, there spacious barracks rise,  
Here stands a fosse with double walls secured,  
With palisades and counterscarps matured !  
Here safe within, the Spanish army lay,  
And every movement of the Moors survey !

The Moors had seen with unexpressive dread,  
Defensive walls o'er Spain's encampment spread,  
And hope and pride which first success elates,  
At this bold enterprise in fear abates !  
With serious wounds Almanzor yet was ill,  
And lost his powerful aid to Boabdil,  
Who, shrinking from the bold exploits of Spain,  
In sloth forsakes what efforts should regain ;  
The Alabez and Almorades entreat  
Their royal lord this project to defeat,  
To check this strength which haughty Spain displays,  
. And give to Moslem force victorious bays.

Alamar, jealous of Almanzor's fame,  
Avows his valor, yet detests his name,  
Indignant at the army's firm belief,  
Without Almanzor it possessed no chief,

And hot with hatred, to his tent retires  
To feed the palate of his foul desires.

Zulema to Grenada had returned,  
And in her father's palace now sojourned,  
O'er Mulei's household she with grace presides,  
And in Almanzor's powerful arm confides.

In Boabdil Alamar's faith was nought,  
His promise with incertitude was fraught ;  
Upon his own exertions solely rest  
The hope that fills with haughty pride his breast :  
“ In the dark shadow of this night,” he said,  
“ When sleeps Grenada as the silent dead,  
Within the palace shall my power be led  
To snatch Zulema from her downy bed ;  
And far from hence within my spicy vale  
I will a wife in loved Zulema hail ! ”

Now suddenly, within the Spanish line,  
Tumult and joy with plaudits loud combine,  
The wild huzzas that echo through the air,  
Enjoined by mirth, some great event declare :  
The watchful sentinels, in wonder lost,  
No password recognize, no soul accost ;  
The gathered chiefs upon the walls appear  
And mingle plumes with polished shield and spear ;  
The soldiers meet, embrace, then pellmell fly,  
And proud Grenada and her towers defy.

Mirth's tuneful pipe sends forth its martial strain,  
The great Gonzalvo meets his friends again !  
The exulting soldiers, eager to impart  
The faithful feelings of each bounding heart,  
Around the hero rush, at once proceed  
To take Gonzalvo from his gallant steed.  
Within their arms in triumph to the king  
Their honored and respected chief they bring ;  
Nor stops this tide of joy until the queen  
And ev'ry chief has this bold hero seen.  
As fleeting meteors dissipate their light  
In corruscations o'er the clouds of night,  
So o'er the dark forebodings of the king  
The beams of joy their glowing radiance fling,  
And ev'ry heart with boundless rapture burned,  
When loved Gonzalvo to the camp returned !

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What skill can paint, what language can express  
That sense of joy, that thrilling happiness,  
Those fond endearments which the soul beset,  
When brave Gonzalvo and loved Lara met !  
Mute was their joy, but ardent their embrace,  
Their thoughts alone the tearful eye must trace,  
Till the deep fountains of their hearts are filled,  
And love's impetuous flood is full and stilled.  
When the first transports of these chiefs subside,  
When tears give place and joyful smiles preside,  
Gonzalvo then his friendly hand extends,  
And ardently congratulates his friends !  
These greetings scarcely o'er, when lo, is seen  
The king advancing with his lovely queen ;

The gloom which long upon his brow had spread  
In sullen vapor, had its precincts fled,  
And smiles like sunbeams o'er his features reign,  
As he beheld his much-loved chief again.  
Gonzalvo, bowing, on his knee received  
The royal thanks for valiant deeds achieved ;  
And Isabelle her lily hand displays,  
The kneeling hero from the ground to raise.  
When royal gratulations had expired,  
Gonzalvo with the king and court retired ;  
The perils of his embassy makes known,  
And the forced treaty lays before the throne.  
The eyes of Ferdinand, with passion fired,  
Bespoke the deep revenge his soul desired,  
While Isabelle in milder frame expressed  
Her quickened views, and thus the chief addressed :  
“ To thee, great chief, a debt is due this day,  
Which royal favors scarcely can defray ;  
But if thy country’s love, her marked esteem,  
In favored halos which around thee gleam ;  
If from the army veneration springs  
To shade thee with her consecrated wings ;  
If bursts of joy that vibrate o'er our plain,  
Wafted in echoes to the bounds of Spain,  
While ev’ry tongue to heaven its pæan sends,  
For this blest day that brings thee to thy friends ;  
If this unbounded love, unfeigned regard  
For thy great merits be the least reward,  
Behold the meed in golden pictures rise,  
And unto thee, Gonzalvo, be the prize !

“ But now, great chief, our woes we must relate,  
Our shame divulge in waywardness of fate;  
While thou wert absent from the Moslem foe,  
Our valiant troops have felt the victor's blow,  
With Spanish blood they crimsoned o'er the field,  
And bid the cross to towering crescent yield.  
Again, brave chief, on thee thy country calls,  
And in thy prowess proud Grenada falls ;  
Our chiefs and soldiers will with pride arise,  
And join Gonzalvo in this enterprise.”

Thus spoke the queen. The valiant chief replied.  
Retiring then with Lara by his side,  
From joy's tumultuous scenes they seek repose,  
Where each to each his long-stored thoughts disclose.  
The deep-felt sentiments, so long repressed,  
Now burst in transports from each chieftain's breast,  
Again each heart its avenue reopes  
To tales of perils, joys and anxious hopes,  
Which chilled in shade, or glowed in sunshine heat,  
From their departure till again they meet.  
Though banqueting in roseate pleasures yet,  
These brother chiefs no duties e'er forget.  
The grateful debt to faithful Pedro due,  
Which in Gonzalvo's heart sprung up anew,  
Caught Lara's breast, who would without delay  
Embrace the sharer of his periled way.  
The summons flies, the trembling Pedro hears,  
And soon before the valiant chiefs appears,  
For Lara's friendly grasp his hand extends,  
And heartfelt thanks renewed from both his friends.

But Lara's joyous heart found yet no rest,  
He pressed the aged Pedro to his breast,  
While o'er his neck the falling tears impart  
The deep-wrought feelings of his throbbing heart ;  
The vet'ran Pedro, dumb and much amazed,  
O'erwhelmed with wonder still on Lara gazed ;  
Nor was the chain of this enchantment broke,  
Till to his spellbound sense Gonzalvo spoke.  
Soon as his landlocked speech had taken tide,  
And on the shining flood began to glide  
In mirthful mood, these perils o'er the main  
To Lara's listening ear were told again.

But ah ! the withering touch to verdant bays,  
When modest merit chants its own bright praise !  
The half-told tale that from Gonzalvo fell,  
Obscured the lustre of his deeds so well,  
That those achievements of his daring arm  
By his own tale had lost their greatest charm ;  
But as the diamond, in its pristine state,  
The lapidary's skilful hand must wait,  
Ere the bright gem, that slumbering lies concealed,  
To eyes admiring can its beauties yield,  
So the bold portrait, which old Pedro drew,  
To Lara's heart produced sensations new ;  
He saw the gem that modesty would slight,  
In Pedro's faithful picture brought to light !  
On brave Gonzalvo's cheek a blush arose  
As this sad narrative approached its close :  
The chamber of his heart had yet concealed  
A brilliant gem, to Lara not revealed ;

**But Pedro still his faithfulness would prove,  
And all disclosed, except Gonzalvo's love.**

But Lara yet his yearning soul would sate  
With deep-wrought wonders of Zulema's fate ;  
Without surprise he saw Gonzalvo's heart  
Had from love's quiver caught the fatal dart,  
Whose rankling barb, with Cupid's ardor pressed,  
Still wrought a festering in his stricken breast !  
Perennial spring within Zulema's heart,  
The noblest traits that nature's cares impart,  
Religion's peaceful, mild and conquering sway  
Her soul had mantled with its heavenly ray ;  
The fervent homage to Gonzalvo given,  
Those aspirations daily breathed to heaven  
For him, whose arm in dark and bloody strife  
Had stayed death's thunders, hurled against her life,  
On Lara's heart such holy impress wrought  
That love there imaged ere the mind had thought !

Zulema's kindness Lara much commends,  
But saw no hope for his deluded friends,  
No pleasing vista, where hymeneal power  
To their expectant hearts could raise a bower.  
The gallant force of Spain, on glory's field,  
To Hymen's interdiction ne'er would yield !  
The queen's designs in Lara's breast reposed,  
And every project of her heart disclosed.  
This solemn oath, to Ferdinand unknown,  
Stood now attested at the heavenly throne :

" Hispania breathes no more in Moslem thrall,  
Her name shall perish, or Grenada fall ! "  
The cautious Lara from his friend concealed  
The oath of Isabelle, nor yet revealed  
That apprehension which must soon have end,  
As flies th' illusion, which has charmed his friend !

Meantime, in fear, the Moslem troops had learned  
That to the camp Gonzalvo had returned :  
His name a terror to Grenadians stood,  
Deep in their mem'ries stand his deeds of blood !  
Upon their minds still flash that horrid day  
When through Grenada's walls he forced his way,  
At Abenhammet's head the war-gage hurled,  
And Spain's proud flag on Moslem spires unfurled !  
With trembling steps they haste to seek their king,  
And to the throne their apprehensions bring ;  
En masse they fly, the royal tent surround,  
And with their cries the doughty king confound.  
More bold in flight, and insolent at will,  
They storm with threats their monarch, Boabdil,  
And bid him promptly from the field retire  
And save his subjects from Gonzalvo's ire !  
Alas ! too late ! sedition stalked the plain,  
And wild confusion followed in her train,  
Nor Boabdil with kingly power could stay  
The rabble multitude, or check their sway ;  
E'en Mulei Hassem, silvered o'er with age  
And bound in love, could not this dread assuage,  
Nor bold Alamar's threatening arm repress,  
Or e'en impede this sudden, rash excess ;

Their mild persuasions found no listening ear,  
Their stern authority produced no fear,  
Seditious still, and obstinately bent,  
Back to their tents tumultuously they went,  
Where gathered spoils their coward backs o'erspread,  
As from the camp the trembling traitors sped !  
Now fell destruction had her car unchained,  
And discord's hands her furious chargers reined,  
And baleful strife had raised her flag of blood,  
When lo ! before them great Almanzor stood.

When first upon the field sedition peered  
Old Mulei much his hydra-aspect feared,  
And quick the tidings to Almanzor sent  
Of insubjection, murmurs, discontent ;  
Almanzor, long upon his bed of pain  
From grievous wounds, in agony had lain,  
And too enfeebled to allow to strife  
One breathing impulse of his tender life ;  
But when he heard of treason's bold career,  
From couch he sprang and seized his heavy spear,  
And scarcely clad, his head no turban wore,  
On arm no shield, no cimeter he bore,  
His bleachèn front with death's own image pressed,  
And in this plight his troops he thus addressed :  
“ Children of Ismael ! ” cried this noble chief,  
“ Why have thy fears instilled this vile belief,  
That in Gonzalvo's name a charm is found  
That valor's noblest attributes confound ?  
What sad delirium, what unbounded wrath  
Has drawn thy steps from duty's honored path ?

What canst thou hope in rashness to evade ?  
Does death's grim shadows make thy souls afraid ?  
You fly ! for what ? the very steps you tread  
Will bring destruction on each traitor head !  
See ! from yon camp the Spanish hordes arise,  
Hark to the shouts that rend the very skies !  
From new-born battlements they 'll scour this field,  
- And coward hearts will to their prowess yield !  
I 'll not of honor speak, it is a word  
With which your souls have no congenial chord ;  
Nor of your country, impiously betrayed,  
Nor wives and children firm in bondage laid,  
Nor of your God, whose altars you defile,  
Whose fanes you desecrate, whose love revile,  
But for yourselves, that life you highly prize  
I now implore you cease to sacrifice !  
Beware, beware, the ark in which you go,  
On your own blood floats onward to the foe !  
Retreat and perish, or at once defy  
The threatening dangers which around ye fly.  
If unrelenting, you would still pursue  
In reckless panic this licentious few,  
Wait for a moment, till the shades of night  
Conceal your shame and screen you in your flight !  
You pause, you tremble, yet before the sun  
Another bright diurnal course shall run,  
Will brave Gonzalvo, with his Spanish horde,  
Your fear-struck rabble put to fire and sword !  
But I alone will combat with the foe,  
To glory's tomb alone rejoicing go,

And let the iron arms of Spain embrace  
The coward remnant of this Moslem race !  
King of Grenada, let a herald fly,  
And in my name this Spanish chief defy !  
Throughout their camp let echo still recite  
Almanzor dares Gonzalvo to the fight,  
And when the dapple morn shall burst in day,  
Will meet Gonzalvo in the bloody fray ! ”

The exhausted hero ceased, the Moors succumb,  
And filled with shame at this rebuke, are dumb ;  
Yet to their posts in passive silence fly,  
Resolved to conquer, or in battle die !  
A harbinger, by Boabdil's consent,  
Within the Spanish lines forthwith is sent,  
And Mulei Hassem, in parental tears  
Embraced his son, yet trembling in his fears.  
Alamar here concealed his deep disdain,  
And lavished praises on Almanzor's name !  
Meantime the herald on his mission moved,  
And stood before the Spanish camp approved.  
The trumpet speaks, the guards their arms display,  
The great portcullis at command gave way,  
Upon his eyes are placed the dark'ning bands,  
And at the court of Spain he proudly stands !

Gonzalvo here, with countenance serene,  
On peace declaiming stood before the queen,  
In glowing tints its benefit displays,  
And each result in reason's balance weighs.

Amidst this effort now from love derived,  
The Moorish herald at the camp arrived,  
And here within the royal conclave pressed,  
The majesty of Spain at once addressed !  
“ King of Castile and Arragon,” he cries,  
“ Grenada’s king thy name and power defies !  
His tower of strength is in his people’s love,  
There rests his hope, his trust is placed above !  
He to your court no royal greeting sends,  
No truce desires, nor balmy peace commands !  
I come, great king, in prince Almanzor’s name,  
The flower of chivalry, in Moslem fame,  
Before thy honored chief this gage to lay,  
And brave Gonzalvo challenge to the fray !  
Almanzor sees, with horror and regret,  
Contending foes with grasping death beset,  
Licentiousness obtrude his busy pranks,  
While insubordination thins their ranks !  
War’s countless evils fill him with dismay,  
And on the vitals of both armies prey !  
That these fell ravages at once may cease,  
And war’s dread turmoils change to gentle peace,  
Almanzor will contend in single strife,  
And for his country’s honor stake his life !  
The morning beams shall scarcely cast their light,  
Ere prince Almanzor arms him for the fight,  
In open field will for Gonzalvo wait,  
And either’s death shall seal his country’s fate !”

A cry of grief escaped Gonzalvo’s breast,  
Which Isabelle mistook for joy expressed,

And ere the hero, with amazement dumb,  
Could this paralysis of sense o'ercome,  
The anxious queen the impatient herald told  
That brave Gonzalvo would the challenge hold !  
Then to the hero : " Honored chief, I own  
Thou art the pillar of our royal throne ;  
To thy great valor owe we all success,  
Thy sword shall yet all injuries redress !  
When by Almanzor's sword Alphonzo fell,  
And Spain in tears had chaunted his farewell,  
My inspirations then were breathed to heaven,  
That to thy hands Almanzor might be given !  
My ardent prayer All-powerful God has heard,  
And the dear wishes of my soul preferred :  
Daughter, rejoice ! Alphonso's death's revenged,  
And by Gonzalvo is the deed avenged ! "

Mid the maternal transports of the queen,  
The prudent Ferdinand remained serene,  
This filial spark at length had reached his breast,  
It burst in flame and urged him from his rest,  
That famous sword, the pride of Arragon,  
Which in the hands of Cid such glories won,  
But now unconscious of its fate, he drew,  
And to this honored chief, Gonzalvo, flew :  
" This sword," said he, " immortalized in song,  
Once to a race of heroes did belong !  
By crown prerogative, it may be mine,  
But valor, chieftain, has decreed it thine !  
Let this keen blade but stay a murderer's breath,  
And Spain shall triumph in Almanzor's death !

Let thy strong arm thy king and country save,  
And round thy brow shall glory's halo wave ! ”  
The chiefs applaud, now shoutings from afar  
Anticipation vaults to victory's car ;  
Grenada's walls seem tottering on their base,  
And beams of triumph brighten every face !

Our chief o'erwhelmed and sorely pressed with grief,  
Made no responses to these praises brief,  
He oft essayed and struggled to disclose  
The secret causes of his bitter woes,  
To speak aloud of fair Zulema's name,  
The dear protectress of his life and fame !  
Of mutual bonds in consecration sealed,  
The palmy pledge alone to heaven revealed !  
Of entered vows, to guard Almanzor's life,  
In the fierce ragings of conflicting strife !  
But martial honor deep-felt love denies,  
And her mild blandishments at once defies !  
Can he betray his trust ! desert his king !  
And foul disgrace upon the army bring ?  
Shall duty, country, glory, all give way  
For the soft chauntings of love's roundelay ?  
In these distressing thoughts, with frenzy fired,  
He seized on Lara's hand, and both retired !

These brother chiefs had scarcely on their route  
Outstripped the echoes of the army's shout,  
When to his friend Gonzalvo turned in tears,  
Assured of sympathy, revealed his fears !

In glowing tints he pictured to his friend  
The dire afflictions which his bosom rend  
The secret record of his heart unfolds,  
And save Zulema's love, no thought withholds !  
The sweetest theme on which his mind could rest,  
Yet lay concealed within his throbbing breast :  
But struggling duty, long with love had coped,  
The spring was reached, the jeweled casket oped !  
And sad forebodings Lara's heart impressed,  
As in her charms Zulema stood confessed !

In agony of thought Gonzalvo crazed,  
His tale of love repeats, Zulema praised,  
To each fond hope he sees a barrier rise  
To blight the harvest of this enterprise !  
Against Almanzor, if he raised his steel,  
His soul must bear a perjured villain's seal !  
And dear Zulema's love, like unfed fire,  
Must in its own consumption soon expire !  
" If by my hand a brother fall," he cried,  
" Zulema ne'er can be Gonzalvo's bride ;  
And shall I languish in Zulema's hate,  
And leave to scorn the polished marble slate  
On which his vilest etchings may be placed,  
And unborn millions read my name disgraced ?  
No, Lara ! no ! death is my chosen doom,  
And free from taint, I 'll calmly seek the tomb ! "

Lara, in silence felt Gonzalvo's grief,  
And steadily resolved to give relief,

Within his arms his well-tried friend he pressed,  
While mingled tears their aching hearts expressed !  
At length, as passed the silent sorrow by,  
And each brave heart had heaved its inmost sigh,  
Lara proposed himself to meet the knight,  
And in Gonzalvo's place, Almanzor fight !  
Gonzalvo smiled, his generous friend commends :  
“ He perils much who with this foe contends !  
But quick-winged time mocks now my tardy pace,  
And shame with crimson hue has tinged my face !  
I'll meet Almanzor in the tented field,  
But not in death shall his proud spirit yield !  
My strength and skill shall but defend from strife,  
But not one thrust shall reach Almanzor's life ! ”  
While thus of hopes chimerical he dreamed,  
The night advanced, the sparkling sky-gems gleamed,  
And nature canopied inclined to doze,  
And our brave heroes sunk in calm repose !

The God of sleep his balmy throne resumes,  
The burning censers breathed their rich perfumes,  
And round the pillows of these sleep-bound friends  
In fragrant vapor curlingly ascends !  
At length upon the buoyant midnight air  
Come whispering melody in strains most fair ;  
The sweet vibrations caught Gonzalvo's ear  
Like angel chantings from the heavenly sphere !  
Our gallant chief resumes the lover's part,  
And war's fell demon leaves to Lara's art ;

**E**ntranced in visions of Zulema's love,  
**H**e thinks the universe his hopes approve !  
**N**o wandering troubadour would dare to raise  
**H**is voice in song, but in Zulema's praise !  
**U**p on the rampart furtively he springs  
**T**o catch the echoes borne on love's soft wings ;  
**B**elow, disguised, with harp on shoulder flung,  
**T**o listening sentinels a minstrel sung,  
**A**nd this the burthen of an urgent lay,  
**W**hich on the ambient evening zephyrs play :

Soldiers, who the night-watch keep,  
 Thy cares beguile,  
 And list awhile  
 The troubadour's soft sweep.

Soldiers, who thy chiefs revere,  
 Let my soft note  
 On echoes float,  
 And reach Gonzalvo's ear !

You, who watch the star-lit sky,  
 O lend thy ear  
 Awhile to hear,  
 Nor minstrel's wish deny !

Soldiers, who the ramparts guard,  
 The morning beams  
 Dispense their gleams,  
 No more my steps retard !

You, who watch these lonely walls,  
Unbar thy gates,  
The minstrel waits,  
'T is love and duty calls !

In wonder wrapped our chief his marvel hides  
Till the last breathing of the harp subsides !  
This well-known voice, the soul-inspiring lay,  
O'er his impatient heart had such full sway,  
He bounds the gate, and grasps the minstrel's arm,  
In softest accents bids him fear no harm,  
But to resolve the riddle of that strain,  
So sweetly sung to sullen guards in vain !  
The intrepid minstrel with amazement fraught,  
Stood mute before the object which she sought !  
And silently prepared with willing grace  
To doff the visor that concealed the face,  
When lo ! before the Spanish chief is seen  
Zulema's confidant, the fair Amine !  
Unbounded joy pervades Gonzalvo's breast,  
To his glad heart the lovely girl he pressed,  
In haste demands this courier to impart  
Where breathes the idol of his love-bound heart :  
" In yonder forest, near the moonlit glade,  
With heart desponding waits the lovely maid ;  
Forth from Grenada furtively she hied  
To seek Gonzalvo, and his rashness chide ;  
In minstrel's garb I strove, alas in vain,  
To cheat the night-watch and thy tent to gain,  
To lead thee, chief, to her whose anxious heart  
Will soon to thine its inmost griefs impart ! "

Already o'er the plain, with lengthened stride  
The hero bounds, and far behind, the guide ;  
He penetrates the verdant forest shades  
Amidst the murmurs of the rude cascades.  
“ Zulema ! love ! ” the enraptured chieftain cries,  
Zulema ! love ! an echoing sylph replies ;  
But no responses from Zulema cheer  
His throbbing heart, or lull one rising fear !  
At length, within a rude sequestered spot,  
Where germ clamatis, with forget-me-not,  
Where woodbine blooms, and moss-decked trees are  
seen,  
Where spring perennial firs and evergreen,  
Deeply enshrined he sees a seraph move,  
The living image of his dear beloved.  
He flies enraptured to this sylvan rest,  
And clasps his loved Zulema to his breast.

How mute is joy, by absence long depressed,  
When once again renewed within the breast ;  
It speaks a language not by tongue revealed,  
That gains the heart and in it lies concealed ;  
And thus our lovers, joined in fond embrace,  
The trammeled tongue to silent tears gave place ;  
Each heaving breast its hidden transport tells,  
And on its own undying passion dwells.  
As after storms succeeds the silent calm,  
And nature o'er itself proclaims the palm,  
And in the influence of a brighter sphere  
Pursues again its wonted mild career,

So when the conflict in Zulema's breast  
Had spent its efforts and her heart found rest,  
Her peerless eyes, yet pearled with tears, she raised,  
And on beloved Gonzalvo steadfast gazed :  
“ What have I learned, great chief,” she mildly said,  
“ That binds the living prospect with the dead !  
What awful note has rushed upon my ears  
To fill my soul with horror’s darkest fears !  
To drag me forth, at midnight’s gloomy tide,  
A victim to thy rash, ungoverned pride !  
Grenada’s walls my steps could ne’er have stayed,  
Though seeking thee I have my king betrayed !  
Deceived my father and my country too,  
Myself forgot, what to myself was due.  
But is it thus : that at the dawn of day  
You seek my brother in a bloody fray ?  
And with that sword, presented by this hand,  
Against Almanzor’s life you take a stand ?  
Is that bright blade that’s mirrored oft our smiles,  
In hours bestowed to love’s enchanting wiles,  
Resolved to drink at loved Almanzor’s veins,  
And wear indelibly its blushing stains ?”  
“ Zulema, hold !” the valiant chief replied,  
“ It is Almanzor that has me defied !  
Before my king was thrown the ireful gage,  
And I proclaimed the champion of his rage !  
He bids defiance to our army’s cause,  
And hopes for this the meed of vile applause !  
My king and queen in me their trust have placed,  
And shall Gonzalvo’s name be now disgraced ?

Shall I disclose the bonds that love impressed,  
And let suspicion on my valor rest ?  
No ! dear Zulema ! ne'er would your fond heart  
Gonzalvo counsel to a traitor's part !  
Nor shall contempt be coupled with my name,  
To blight the laurel of my well-earned fame !  
Be tranquil, love, let ev'ry fear subside,  
And in my firm and fixed resolve confide !  
It is decreed, at morning early dawn,  
My sword against your brother must be drawn ;  
And though his blows in zealous hope be rife,  
Not one from me shall reach Almanzor's life !  
No taunt or scorn shall constitute pretence,  
To use my weapons but in self-defence :  
To-morrow ! happy that I shall expire  
In full-crowned bliss of all my soul's desire !  
Almanzor's sword shall set my spirit free  
Ere mine shall cause the slightest pang for thee !”

“ Listen, Gonzalvo, to Zulema's cause,  
I am unskilled I own in honor's laws,  
That bid mankind life's feeble sparks neglect,  
Which heaven commands to foster and protect !  
Grenada's prince, although it now be late,  
May condescend t' avert this pending fate,  
And publish to the world that honor's fane  
Holds no communion with the type of Cain !  
I love thee, chief, and idolize thy name,  
Revere thy honor, richly prize thy fame ;

And rest assured no steps would I approve  
Unworthy of your courage or your love !  
I come not, dear, with love's imperious sway,  
To turn thy feet from honor's jeweled way ;  
But I have come, that thou great chief, might see  
How much this heart devoted is to thee ;  
And e'en in death my vow will still renew,  
While to my love I give the last adieu !  
Ah ! dear Gonzalvo, couldst thy heart have known  
The tithe of anguish mine has feared to own,  
Death's bitter cup thou wouldest indeed have craved,  
And with its drops thy burning bosom laved.  
But listen, chief, I must reveal the blow  
That hurls Zulema to the depths of woe !  
Since last we met into my father's breast  
I've poured the sorrows which my soul oppressed ;  
To him the secrets of our hearts detailed,  
And o'er his fond parental love prevailed !  
His tender heart to sympathy was moved,  
And he the passions of our souls approved.  
The base Alamar, flushed in victory's pride  
Again has menaced, and my power defied !  
His impious threats had reached my father's ear,  
But his infirmities disclosed no fear !  
He has resolved Grenada's fate to shun,  
And fly forever from his cruel son :  
A splendid ship for Sicily awaits,  
Which now our purposes accelerates ;  
On the green mirror of the sea she rides,  
With sails unfurled, and Mulei's will abides,

'The wished-for breeze its spicy breath prepared,  
And fancy's dreams in brightest visions glared !  
In the sweet fragrance of Sicilian shades,  
In moss-decked arbors, or on flow'ry glades,  
Where nature waves her ever-blooming crest,  
My father and myself proposed to rest !  
And there await till truce or peace disbands  
Thy home-sick horde, and brings thee to our hands !  
There, far from strife, our happy hours would fly,  
Winged with the plumes of love and constancy.  
At the same shrine our hearts would oft confess,  
Our lips the same delightful chalice press,  
And in the glare of holy altar's blaze,  
In one blessed faith our great Redeemer praise !  
In peace unknown, forgotten by the world,  
Life's purest pleasures would have round us curled ;  
And this short time to human beings lent,  
In richest pastimes had been duly spent !  
With these dear visions flitting o'er my mind,  
While fancy pictured joys, by love refined,  
While my fond soul from spicy fountains quaffed,  
Nor slaked its thirst with love's inebriate draught,  
Th' unlooked-for cloud obtrudes its gloomy shades,  
And every future blooming prospect fades !  
The thundering peal was ushered to my ear,  
That thou, Gonzalvo, wouldest at dawn appear,  
And with Almanzor e'en to death contend,  
And thus the mischief of the armies end !  
But do not, chief, thy noble self deceive,  
And conquest with Almanzor think t' achieve !

Thou canst not hope the grasp of death to shun,  
While in his veins the crimson currents run !  
**M**y brother, chief, as valiant is as you,  
As fitly exercised, as skilful too,  
And he has sworn, Gonzalvo, ne'er to yield  
Until thy corse embrace the bloody field !  
To this fell purpose will Almanzor fight,  
And on your head Grenada's wrong requite !  
His cause is just, and nobly in that cause  
Stands doubly armed, nor seeks he for applause !  
Yours but a theme for folly's wildest toils,  
A march for conquest, and for victory's spoils ;  
Almanzor fights, his native soil to save,  
But you, our dearest country to enslave ;  
He to preserve a wife inviolate,  
But you a lover to annihilate !  
If chance be equal, and if heaven be just,  
Then must Gonzalvo bite the very dust !  
And think'st thou, love, a soul that longs for bliss,  
Will long survive thee in a scene like this ?  
But should'st thou triumph ! should Almanzor fall,  
And change his glorious chaplets for the pall,  
Then from my heart would spring a venom'd hate  
Which nought but death could e'er eradicate !  
On either side, where e'er are turned my eyes,  
They meet the mandate for this sacrifice !  
**A**dieu, Gonzalvo ! may these pangs be brief,  
Adieu, forever !” and she sunk in grief.

Gonzalvo raised her from the verdant ground,  
And by her side her confidant was found,

But senseless still the loved Zulema lay  
Till beamed the morning in its first bright ray !  
Gonzalvo, frantic, and o'erwhelmed with woe,  
Spell-bound by love, could not its power forego ;  
Zulema's frame seemed locked in death's embrace,  
Languid her pulse, and cold her pallid face !  
The lovely curls her lily hand had twined  
Disheveled were, a prey to savage wind,  
Upon her cheeks pellucid tear-gems lay,  
Like dew-drops glistening in the sun's first ray ;  
Her drooping head was pillow'd on his breast,  
And to his anguished heart his love he pressed !  
A horrid gaze from his dark eyes proceeds,  
And reason from her golden throne recedes ;  
No more remembered was the promised fray,  
Where the dear jewel of his honor lay !  
But every purpose of his soul seemed crossed  
And every thought in Lethè's ocean lost !  
Along the east the morning tints arise,  
Aurora's chariot bounds the golden skies,  
Gonzalvo starts, as from a fearful dream,  
But vain the hope lost moments to redeem.  
Around the scene he cast his wandering eyes,  
In vacant stare the sword of Cid he spies,  
This talisman his senses disenthralls,  
And to his mind neglected duties calls !  
A crimson hue the pallid tint displaced,  
And icy drops upon his brow were traced ;  
Before his eyes the imaged Lara stood,  
And strongly urged him to the field of blood !

Gonzalvo's shriek throughout the forest rung,  
His lifeless burden to Amine he flung,  
And on that form which promised earthly bliss,  
He left the impress of a holy kiss !  
“ Adieu ! ” he cried, and thus with anguish fired,  
A seeming maniac from the place retired !

Ere our mad chief had passed the forest bound,  
Cries ring in air and sad laments resound.  
The astonished chief at first his pace retards,  
But spurred by haste the marvel disregards !  
Yet mournful sounds again assail his ears,  
And round him stand a troop of cavaliers !  
These wandering soldiers, of their chief bereft,  
Were Zoâre's troops which she at Carthame left,  
And who, uncertain of the young bride's fate,  
Had sought their chieftain, but alas ! too late !  
And with the tidings of her sad demise,  
Poured forth laments in echoes to the skies !  
Filled with revenge, oppressed with deadly grief,  
Their iresful hearts were panting for relief !  
Their thirsty souls were craving Spanish blood,  
As full before them brave Gonzalvo stood !  
No truce expecting from this barbarous horde,  
The intrepid hero drew his faithful sword,  
Without cuirass, on foot, to combat flew,  
And of the band the foremost ruffian slew !  
This bloody monument to their fell rage,  
No ire could stifle, neither wrath assuage,  
But drawing closely, cautiously unite,  
And with redoubled fury urge the fight !

Our champion still 'gainst mighty odds contends,  
And still to shades of death his victim sends !  
At length compelled, from tree to tree he flies,  
At single hand each cavalier defies,  
Yet with despair he sees at every blow  
New-born successors to each fallen foe !  
Time stretched his wings, and rapid was his flight,  
Already morning shed her brilliant light,  
Our desperate chief his utmost effort made,  
These cruel Bereberians to evade ;  
But vain the toil, beset on every side,  
On his own prowess could no more confide !

Meantime Almanzor at the break of day,  
Completely armed, was ready for the fray ;  
Though weak from wounds, his honored country's pride  
And sense of duty still with him abide ;  
His dress in nicest fancy was arrayed,  
Brilliant in gems with golden studs inlaid.  
His bright cuirass was girded to his breast,  
O'er which a coat of splendid armor pressed,  
And such its texture, that the sharpest point  
Upon its polished surface finds no joint.  
A satin turban on his head was placed,  
With sapphire studs and amethyst inlaced,  
Festooned and crowned with cords of brilliant gold,  
Which at the base in tasseled gems unfold ;  
A purple mantle o'er his shoulders flung,  
Fell to the waist and at the girdle hung,  
Through rings of gold from thence in curls it wound,  
And thus in plaited movements reached the ground.

His polished blade (all other swords outvied)  
In glowing beauty dangled at his side ;  
Its starry hilt with princely pearls was set,  
Its silver sheath adorned with golden fret !  
But ere the lance and glittering shield were given,  
He bends the knee and breathes this prayer to heaven !

“ O God of mercy, justice, truth and love,  
Enthroned in power and majesty above,  
Thou who canst wisdom to the soul impart,  
Who scan’st the deep recesses of the heart,  
O condescend my humble prayer to hear,  
And let my supplications reach thy ear.  
The hope that animates this feeble frame,  
Springs from the faith inspired by thy great name ;  
O God of grace ! ‘tis for thy holy laws,  
Thy sacred temples and our nation’s cause,  
That I this day an ireful contest wage  
With him who stands the champion of the age !  
And wilt thou, Father, wilt thou strength impart,  
To equal but the courage of my heart,  
And make me worthy, in this cause, to stand  
The proud avenger of our happy land !  
But if the glass that marks my earthly reign  
Shall pass, this day, its sands upon the plain,  
O heavenly Father, from thy throne above,  
Look on the object of my earthly love,  
Let her not fall to perish in her grief,  
But in thy bounteous goodness find relief ! ”

Almanzor rose, already by his side  
His fiery courser champs the bit in pride ;  
The reins he seized, and to the saddle sprung,  
The polished lance upon his arm he flung,  
To his bright buckler gave the last survey,  
And for the combat quickly wends his way !  
Within the camp the Moorish trumpet's thrill  
Announced the movements of king Boabdil !  
The Moslem troop in echelon are spread,  
By Mulei Hassem and Alamar led.  
They reach the plain, in lengthened lines deploy,  
And fill the welkin with their shouts of joy !  
Old Mulei here his generous son embraced,  
Speechless he stood, but tears his anguish traced ;  
Almanzor's grasp resolved a fearless soul,  
O'er which death's messenger has no control !  
And firm in purpose to the appointment hied,  
To meet the chief his generous soul defied !  
The Spanish army in battalions led,  
March to the field with Ferdinand at head,  
With speed and care these forces are arrayed,  
And to the Moors a fearful line displayed !  
The cavalry at either wing expands,  
Placed in Aguilar and Medina's hands ;  
The king the knights of Calatrava guides,  
And the main body to Mendose confides.  
The Spanish troops upon the field elate,  
But for their chief the brave Gonzalvo wait.

Gonzalvo comes not, and the day-star glides,  
Her pallid face Apollo's gleaming hides,

Expectant Lara seeks along the line,  
But sees him not, nor dares to fear incline !  
He scoured the ramparts, palisadoes scanned,  
And finds at length Almanzor on the stand,  
Whose eagle eyes are stretched upon the plain  
To watch the coming of his foe in vain !  
From right to left is heard the herald's cry,  
Gonzalvo's name is wafted through the sky ;  
The soft vibration moves along the plain,  
But no response is echoed back again !  
The exulting Moors their joys in shouts proclaim !  
The astonished Spaniards droop their heads in shame !  
And brave Gonzalvo from contending foes  
Alike rebuke from either undergoes !

Lara, distracted at this sad event,  
Resolved at once this outrage to prevent.  
No more he listened to this vile declaim  
That thundered traitor to Gonzalvo's name !  
Gonzalvo's tent was near the palisade,  
Wherein he knew his brilliant armor laid.  
Unseen, unknown, he thither bent his way,  
To stand the hazard of this bloody fray !  
Around the tent his panoply was hung,  
And on himself the armorial coat was flung ;  
The famous buckler, long the hero's pride,  
That's turned the course of many a battle tide,  
Bore yet the impress on its polished frame,  
The immortal phoenix soaring from its flame !  
His eager hand now seized this precious shield,  
Gonzalvo's steed he mounts, and takes the field :

Completely armed and well-concealed his face,  
He with Almanzor takes Gonzalvo's place !  
From Spanish troops now bursts the counter joy,  
The thrilling shouts the Moors in turn annoy !  
"Gonzalvo comes !" throughout the lines resound,  
And wait these chieftains for the trumpet's sound !

As two fierce eagles sailing through the air,  
And unconcerned their trackless path to share,  
Must in the opposing course themselves enthrall,  
And with the shock and blunt encounter fall,  
So thus these chiefs in their career succeed,  
On furious coursers at their utmost speed,  
Within the list they rush, all fears disown,  
And in collision both are overthrown !  
Unhorsed, unhurt, with shield and sword in hand,  
These valiant knights again undaunted stand,  
Their glittering swords for mastery contend,  
And blows with blows in quick succession blend !  
With greater skill the Moor his foe assails,  
But better armed the Spaniard countervails !  
No weapon yet had tinged its gloss with blood,  
And doubtful still the awful contest stood !  
At length Almanzor failing fast in breath,  
Waits only triumph but to welcome death !  
From off his arm his dented buckler threw,  
Again advanced the conflict to renew !  
His soul by conquest could but be appeased,  
With both his hands his cimeter he seized,  
By hope inspired he urged a furious blow,  
Which rived the helmet of his valiant foe,

Pierced his cuirass, nor reached its destined rest  
Till its bright point was sheathed within his breast !  
Forth from the wound the crimson drops dispel,  
And on his knee the noble Lara fell !  
The bleeding Spaniard from his fallen state,  
No effort made himself to extricate ;  
The Moor's fell passion was not yet repressed,  
Exultingly upon his foe he pressed,  
With increased ardor did his weapon glide,  
But far less cautious were his blows applied.  
The unwary Moor his victim to disarm,  
In haste had raised uncautiously his arm,  
To which by chance a broken ringlet hung,  
And from its place his armor slightly flung !  
With steadfast eye, and certain of his blow,  
The kneeling Spaniard sprung upon his foe,  
His skill derides, since fortune baffles art,  
And left his sabre in Almanzor's heart !  
Almanzor fell ! and by his bloody side  
The exhausted Spaniard lies in glory's pride !  
A death-like silence through the armies reigned  
And every chief in wonder seems enchanted !

While on the plain death's gloomy pall is spread,  
And each brave chieftain mourns a hero dead,  
A distant shout is heard, now mingled cries,  
And o'er the field a Christian warrior flies !  
His bloody courser to the rowels spurred,  
Rushed to the list nor waited herald's word !  
“ In heaven's name ! ” the breathless warrior cried,  
“ In mercy let this cruel cause subside !

For justice, honor, mercy, all combine,  
To show this contest with Almanzor, mine ! ”  
The Spanish troop could scarce to vision yield,  
As they beheld brave Lara in the field !  
For none but him had e'er that buckler bore,  
And none but him such splendid armor wore !  
The Moors believed that treason stalked the plain,  
Prepared their troops, but from assault abstain.  
This hostile move the Spanish force alarms,  
And through their lines they shout “ to arms, to arms ! ”

As when two clouds in their first movement seen,  
Through Sol’s bright rays in azure tint to gleam,  
Change in advance, and darken as they rise,  
Till their deep shadows veil the placid skies,  
And from their caverns awful lightnings pour  
Midst furious conflicts, and dread thunder’s roar,  
Till each devouring element is cloyed,  
And passion seeks a calm in strife destroyed,  
So peaceful armies, though contending foes,  
By jealous fears are driven from repose,  
Each passioned breast with patriot ardor flushed,  
Discards restraint, and to the battle rushed !  
The trumpets thrill, the din of arms resound,  
Brave warriors fall, and crimson streams abound !  
The verdant plain with dying troops is strewed,  
Till death’s fell cravings seem at length subdued !

Meantime Gonzalvo from his foes had fled,  
On fleetest courser for his life he sped,

He gained his tent his armor to prepare,  
But neither mail or buckler finds he there !  
To Lara's tent the chief distracted flies,  
And there at rest his princely armor lies !  
In haste he armed, no moment spoke delay,  
Speeds to the field where Moor and Spaniard lay !  
From off his reeking steed he quickly sprung,  
His arms around his brother chief he flung,  
From couch of blood this much-loved friend he raised,  
Pressed to his heart, upon his features gazed !  
The vital spark within his breast resides,  
And to his friends this charge he soon confides !  
In death's embrace, upon the crimson ground,  
Mantled in blood Grenada's prince is found !  
The Alabex are drooping by his side,  
And mourn his death who was their country's pride !  
With their bright shields a ready bier they make,  
And from the field the dead Almanzor take !

The flood of grief that o'er Gonzalvo rushed,  
When he beheld in death Almanzor hushed,  
So far the regal throne of reason breaks,  
That all within this horrid torrent quakes !  
A furious steed he seized on which he strides,  
And through the countless throng in madness rides !  
With sword in hand, misguided by despair,  
He seeks death's perils in his darkest lair !  
Now through the thick battalions of the foe,  
Traced are his windings by their overthrow !  
The lancers to his bloody sabre yield,  
Till their cold corses barricade the field !

He asks for death, but shuns its chilly blast,  
Again implores, then braves it to the last !  
Aguilar, Cortez, and the king display  
An active spirit on this solemn day,  
But their exploits in no event compare  
With those that brave Gonzalvo essayed there !  
Prompt as the thunder to the lightning's train,  
He marks his course and fills it with his slain !  
The foe that holds a barrier to his path,  
A victim falls to his impetuous wrath !

Amidst these scenes of carnage and of death  
Gonzalvo halts but to regain his breath !  
And near the parapet old Mulei spied,  
With sword in hand, by Spanish troops defied !  
Quick as a flash his bloody courser flies,  
And to his aid the undaunted hero hies ;  
He reached the spot and from his saddle leaps,  
And his own troops from Mulei Hassem sweeps !  
This honored veteran on his steed he placed,  
And by his side the cautious pathway traced,  
Till from the field he passed without delay,  
And brought him safely to Grenada's way !

Meantime Alamar while the battle raged,  
In every conflict closely was engaged !  
In weeds of blood and gore he proudly rides,  
And fills the path on which Gonzalvo glides !  
In this rencounter each bold chief foresaw  
No truce impending, and for contest draw !

The wily African, on fleetest steed,  
Urged his famed courser to its utmost speed,  
With savage fierceness, contumely and pride,  
O'er his antagonist attempts to ride !  
The unhorsed Spaniard from the pathway springs,  
Behind the steed his ready sabre brings,  
And with one blow the severed hamstrings fly,  
And on the ground the horse and rider lie !  
But soon again the contest is renewed,  
They strike, they clinch, they fall, but not subdued,  
In dust and blood contending still in hate,  
And each attempts his foe to suffocate !

Now suddenly is heard the trumpet's sound,  
The combatants are rising from the ground,  
When at their side the Zegrис troops appear,  
And join Alamar 'gainst his brave compeer !  
The fearless Spaniard from his victim flies,  
But halts again, and Zegrис troop defies !  
In threatening attitude again he stands,  
With coward fears the Moslem soldiers brands !  
Waves his drilled buckler, and with menace thrives,  
Till with his troops king Ferdinand arrives !  
The Moors alarmed, now instantly take flight,  
And with them drag their almost breathless knight !  
Their camp they traverse, and of hope bereft,  
Their tents and baggage on the field are left,  
To Ferdinand their ammunition falls,  
And they for refuge seek Grenada's walls.

**BOOK IX.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

Despair of Gonzalvo. Truce granted by his request. Regrets of the people of Grenada. Grief of Mulei Hassem and of Zulema. Horrible state of Moraima. Death of the princess. Funeral of Almanzor and Moraima. Gonzalvo seeks Zulema. He is taken and loaded with irons. Outrage and torments which Boabdil prepares for him. Zulema visits his dungeon. She carries poison. Gonzalvo justifies himself. Alamar comes to conduct the prisoner to punishment. The Spaniards commence the assault. Alamar flies to save Grenada. His exploits. Unexpected relief received by the Moors. Defeat of the Spaniards.

## BOOK IX.

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THE virtuous man, when by his foes oppressed,  
Finds consolation in his own pure breast ;  
In adverse storms he feels a perfect calm,  
And finds for all his woes a healing balm.  
But the true lover, crowned with victory's bays,  
Gleaming in halos of triumphant rays,  
No solace finds, as wretchedly he roves,  
Fearing reproaches from the soul he loves !  
What is the homage of a fickle world,  
What are its praises though in merit pearled,  
Without the lover's approbative charms,  
Which fire the soul, and dissipate alarms ?  
The independent, firm and manly breast  
Would in its purest movements find no rest,  
If the dear object which his soul adored  
Within her heart the least suspicion stored !

Gonzalvo well the meed of glory felt,  
Yet on his mind a fearful torment dwelt !  
Almanzor dead ! Zulema sore distressed,  
On him the seal of murderer had pressed !

Lara perhaps is yielding his last breath,  
And he the cause of his untimely death !  
These sad reflections fill his mind with dread,  
And from the bloody scene he quickly fled !  
No kingly dues to Ferdinand were shown,  
Nor to the army was his person known !  
On Lara still his troubled thoughts would bend,  
And to this chief his hastening footsteps wend.

The lovely Isabelle, whose watchful cares  
Each worthy soldier of her army shares,  
Here by the couch of bleeding Lara sits,  
And no kind solace to his woes omits ;  
His wounds as yet no mortal impress bore,  
His pallid face no fearful aspect wore ;  
Tranquil he lay, by his sad fate unmoved,  
Until he saw the valiant chief he loved !  
Gonzalvo's joy was frantic, unsuppressed,  
He clasped the wounded Lara to his breast,  
In mild caresses bathed him with his tears,  
Expressed again his joy, but hid his fears !  
Reproved himself for that unlooked delay  
That barred his progress in the coming way.  
And now at Lara's side he humbly kneels  
With all the fervor inborn friendship feels,  
And publicly this enterprise proclaimed,  
Wherein this friend his honor had sustained !  
And now with Isabelle the chief withdrew,  
And asked the favor of an interview ;  
Of Mulei's daughter briefly he discoursed,  
Her lineage drew, her history enforced,

The horrors of that nightly scene portrayed,  
When first he met and saved this lovely maid !  
The passion of his heart he frankly owned,  
And the response within his breast enthroned !  
That gratitude alone had wove a chain  
Around her heart, for ever to remain !  
The smiling queen had listened with delight  
The lover's talent in her chosen knight,  
And yet for these unnumbered griefs he bore  
In his scathed heart, would balmy comforts pour,  
Her efforts in his cause should be applied,  
And brave Gonzalvo yet be satisfied !  
“ Old Mulei Hassem shall absolve his hate,  
And love and beauty yet predominate,”  
She said, and from this precious hour confessed  
Zulema's virtues lived within her breast ;  
“ She has, dear chief, thy valued life preserved,  
And the full homage of thy heart deserved ;  
She loves the God all Christian souls adore,  
Would desecration of our fanes deplore ;  
With her let this appellative abide,  
‘ Daughter of Isabelle, Gonzalvo's bride ! ’ ”

While with the queen, in sweetest converse pent,  
The hero lover his whole soul unbent,  
The king of Arragon to pillage yields  
The Moslem camp and their deserted fields.  
From Boabdil a messenger was sent,  
Who, quickly ushered to the royal tent,  
Before the mighty sovereigns of Spain,  
An instant peace with tribute would obtain !

But Ferdinand the proffered terms refused,  
And Moslem faith and confidence abused ;  
Yet to the queen the subject he refers,  
And hopes her feeling with his own concurs.  
But Isabelle, within her virtuous breast  
The innate principle of love possessed ;  
To meet the intercessions of her chief,  
To cherish hope and give his heart relief,  
On Ferdinand prevailed a truce to sign,  
And thus with peace benevolence combine !

Almanzor's death the Moslem cause annoyed,  
Their prospects shaded, future hopes destroyed,  
Both old and young, their heads with dust o'erspread,  
Through public streets in tattered garments fled !  
Women and children to the mosques repair,  
With shrieks of anguish and disheveled hair !  
The affrighted soldiers, trembling as they fly,  
Heed no rebuff, nor with commands comply !  
Grenada's walls no more to them a shield,  
They seek their safety in the open field !  
The citizens this coward band disown,  
Who left their chief to meet grim death alone !  
To heaven in rage they lift the accusing hand,  
With blasphemy their fallen prophets brand !  
These horrid scenes to Boabdil are bane,  
And mark the ending of his impious reign !

But more to sympathy's endearing zest  
The rightful claims of fair Zulema rest ;

No doubts on her distracted mind remain,  
That by Gonzalvo was Almanzor slain !  
The charms of life no more their perfumes part,  
Nor germ their petals round her broken heart !  
On wings of death she'd fly this mortal strife,  
But Mulei's love enchain'd her yet to life.  
Within the ancient palace now confined,  
Old Mulei murmurs, maniac in mind ;  
Daily he weeps, but ere his tears are done,  
Demands of heaven his lost, devoted son !  
Those friends who once gave social circles mirth,  
By death's stern mandate smile no more on earth ;  
On this dark world is left one ray alone,  
And that dear gleam from his Zulema shone !  
But when delirium seized his burning brain,  
His martial fancies rushed upon the plain,  
Delusive visions lent their dearest charms,  
And round Almanzor would he twine his arms ;  
But when the fatal error was perceived,  
His frantic ravings still their work achieved ;  
With direful rage his manly breast he'd bare,  
And strike with force the fancied dagger there !  
His hoary locks with savage hand he'd rend,  
And to the breeze the silvered clusters send !  
With imprecations to his arms he flies,  
Demands Gonzalvo, and his sword defies !  
With horrid screams he fights the battle o'er,  
And sinks at length exhausted to the floor !

Who can narrate, or who peruse the leaf,  
The portraiture of Moraima's grief !

Who can express the pang her bosom feels  
When her own eyes her wretched fate reveals !  
Upon the morn of that eventful day  
In which Almanzor gave his life away,  
Loved Moraima at the altar knelt,  
To soothe in prayer the agony she felt.  
“ O heavenly father, if it be thy will,  
Rest this affliction on thy servant still ;  
But let thy powerful and protecting arm  
Shield dear Almanzor from impending harm.  
Let him who fears thy name and loves thy laws,  
Still find thy mercy in this sacred cause.  
Those virtues which give true religion sway,  
In him personified through life’s brief day,  
O let them prove in this o’ershadowed hour  
A saving grace for intervening power !  
And let thy favor on Almanzor rest,  
That in his strength our country may be blest ! ”  
Thus Moraima at the altar poured  
These aspirations to her God adored.  
But vain her prayer, as from the mosque she stole,  
Silent her steps, and tranquillized her soul,  
Upon the threshold of the unclosed door  
She saw Almanzor mantled in his gore !  
In solemn train his bloody corse was borne  
By faithful troops, who long his death will mourn.  
No power to shriek, or strength her frame t’ impel,  
Upon the floor in agony she fell !  
The marble steps portrayed a purple trace,  
The crimson pavement kissed her pallid face ;

The mournful throng, with this sad scene amazed,  
From the cold pavement Moraima raised.  
Almanzor's bier his drooping wife conveyed,  
And both within the holy mosque were laid.

Now through the dark and vaulted arch's shade,  
Unwhispered griefs and untold pangs pervade,  
In seeming death still Moraima sleeps,  
While at her couch the eye of friendship weeps.  
Her trusty slaves around their mistress kneel,  
And bathe her wounds with undiminished zeal ;  
In signs each thought and anxious wish express,  
While tearful eyes disclose their deep distress.  
At length death's stupor from its victim flies,  
And Moraima oped again her eyes,  
With speech melodious and a voice serene,  
Begged the solution of this solemn scene ;  
In whispers asked if her dear chief was here,  
But no responses reached her listening ear !  
In vain the hope to stifle this desire,  
In vain the kind entreaties to retire ;  
In sweetest accents still she would persist,  
Till yielding duty could no more resist !

The holy obsequies meantime displayed  
Almanzor's corse for sepulture arrayed,  
A splendid litter canopied with lawn,  
O'er which were nets of golden tissue drawn,  
In festoon beauty these from staffs suspend,  
And to the floor in glittering folds extend,

Back to the centre is each point confined,  
And these with wreaths of cypress intertwined.  
Before the altar was this bed displayed,  
And there in state was prince Almanzor laid.

But Moraima, cautiously intent  
To learn what these mysterious movements meant,  
Surrounding friends she bids withdraw awhile,  
And with firm step advances to the aisle,  
Where, on a bed of richest silks composed,  
Almanzor in the sleep of death reposed ;  
Before this awful spectacle of death  
Stood Moraima with suspended breath,  
Not e'en a thought was orally expressed,  
Not e'en a sigh escaped her burdened breast,  
No crystal tear had pearlyd her jetty eye,  
For grief had drank the silver fountains dry,  
Yet fixed her vision on his pallid face,  
Though eye with eye no more love's charms could trace !  
Her faithful slaves were not without alarms,  
Her eyes they saw affixed on pendant arms  
Around the bier in decorations placed,  
With mournful weeds and laurel interlaced !  
With cautious steps the marble floor they tread,  
And watch with deep anxiety and dread.  
These apprehensions much their mistress move,  
Who now with bitter smiles their fears reprove !  
Through vaulted roof and marble columned hall,  
Silence had spread her dull lethargic pall,  
And Moraima, with her woes oppressed,  
Sought some relief on dead Almanzor's breast !

She kissed the lip that once with fervor burned,  
But now no more the thrilling sense returned,  
She pressed the hand, now chilled in icy clay,  
And from his bosom took a gem away,  
A valued gem, with finest gold enchased,  
Which near his heart had constantly been placed;  
Then up to heaven she cast a look inspired,  
Dropped the last tear, and from the mosque retired.

To her lone chamber Moraima flew,  
Her trusty slaves with tearful eyes pursue ;  
But fear within this recess to intrude  
Lest they destroy the spell of solitude.  
And hours rolled on, they count the solemn chime,  
And mark the progress of untrammelled time,  
Till fear to duty yields its potent sway,  
And love's bright index points them to their way.  
To fearless strength the inbarred portal flies,  
And here in death loved Moraima lies !  
Almanzor's gem the fatal poison bore,  
Which at his breast the hero always wore,  
The ready instrument of death at will,  
To mock the power of savage Boabdil !  
This new misfortune, borne on evil wings,  
New source of trouble to Grenada brings ;  
Dread consternation through the city spread,  
And king and people tears of sorrow shed !

Those obsequies which worth and merit claim,  
Were promptly offered to Almanzor's fame,

And Moraima, loved and honored too,  
Received the tribute to her virtue due.

Beyond Grenada's walls extends a glade,  
Where cypress foliage waves its sombre shade,  
In honor's shroud here sleep those warriors brave  
Who peril life their nation's soil to save ;  
And here on grassy mound a new-made tomb  
Gave indication of a warrior's doom :  
The open portal waits the coming bier  
That slowly bears the unconscious tenants here !  
In this dark cave, in death together blest,  
Will Moraima and Almanzor rest.

O'er this famed city sorrow cast her shades,  
Mirth closed her halls, and gloom the streets pervades,  
The din of toil is hushed in silent grief,  
Grenada mourns her lost distinguished chief.  
Sepulchral honors to the dead she pays,  
And solemn pomp her heartfelt woe displays ;  
With martial rites the civic are combined,  
And mournful hearts have each a place assigned.

The infantry the first division made,  
In close drawn lines moved onward in brigade ;  
Reversed their arms, with equal step they tread,  
With seemly feeling for the honored dead :  
Silent they move, nor step to music's hum,  
Except the rolling of the muffled drum ;  
Next in the train the cavalry advance,  
With pendent crape attached to every lance ;

Upon the ground the brilliant standards trail,  
The potent emblem of a nation's wail !  
Succeeding these, a band of slaves are seen  
Marching to music of the tamborine ;  
Amidst this train Almanzor's courser went  
With head declining, conscious of th' event.  
In mournful trappings was the steed arrayed,  
Upon his back Almanzor's armor laid,  
With lance and turban, cimèter and shield,  
And all his costly deckings for the field.  
Next in succession moved a youthful train,  
The lineal progeny of heroes slain,  
One hundred boys, in robes of purest white,  
In martial order, two by two unite,  
Their heads a crown, or cypress wreath displayed,  
On which a rose of milky whiteness played ;  
Each in his hand a silver vase extends,  
From which perfume of richest odor wends.  
One hundred girls, in youth's bewitching bloom,  
Bore wreaths of flowers for Moraima's tomb ;  
The festooned laurel on each skirt was placed,  
And belts of myrtle circled ev'ry waist ;  
Chaplets of roses on each forehead waved,  
By golden clasps secured, on which were graved  
" To Moraima and Almanzor's name ;  
Grenadians long will reverence their fame."  
In order next, within one coffin placed,  
As bound in life, so still in death embraced,  
Came the cold manes of a nation's pride  
In silent movement, on time's ebbing tide :

The Moslem priest moves near the royal dead,  
 With robes pontifical and mitred head,  
 In accents low he Allah's throne addressed,  
 And prayed that blessings on their souls might rest.  
 Grenada's majesty, in mournful weeds,  
 With his licentious court, the priest succeeds ;  
 Alamar and the Zegrис next appear,  
 And pay due honors to this loved compeer.  
 Old Mulei Hassem followed in this train,  
 And called Almanzor, but his call was vain !  
 Zulema's arm no more affords relief,  
 For deeply buried is her heart in grief,  
 And checked the solemn duty she would pay  
 In royal person, on this mournful day.  
 The last division of this grand parade  
 Of citizens of every class was made :  
 Silent and sad, with downcast eyes they moved,  
 In sorrow mourned the chief they so much loved !  
 And now within a solitary bound,  
 Where mouldering remnants lie of chiefs renowned,  
 This grand procession rested, in its gloom  
 To cast its tribute to th' insatiate tomb ;  
 The Alabez this precious task essayed,  
 In earth's last haven these remains were laid !

The holy offerings of the Imans rise,  
 Borne on sweet incense to the upper skies ;  
 In plaintive voice commenced the hymn of death  
 In tones melodious from each maiden's breath,  
 And round the tomb, with eyes upraised to heaven  
 This solemn requiem to the dead was given :

Weep, children of Ismael,  
Weep, for the greatest of brothers !  
Immovable as thy fathers,  
Like them, also, he was mortal.  
Weep, children of Ismael,  
Weep, for the greatest of brothers !

Weep, children of Ismael,  
The cedar has fallen !  
No more shall its green boughs  
Our winding paths shadow.  
Weep, children of Ismael,  
Weep, for the greatest of brothers !

Weep, children of Ismael,  
This day of grief and sorrow,  
When the tomb at one moment  
The ashes shall gather  
Of husband and wife !  
Weep, children of Ismael,  
Weep, for the lovers departed !

While thus to heaven these solemn chants ascend,  
The holy duties of the Imans end ;  
One simple prayer then closed the silent tomb,  
And o'er its mound the roseate off'rings bloom.  
The marble slab, the archive of their fames,  
Bore no inscription save their given names.  
If weeping millions could but cast the eye  
Where Moraima and Almanzor lie,

No sculptured tablet need their virtues tell,  
For in each bosom will the record dwell.

The griefs that fill Grenada's troubled breast,  
That cloud her prospects and her dreams arrest,  
Gonzalvo's mind had wrought to painful fear,  
And checked the enterprise his soul held dear.  
The sad idea, that Zulema's mind  
Would on his brow the murderer's stigma bind,  
The fear, that hate would so impress her heart  
That dearest sympathies would soon depart,  
Those fond endearments harbored in her breast,  
That soothed his oft-distracted heart to rest,  
Filled with despair his overburdened soul,  
And prostrate reason lost its own control.  
An hundred projects now his mind involved,  
And fancy these as many times revolved.  
First to Grenada would he fearless go,  
His head present to his inveterate foe,  
Then to some desert would he exiled roam,  
And camp abandon, now no more his home ;  
And when one purpose had his mind employed,  
An intervention rose, and that destroyed ;  
Thus was the victim of love's potent sway  
To wild delirium an afflictive prey.  
Though deeply fraught with unrelenting grief,  
Confiding cares would offer no relief,  
He would not to his dearest friend disclose  
The wrecking tortures of his untold woes !  
Nor could he long conceal the latent strife  
That daily checked the current of his life ;

Dissimulation must with truth contend,  
And veil his sorrows from his well-tried friend.  
Gonzalvo's woes his manly strength exceed,  
The hero falters at his utmost need ;  
Shame, punishment, or death he 'd sooner wait  
Than see the budding of Zulema's hate ;  
And each and all would fearlessly outbrave,  
The roseate blushes of his love to save !

The olive still its peaceful streamers waved,  
In death's repose the hostile flags were graved ;  
O'er battle plains mild truce her charms displayed,  
The lance at rest, the sword in scabbard laid ;  
The echoing drum forgot its wonted roar,  
The fife was mute, the clarion blast was o'er,  
The tranquil hour a door of comfort opes,  
And through the vista wings his new-fledged hopes :  
Grenada's walls no barrier now would prove  
To the fierce burning of Gonzalvo's love !  
His ardent soul without a truce would dare  
The periled fiat of an entrance there.  
Hispania's hero, clothed in deep disguise,  
The argus optics of the guard defies ;  
A herald's garb the worthy chief conceals,  
To bleach'en staff his trusty sabre yields,  
Unarmed he moved, the whisperings of his heart  
Not e'en to Pedro would the chief impart,  
And ere the morn had oped her golden gates,  
Before Grenada's walls the hero waits !

The unwary sentinels on watch-tower placed,  
No distant outline of approach had traced,  
Yet saw beneath the massive portal frame,  
Those known habiliments which ingress claim :  
The ponderous bars yield soon to willing hands,  
And Spain's loved hero in Grenada stands !  
Since Mars usurped Grenada's peaceful plains,  
And Discord echoed her distempered strains,  
Since feuds within her civil borders reigned,  
And treason smiled, and vice walked unrestrained,  
The palace of the Albayzin was the close  
Where Mulei and his daughter sought repose !  
To this famed spot Gonzalvo bent his way,  
Bold in pursuit that brooked of no delay,  
And at the gate announced with loud acclaim  
His heraldship in Isabelle's fair name !  
“ Spain's royal queen has to Zulema sent  
A secret embassy of great portent,”  
He fearless said : the guard the herald eyes,  
And to each question quick the chief replies,  
Till his mild accents, frank and gentle air,  
The slight suspicions of the guard impair,  
And thoughts confiding chased unguarded fear,  
That evil lurked where souls seemed thus sincere !  
O'erpowered at length with these seductive arts,  
The wary sentinel the boon imparts,  
Attendant slaves the herald's will obey,  
And to the palace quickly wend their way !

With father's love Zulema still is blest,  
Yet mourned she still the sorrows of her breast,

Her royal honors offered no relief,  
Nor lulled the troubled waters of her grief ;  
Beneath her honored father's roof she dwelt,  
And sealed within her breast the woes she felt !  
**A messenger from royal Isabelle,**  
On her forebodings broke like funeral knell,  
Yet ere the marvel had her passion stayed,  
The fair Zulema had her toilet made.  
**A sable veil concealed her pallid face,**  
And broke the outline of Medicinal grace  
By nature sculptured, and where art inclines  
To push her rivalship in bold designs.  
With kind Amine, her ever-faithful slave,  
Who to her trembling frame all succor gave,  
She treads the court, the anxious herald meets,  
And in the audience-hall Spain's envoy greets !

Zulema mute, the herald choked with sighs,  
At length gave accent to his stifled cries !  
“ O thou,” he said, “ who hold’st the thread of fate,  
My joys to bind, or hopes to liberate ! ”  
“ That voice ! ” she cried, “ and dar’st thou thus to prove  
The mortal poison of Zulema’s love !  
Gonzalvo fly ! the hand of death is near  
To check the wretched murderer’s career ! ”  
“ Hold, dearest love ! this is the boon I crave,  
Here let thy hand direct this willing glaive !  
I seek but death ! I ask it at thy hand !  
And on my knees the deadly blow demand,  
For nought so horrible in death’s cold state  
As life, in chill of thy eternal hate !

Oh, loved Zulema, disabuse thy mind,  
Cease to engraft reproaches so unkind,  
This heart for perfidy needs not to atone,  
These hands are pure and bloodless as thy own !  
Deign to regard" — But here a tumult rose,  
Which brought this conference to a speedy close !  
Confusion, with her daring myriad trains,  
Had reared her standard on th' Albayzian plains,  
And Boabdil, within the palace walls,  
An hundred of his faithful Zegrис calls,  
Who, sword in hand, rush madly to relief,  
And bind with chains Hispania's honored chief !  
Gonzalvo mute, yet fearlessly withstood  
The fierce outbreakings of this troubled flood !  
Alone, unarmed, resistance here was vain  
'Gainst blood-stained menials in this tyrant's train !  
But now subdued, to fate he bends the knee,  
And waits his doom in Boabdil's decree !

Meantime Zulema, frantic in her fears,  
Shrieked sad forebodings to her father's ears,  
Who, wild in fright, sought out these dire alarms,  
And found Zulema midst the din of arms !  
The glowing passion of a father's rage  
Outstripped the cold infirmities of age,  
Out from the scabbard leaped his rapier bright,  
But recognition of this daring knight  
Retards the speed in which his fury rushed,  
Calms every nerve and terror's anguish hushed ;  
He viewed the chief, with heavy chains oppressed,  
While Boabdil the gathering crowd addressed :

"Behold," said he, "Grenada's mortal foe,  
Our country's scourge, the source of all her woe !  
In chains behold the fallen pride of Spain,  
The ruthless chieftain who thy sons has slain !  
Whose sword revengeful pierced Almanzor's breast,  
And in dark weeds thy widowed country dressed.  
Mulei, before thee stands Grenada's bane,  
The great Gonzalvo ! long the boast of Spain !  
This proud Cordovian, with some base design,  
Sought vile concealment in our holy shrine,  
And here the seeds of treason would have sown  
Had not my friends his villany made known !  
Two faithful Zegris, once to bondage brought,  
And long in chains near this proud tyrant wrought,  
Could; through these vile habiliments, retrace  
The well-known features of Gonzalvo's face !  
My victim now, my power shall understand,  
And rue the hour that brought him to my hand.  
Mulei, awake, before thee stands in view  
The proud Cordovian, who Almanzor slew !  
Beneath his power the Abencerrages quailed,  
And conquered fell, by his strong arm assailed !  
Support the horror which his presence brings,  
While nought but vengeance in thy bosom springs !  
Tomorrow shall this human pest expire,  
In expiation on the fagot pyre !  
His christian blood shall on the morrow lave  
The new-turned turf that mounds Almanzor's grave !  
But ere his body bend to this decree,  
To injured subjects' will shall he be free.

Let dire revenge no cruel torture spare  
Till limb from limb this haughty chief they tear ! ”  
He ceased. Zulema, trembling in her fears,  
In silence stood, her face suffused with tears,  
Gonzalvo on the tyrant fixed his eyes,  
While Mulei, tranquil, in his grief replies :  
“ O son,” he said, “ from cruelty refrain,  
On our escutcheon leave not this foul stain ;  
I would not choose to arrest Gonzalvo’s doom  
Who sent Almanzor to the cold dark tomb !  
Beware ! that while strict justice you pursue,  
The hand of mercy tempers what you do !  
In war’s dread privilege he claims the right,  
And you have now advantage to requite.  
But my eternal grief shall solaced lie  
If on Almanzor’s grave this wretch might die !  
Let this suffice, nor mercy’s throne profane,  
Since death but reach him, all things else are vain ! ”  
The words of Mulei, like the fleeting wind,  
Passed unregarded o’er the tyrant’s mind,  
He with his noble prisoner would depart,  
And joys unbounded filled each minion’s heart !  
Now double chains are on the captive pressed,  
And guards with halberds pointed at his breast,  
By Mulei led, a martial pomp display,  
And to the Alhambra thus they wend their way !  
Throughout Grenada’s streets commingled joys  
Burst forth in smiles, and war’s grim face destroys.  
Both old and young their avocations fly,  
And shouts triumphant echo to the sky !

The mirthful subjects soon forget their fear,  
The veteran soldier leaves his glittering spear,  
And untold numbers to his pathway sped  
To see the chief, so long Grenada's dread !

Beneath the palace is a dungeon placed,  
Which day's bright gleamings never yet have graced !  
Of solid brass its ponderous portals are,  
Whose loathsome creakings generate despair.  
Within, a pestilential vapor waits  
To gorge on those who pass its meshy grates !  
To this foul place was brave Gonzalvo sent  
Till fixed the measure of his punishment.  
Gonzalvo's noble soul was not subdued,  
His heart was mellowed by vicissitude ;  
The shade of death before his vision glides  
With ghastly horrors fleeting at its sides.  
Infernal tortures here disclose their art  
To stamp conviction on the coward heart !  
No faltering point Gonzalvo's courage knew,  
Death to his mind no frightful image drew.  
To leave his country an untarnished name  
And die a hero was his height of fame.  
But yet to die, while on Zulema's mind  
Gonzalvo's name with murder stands entwined !  
To die before his innocence is proved,  
Unseen of her his soul still holds beloved !  
Produces thoughts more awful than the grave,  
And paints a punishment he cannot brave.  
Her wretched fate, Zulema daily wept  
And viewed her griefs with eyes that seldom slept ;

With dread o'erwhelmed she stood, at times, aghast,  
As she retraced the wonders of the past !  
The danger which his daring soul defied,  
Thus rashly seeking his affianced bride,  
Rushed with such fury on her opening sense,  
As left no doubting of his innocence !  
But now immured, the seal of death impressed,  
No human effort can the doom arrest !  
Zulema mourns ; the iron hand of fate  
Had grasped its victim with untoward hate ;  
'T was not enough that prince Almanzor's life  
Should stand the forfeit of war's bitter strife.  
To be condemned to love's tormenting smart,  
Which filled unceasingly her troubled heart,  
From whose recess was impiously displaced  
The cherished image which its chambers graced.  
'T was not enough to suffer and conceal  
The outrageous homage of Alamar's zeal,  
But to these ills a thousand others spring,  
Which round her heart like clasping ivy cling.  
To see condemned, him whom her soul adored,  
That noble chief who, from the savage horde,  
In the dread peril of the midnight wave  
Unclasped their victim and new being gave !  
To see the golden halo of his fame  
Which lusted splendidly around his name,  
Now dim, amidst the misty clouds of death,  
Tarnished by calumny's pestiferous breath,  
From azure founts drew forth the pearly tide,  
And in the bitterness of heart she cried :

“ Shade of Almanzor, if a sister’s love  
Could call thee from that blest abode above,  
Thou wouldest oppose, against the human race  
The crime that loads thy country with disgrace !  
Thy outstretched arm would tyrant death dethrone,  
And twine Gonzalvo’s virtues with thine own.  
His death is mine, and when my soul forgets  
The unpaid balance of its thousand debts,  
Tyrants must care and vigilance enforce,  
To render useless my determined course.  
But while essaying to eradicate  
The acrimony of inveterate hate,  
Which though in smouldering action sometimes  
gleamed  
In that fell enemy thy heart esteemed,  
I would not e’en thy sacred shade offend,  
Nor duty violate, nor law transcend,  
Nor bond of consanguinity disjoin,  
Which binds so firmly thy dear soul with mine.  
Come, heavenly spirit, come, thy influence lend,  
And in this enterprise my zeal command ;  
Come, aid me in my wish, thou brother slain,  
To blight the bud of this my country’s stain ! ”

From this sad moment the distracted fair  
No counsel listened but from black despair  
She seeks the Alabez, their chief implores  
To send his troop to force the prison doors.  
But unsuccessful, quick again she flies,  
Till each embattled company she tries !

But efforts failed, the day its course had made,  
And hope seemed sinking in the gathering shade !  
But when o'er nature's silent vast domain  
Night had her sable outstretched mantle lain,  
The unwearied princess, bold in danger hies  
To the loathed dungeon where Gonzalvo lies ;  
Before the lonely sentinel she bends,  
Her grief unfolds, his tender heart commends.  
With love's soft blandishments the guard she greets,  
And entrance only for one moment treats ;  
The wayward guard this undue reverence spurns,  
And to the rugged path of duty turns.  
Undaunted yet, in loved Almanzor's name,  
She now demands, and boldly rests her claim ;  
Sends forth in tears the anguish of her soul,  
And moulds the plastic guard to her control.  
To pearly drops the marble heart gives way,  
And ponderous bars and rattling chains obey.  
With silent steps, midst horror's wildest gloom  
Zulema treads this animated tomb !  
A lamp she held, whose dim and flickering ray  
Seemed but a mocking index to her way ;  
A silver cup, with gold enamel dressed,  
Lay half concealed upon her swelling breast ;  
A silken veil hung o'er her pallid face,  
Which gave no longer charms for beauty's trace.  
Advancing yet, her heart o'erwhelmed with grief,  
She thus addressed the incarcerated chief :

“ I know, Gonzalvo, that a heart like thine  
Will ne'er approve this rash attempt of mine.

Thy sense of moral worth is too sincere  
E'en to expect Zulema would be here !  
If no incentive but ourselves to save  
From the dark chambers of the peaceful grave,  
Had here this wretched broken heart impelled,  
My virtue 'gainst the act would have rebelled.  
I could have left to perish in despair  
Him who would not a brother's life-blood spare.  
Yes, him whose vows were on love's tablet placed,  
Till base ingratitude the words effaced.  
But grateful recollections passed my mind  
When thou, Gonzalvo, wert to me most kind ;  
When thy bright sword from glittering scabbard flew,  
And saved me stainless from a hellish crew !  
And now, great chief, I must preserve thy name  
From foul opprobrium and lasting shame.  
Honor to thee is dearer far than love,  
Cruel thou art, but I'll no more reprove.  
The precious draught with which this cup is filled,  
Is liquid pure from deadliest drugs distilled.  
When I its pestilential power shall test,  
Take thou the cup, dear chief, and drink the rest !  
It is the only succor I can bring  
To ward the vengeance of a tyrant king.  
Not only sure thy death, but with its throes  
Outrage and torments will increase its woes !  
This vile disgrace escape, die now with me,  
And from the troubles of the world be free !  
Thy death will then Almanzor's spirit quell,  
And mine atone for loving thee too well ! ”

Zulema ceased, fatigued and sore oppressed,  
She drew the fatal chalice from her breast ;  
But ere her lips the liquid bane could taste,  
The frantic chief the potent drops displaced !  
As when the fury of the storm has past,  
And savage waves their foaming ire have cast,  
Mingle and mellow in the zephyr calm,  
'Till on one surface rests the peaceful charm ;  
So when the passions of the heart subside,  
And angry swells in peaceful currents glide,  
The course of pleasures in their floods improve,  
Sweet as the Eden of eternal love !  
The blast of passion in Zulema's breast,  
By mild reflection softened into rest,  
And brave Gonzalvo, joyous in his grief,  
Saw in her melting aspect much relief !  
" Fair princess," said the hero with a smile,  
" Most happy am I to converse awhile,  
And in the dismal confines of this cell,  
Absolve myself, and each foul charge repel !  
Let Boabdil exhaust his bitter ire,  
Confine with chains, and rack with tortures dire,  
To me these pangs shall all as pastimes prove  
Since thou art here acknowledging thy love !  
In this abode of infamy and shame  
Thou hast, Zulema, deigned to trust thy fame !  
While to thy mind conviction's stern decree  
Ordains Almanzor's murderer in me.  
O envied joy, involved in such a fate,  
Gonzalvo lives not in Zulema's hate !

Let tyranny his worst designs fulfil,  
And menials crouch and fawn to Boabdil,  
Since from thy feeling heart love sends a sigh,  
I'll bless Zulema, and contented die !  
But give no more that fatal error rest  
That long has domiciled within thy breast ;  
Cease to believe my hands imbued with stains  
From blood that circled in Almanzor's veins !  
I sought Almanzor in the fight, 't is true,  
By honor led, but more in faith to you ;  
And had we met in this determined strife,  
Without defence I should have rendered life !  
But your Numidian troops my steps delayed,  
And thus were hopes and expectations stayed !  
The army, drawn in battle's bold array,  
Had watched with eagle eye my coming way,  
Till hope effused her last and lingering beam,  
And honor's meed seemed lost in disesteem !  
But to preserve unstained the brightest gem  
That sparkled yet in glory's diadem,  
A hero, friend, a brother seized the gage  
And did for me the bloody combat wage !  
My arms and armor decked his manly frame,  
He stood the champion, but concealed his name !  
None skilled in arms could this brave knight excel,  
And by his arm thy loved Almanzor fell !”

“ Great God ! ” she cried, “ I bless thy holy name !  
Eternal praises shall my tongue proclaim

For this unbounded grace ! O heavenly power,  
Thanks for the favor of this precious hour !  
Shade of Almanzor ! let me not offend,  
If I one moment shall my grief suspend,  
In finding thus a privilege restored,  
Of loving still this chief so much adored !  
I doubt thee not Gonzalvo; but explain  
This high-wrought wonder that attacks my brain !  
Hard is thy fate, yet still I hope to find  
That Boabdil will to his foe be kind.  
I'll to my father, and his pity crave  
For him who snatched his daughter from the grave !  
To Ferdinand thy peril I 'll disclose,  
And call for vengeance on thy cruel foes !  
To save thy life will every effort make,  
And thee Gonzalvo never more forsake !  
If unsuccessful, then with thee to die,  
And in one tomb our buried loves shall lie !  
But ere the night of death our sight shall cloud,  
And we lie slumbering in the bleach'en shroud,  
I will but speak of that deep-rooted love  
Which yet I cherish, and which you approve !  
Of oaths that germ inviolate in heaven,  
From this poor heart in adoration given,  
Of words that far all magic power excel,  
That speak thee mine again in this loathed cell !  
And if this theme such joys to thee impart  
As the narration brings to this glad heart,  
The pangs of death will but ovations prove  
In the great victory of eternal love ! ”

Zulema ceased ; upon the floor she threw  
The silver cup, and to his arms she flew !  
The noble chief with gratitude impressed,  
Kissed her fair cheek and clasped her to his breast ;  
Adown his face the briny current rolled,  
And sobs and sighs the power of speech controlled !  
Soon as had passed this evanescent joy,  
Which for the moment beamed without alloy,  
Gonzalvo spoke, and in the flush of pride  
His whole career completely justified !  
But scarcely had he carried to the close  
The sad recital of his bitter woes,  
When suddenly was heard a distant sound,  
And quickly, wild, discordant notes abound !  
A thousand slaves through dark recesses grope,  
And the wide portals of the dungeon ope ;  
Midst torches' glare the fierce Alamar stood  
Panting and thirsting for his victim's blood !  
Zulema swooned amidst these dire alarms,  
And fell unconscious in Gonzalvo's arms !  
Silence ensued ; not e'en a whispering breath  
To designate mortality from death !

But soon fell fury on Alamar's face,  
Bursting to flame portrayed the villain trace !  
His ebon brow conjoined seemed pressed with ire,  
While underneath evolved bright globes of fire !  
Upon his lips the frightful foam arose,  
And writhed his body in convulsive throes !  
His stammering tongue at length to accent broke,  
And to Gonzalvo thus the savage spoke :

" Ha ! traitor ! slave ! dost thou insult me still ?  
Vile Christian dog ! I have thee at my will !  
Hell hath unchained thee, but to give me power  
To wreak my vengeance this propitious hour !  
I have great chief a punishment achieved,  
More dire than that Prometheus received !  
And while thy blood shall drop by drop consume,  
My heart shall glory in thy wretched doom,  
Although the hatred harbored in my breast  
May yet have found its consummated rest ! "

Gonzalvo's thoughts on his Zulema dwelt,  
Each writhing pang for her alone was felt !  
Alamar's insolence no passion moved,  
While to his breast he clasped the soul he loved.  
Alamar, flush with arrogance and pride,  
Could not withstand the flood of passion's tide,  
He bid his slaves the drooping fair one seize,  
And drag her from this cell of foul disease !  
From menace, now, the chief no more refrains,  
With giant hands he clasped his loosened chains,  
A mighty sweep, with fearless heart, he made,  
And in death's sleep the first assailant laid !  
With fearful odds the furious chief contends,  
But yields o'erpowered, and thus the contest ends !  
Alamar's mandate promptly is obeyed,  
And from the dungeon is the chief conveyed !  
Zulema shrieks, on her loved chief she calls,  
And at Alamar's feet she quickly falls !  
Implores his pity, begs to share the fate  
That may upon her dear Gonzalvo wait :

Alamar's heart, ne'er tint of pity felt,  
He thrust her from him as the fair one knelt,  
Bid his vile slaves her soft entreaties spurn,  
And guard her closely till his quick return !

Still hung unfurled the sable veil of night,  
And far the steeds which bring the morning light.  
Slumber in vain her peaceful couch had sought,  
And wild her dreamings to confusion wrought !  
E'en Boabdil to rash prognostics bends,  
And fancies foes in most devoted friends ;  
But rising clouds his fleeting spirits damp,  
A vile deserter from the Spanish camp  
To Boabdil the foe's intent made known  
Of an immediate action 'gainst his throne !  
That Spain alarmed, her chief again away,  
Unknown the cause of his mysterious stay,  
And much surprised while she on truce reposed,  
Grenada's gates to see abruptly closed !  
She fears the bond that Moslem honor seals,  
And to her arms and righteous cause appeals !

King Boabdil took counsel of his fears,  
And his forebodings pushed to Mulei's ears ;  
On him the king in confidence relies,  
And 't is decreed ere morn Gonzalvo dies !  
Alamar scarcely could the sentence wait,  
His soul replete with rage and jealous hate.  
Gonzalvo's fall to his desires give scope,  
A gleaming pillar to his clouded hope !

He sought the king, his royal will obtains  
To bind the Spanish chief in triple chains,  
And ere the dawn upon Almanzor's tomb  
With his own hand to execute the doom !  
Now Mulei Hassem, at the Alhambra gates,  
With troops in arms this noble victim waits ;  
And when at length the Spanish chief appeared,  
He shrinks from view of one he once revered !  
The guards approached and round the hero pressed,  
With sabres drawn and lances at their rest,  
While at their head, in hell-bred passion's sway,  
Stalked vile Alamar marshaling the way !

Grenada's eastern gate was not exposed  
To Spain's assault, and yet remained unclosed !  
Through this the path that leads to earth's last home,  
Where all in equal rank at last must come !  
In this dark house the brave Almanzor sleeps,  
And here Alamar with his victim creeps !  
The solemn train the threshold scarcely passed,  
When the shrill echo of the trumpet's blast  
On the mild breeze of budding morn arose,  
Wafting defiance to Hispania's foes !  
The thundering cannons speak with awful roar,  
And from their fiery mouths the red shot pour.  
The horrid din, the smoke, the tottering wall,  
The neighing steeds, the bugle's piercing call,  
The assailants' cries, the mingled screams of woe,  
Announce the coming of Grenada's foe !  
These shrieks to arms the vile Alamar heard,  
And saw at once his brightest hopes deferred !

To stay his course or instantly proceed,  
The savage monster had not yet decreed ;  
When midst this train, in plight foreboding ill,  
Appeared a messenger from Boabdil !  
“Grenada’s foe,” he said, “her walls invade,  
The king commands Alamar’s quickest aid.”  
Alamar, wild, with this unlooked-for stay,  
His passion’s impulse brooked of no delay,  
His sword he drew and at Gonzalvo flies,  
“Thus, then,” he said, “the hated miscreant dies !”  
The cautious guard encircle quick the foe,  
And Mulei’s arm prevents the avenging blow !  
“The murderer of my son I will not spare,  
Nor yet Alamar’s fell revenge impair ;  
It was decreed; that where Almanzor laid,  
This bloody expiation should be made !”  
Meantime increased the battle’s horrid roar,  
And clouds of smoke in rolling volumes soar,  
Through breachèn walls the flying missiles crash,  
Within night’s gloom the fiery beacons flash !  
Alamar, frantic at this sad event,  
And foiled completely in his vile intent,  
To Mulei leaves the object of his hate,  
And flies to aid the king within the gate !  
The battle raged, the battered walls give way,  
The trembling Moors are sinking in dismay ;  
Within the breach the brave Castilians sped,  
By valiant Cortez and Aguilar led :  
And Gusman’s troops, whose courage never failed,  
With Arragonians the ramparts scaled !

The fiery contest still with ardor raged,  
And sword to sword the gallant chiefs engaged !  
The Moslem king the threatening host defies,  
Through paths of danger resolutely flies,  
Till Cortez's sword around the monarch played,  
Danced at his sides and purpled its bright blade !  
Still with his foe the wounded king contends  
And periled life till rescued by his friends !  
The Almorades now early leave their post,  
And fly in crowds before the Spanish host.  
The Vanegars the coward mania take,  
And at his utmost need the king forsake !  
The famous Zegrис waver in their fears  
As brave Aguilar and his band appears !  
And through Grenada's ranks confusion ran,  
And left her impress on each Moslem clan !  
The Moors recede ! By Gusman's valiant band .  
The Moslem parapets are quickly manned !  
The catalans with ladders now advance,  
O'ertop the walls and through the breaches glance !  
Upon the glacis Ferdinand appears,  
Directs his troops and all their efforts cheers !  
The Moors depressed arē heartless and dismayed,  
And o'er the crescent stood the cross displayed !  
“Grenada yields !” is thundered to the skies,  
Grenada yields ! the echoing host replies.

Grenada's glory, scarcely on the wane,  
Ere to its full were filled its horns again !  
As moves the tempest in its unchecked speed,  
So flies Alamar to his country's need,

His reënkndled fury knew no bound,  
He met and struck Aguilar to the ground,  
With swiftest speed he seeks the Zegrís clan,  
Reanimates, and with them forms his van !  
The proud Castilians, with his force outflanks,  
And sends destruction through their scattered ranks !  
Upon their chiefs alone unscathed he flew,  
Uneda, Nugnes and Salinus slew !  
Though drenched with blood, though carnage checked  
their way,  
The Moslem troops a new-born zeal display !  
Castile's battalions now before them fly,  
And through the breach their scattered numbers hie !  
Grenada's troops, encouraged by success,  
Against their bold assailants hotly press,  
On their own walls and battlements they spring,  
And from their heights their foes in horror fling !  
From tower and turret deadly missiles glide,  
While rolls destruction her impetuous tide !  
This bloody fray had yet not reached its close,  
Nor had Alamar's vengeance found repose !  
Amidst this scene of carnage and of blood  
The catalans upon their ladders stood :  
His eye no sooner had the victims caught,  
Than execution met the awful thought !  
With madness fired the direful word was given,  
And from their holds these fragile steps were riven !  
Within the ditch the lifeless Spaniards lay,  
To sleep and moulder in this house of clay !  
And now again the silver crescent waves,  
Alamar's prowess still Grenada saves !

Again is heard a thundering shock of arms,  
Which much the king of Arragon alarms !  
A band of well-armed Moors, on flank and rear,  
Closely in contact with his troops appear ;  
The brave Castilians seem alone engaged,  
And furiously the bloody contest waged !  
This Moslem squadron, terrible and light,  
Contract, deploy, divide on left and right,  
And harassed thus, this force of old Castile  
On front and rear the Moslem prowess feel ;  
To stand this strife is to resolve to die,  
And in the choice the proud Castilians fly !  
The Spaniards, struck with terror at this sight,  
Saw no alternative but that of flight ;  
To Ferdinand's commands they move adverse,  
And for their new-made citadel disperse ;  
And in the vortex of their shameful fears  
Were drawn his Majesty and brave compeers.

To calm repose had sunk the battle fray,  
And o'er the plain unnumbered corses lay !  
The veteran band that had such havoc made,  
Upon the conquered field remained arrayed.  
The signal horn had passed its echoing strain,  
And to its note deployed this valiant train :  
Grenada's walls they reached with strength renewed,  
And halt before a grateful multitude !  
Their chief advanced, and doffed his golden crest,  
And thus Grenada's populace addressed :  
“ Friends,” cried the chief, “ behold this valiant band,  
Whom thy injustice banished from this land !

The Abencerrages, maugre thy decree,  
Have come this night to set your city free,  
With their best blood your very walls to dye,  
From which your baseness bid us ever fly !  
And should the foe again their strength impair,  
We will defend, but never enter there !  
By this bold enterprise you well may see  
What these our warriors would have done for thee,  
By Abenhammet led, their honored chief,  
Whose fame stands imaged in such bold relief !  
With him your king detested murder played,  
And to the stake condemned his loved Zoraide !  
These impious crimes we never will forget,  
Nor e'er absolve thee from this sinful debt ;  
Age after age shall chronicle in song  
This damning deed which to your names belong ;  
But for the outrage on ourselves, behold  
The bitter vengeance which our hearts enfold ! ”  
Thus spoke the chief ; the valiant squadron wheeled,  
With speed of coursers left the bloody field !  
Back to Carthame this band of brothers fly,  
To crown their brows with bays of victory !

The Spanish army, humbled in its pride,  
Vexed with defeat, within their ramparts glide !  
In honor's shroud, upon the purple plain  
Lay Gusman, Gomez and Aguilar, slain !  
Alamar's brilliant feat, the blow severe  
With which the Abencerrages forced their rear,  
The wounds of valiant Lara yet unhealed,  
The brave Gonzalvo absent from the field,

All seemed conjoined to accelerate their woes,  
And bring the contest to a speedy close !  
Their Majesties themselves were lost in grief,  
Their royal efforts promised no relief,  
Vain the attempt to urge another blow,  
With force enfeebled 'gainst a strengthened foe,  
Within their camp they sullenly sojourn  
Until their chief, Goncalvo, shall return ;  
Or Lara's wounds their rankling anguish yield,  
And he to health restored, can take the field.  
But this great chief, whom Isabelle believed  
In camp retained by wounds in fight received,  
Had from the army secretly retired  
To seek the friend his heart so much admired !

END OF NINTH BOOK.

**B O O K X.**

### THE ARGUMENT.

Lara seeks Gonzalvo. He wanders in the forest. An unexpected meeting. He learns the danger of Gonzalvo. He flies to the tomb of Almanzor. He finds Gonzalvo. Combat. He saves Gonzalvo. Both return to the army. Gonzalvo sent against Carthame. Detail of the expedition. The hero returns triumphant. He receives a note from Zulema. The last assault. Exploits of Gonzalvo. Taking of Grenada. Combat of Gonzalvo and Alamar. Zulema and her father delivered. Entrance of Isabelle. Marriage of Gonzalvo with Zulema.

## BOOK X.

---

IN sacred friendship Lara's heart was bound,  
And every trait of goodness there was found.  
Wounded and weak he garnered in his mind  
No thoughts but those which round Gonzalvo twined.  
Unknown to him the sojourn of his friend,  
Or dangers that his wandering steps attend ;  
For this true friend his heart was anguished more  
Than from the wounds his feeble body bore.  
Unstable health, the sunk and pallid cheek  
He disregards, his absent friend to seek.  
His steed caparisoned, his pleasure waits,  
But no expectant meed his heart elates,  
His nerveless arm no ponderous lance sustains,  
Nor coat of mail his sickly body chains.  
Defenceless quite, no sword or shield he counts,  
With tottering step his ready steed he mounts ;  
And with old Pedro starts, without delay,  
And for the neighboring forest wends his way,  
Where brave Gonzalvo, in his lonely round,  
The idol of his heart, Zulema, found !

Day veiled her face, and o'er the vast expanse  
The glittering stars their silver beamings glance,  
On flying steeds the couriers of the night  
Had passed meridian in their rapid flight,  
When near a steep and craggy mountain's base,  
The weary travellers found a resting place.  
Here limpid streams in roaring cascades play,  
Bound o'er the rocks, and dance in mounds of spray,  
And murmuring winds conjoin in plaintive note,  
As through the waving foliage they float;  
While bitter wailings from the night-birds ring,  
On rocks high perched, or vaulting on the wing.  
At this sequestered spot our trav'lers first  
Unreined their steeds, and slaked their parching thirst,  
Then for some cavern sought, or mossy bed,  
Where Lara might repose his drooping head.  
But Pedro's eye had ranged the mountain's height,  
And on the summit saw a feeble light,  
Whose flickering rays upon the verdure fell,  
And cast the outline of a hermit's cell;  
The joyful Pedro instantly disclosed  
This happy omen, and at once proposed  
The rugged path and steep ascent to wage,  
And seek refreshments at this hermitage!  
To Pedro's wishes Lara quickly bends,  
He mounts his steed, the toilsome way ascends,  
But soon a rough declivity impedes  
Their onward course, and drives them from their steeds!  
In Pedro's charge the affrighted coursers stay,  
While Lara still pursues the rugged way!

O'er rocks he creeps, through hollows deep he winds,  
 Till weary feet the happy summit finds ;  
 Here, midst the rocks, o'ershaded by the wood,  
 In lonely state a humble cottage stood ;  
 Around its sides the rippling currents flow,  
 And pour their treasures in the depths below.  
 A moss-clad stone before the door was placed,  
 And various plants, where hands of care were traced !  
 Within, a voice whose magic power enchains,  
 And spell-bound Lara listened to its strains.

Object of my tender care,  
 Lovely victim cease to weep ;  
 In thy griefs my heart shall share,  
 And long the sacred passion keep :  
 O live thou then, that I may live,  
 And hold this dear prerogative !

Often do your lips declare  
 The love your heart knows how to cherish,  
 Long will I thy sorrows bear,  
 Discarding thou the hope to perish.  
 O live thou then that I may live,  
 And hold this dear prerogative !

This voice was still, another much distressed,  
 In plaintive accents these soft words expressed :  
 "O more than friend, thy consolations cease,  
 They reach my heart, but bring no charms of peace.

Alone, alone, I'll bear these weighty woes  
That spring from sources death can only close ?  
The fountains of my tears will ne'er be dry  
Till death shall chill the current of supply.  
Content thyself, thy heart shall find relief  
In these great efforts to assuage my grief !  
Since sorrows have the joys of life o'erthrown,  
I've lived, dear Ines, but for thee alone !  
And till the last eventful prayer is made,  
When flits the spirit of thy loved Zoraide,  
My aspirations to the eternal throne  
Shall breathe of Lara's virtues and thine own !”  
At these last words the chief could hold no more,  
He softly pressed upon the half-oped door,  
In suppliant voice of accent mild and free  
Requested rights of hospitality !

Within this wretched hovel's dreary close  
Two friendless females silently repose.  
Surprise and fear upon these inmates fell  
At unaccustomed footsteps in the cell !  
Immediately they shrank, without reply,  
And to their inward recess quickly fly !  
But Lara's mild and urbane manner cheers,  
Checks their confusion, and restrains their fears ;  
At length, advancing slowly, one returns,  
Within her hand a lamp that dimly burns ;  
The light upon the stranger's face she cast,  
And with a shriek embraced and held him fast !

“ Is ’t you,” she said, and melting into tears,  
While her fond heart discarded all its fears ;  
“ Is’t you ? thank heaven ! that hope was not in vain,  
That sacred hope of seeing you again !  
From ignominious death the queen you saved,  
And on this heart the record stands engraved.  
O come, my queen ! come, banish ev’ry fear,  
The valiant Lara, thy defender’s here !”  
The astonished chieftain, by the lamp’s dim aid,  
Soon recognized the fallen queen, Zoraide !  
Her soft extended hand he gently pressed,  
But stayed the homage which her lips professed.  
In this bright moment of forgotten woes,  
While gratitude avows the debt she owes,  
Kind hospitality had spread her board.  
With various fruits of which her cell was stored.  
The joyful Ines here her task displayed,  
The bleachèn cloth her hands had nicely laid,  
The clustered grapes that on the mountains grew  
In wild luxuriance, decked in purple hue,  
The orange, figs, and dates of freshest cast,  
Formed but a modicum of this repast ;  
Fresh milk from goats that on the mountain played,  
And limpid water parching thirst allayed.

In wonder, mixed with pity’s deepest trait,  
Did Lara view Zoraide’s unhappy state ;  
Upon her face he glanced with cautious care,  
But found no more the first-drawn portrait there !  
No more are seen those peerless, brilliant eyes,  
Which matched the gems in clear cerulean skies ;

No longer beamed that smiling, charming face,  
Where centered once such dignity and grace !  
A lasting paleness now her brow pervades,  
And o'er her visage ennui cast her shades ;  
The tears that flow from fountains nearly dry  
Have quenched the fires that sparkled in her eye !  
And of herself is left no counterpart  
Except her love, her fond and virtuous heart !  
With agony of heart the chief surveyed  
The lowly domicile of queen Zoraide ! ♦  
Dilapidation softly here had crept,  
Long on its walls the mantling moss had slept ;  
Of straw its roof, with reeds and stubble joined,  
A feeble barrier to the rain and wind !  
From this sad picture Lara turned his eye,  
But strove in vain to check the inbred sigh !  
The gentle queen this deep emotion felt,  
And knew the theme on which reflection dwelt ;  
To ease a heart so visibly distressed,  
Zoraide in smiles the valiant chief addressed :  
“ This cell, dear chief, which calls forth your surprise,  
Is not the Alhambra which Grenadians prize ;  
And would to heaven this little plat of green  
Had been the only palace I had seen !  
When basest calumny had reached my name,  
It was thy valor which secured my fame !  
Then at Carthame I sought a peaceful home,  
Where cursed malignity might fear to come ;  
There with my friends, the Abencerrages race,  
I found assistance and protecting grace :

But yet I felt that grief increased its weight,  
And onward pressed a victim to its fate ;  
That the lone desert was the resting place  
To wait the coming of death's cold embrace !  
With this dear lovely girl I took to flight,  
And passed fatigued the dreary mountain's height.  
My wandering steps 'gainst efforts would contend,  
And towards Grenada furtively would bend ;  
With soul resolved, yet fearfully I sped,  
And reached the silent city of the dead,  
Where dear Almanzor in the flowery glade  
The last remains of Abenhammet laid !  
Here Ines traced each new-constructed mound,  
And that where Abenhammet sleeps was found !  
This for my heart was an event more dear,  
An incident more infinitely near  
Than was the coming with thy noble friends  
To save me from the tyrant's wily ends !  
From this lone cot, so dear to my sad heart,  
I have determined never to depart !  
The pleasing hope that Abenhammet's tomb  
Will quickly give this wasting body room,  
Oft to my thoughts affords a sweet employ,  
And penetrates my humble soul with joy !

“ But yet I fear that some malicious eye  
Our path may trace or solitude descry,  
Some recreant soul a purpose to fulfil,  
May drag me yet to impious Boabdil !  
But Ines has this peaceful dwelling chose  
And every kind and thoughtful care bestows ;

The fruits that garnish this uncultured land,  
(Our daily food) are gathered by her hand ;  
The plants and flowers that round the arbor grow,  
Bloom in the beams that her sweet smiles bestow ;  
Although on stubble bedded, calm her sleep,  
While on the leaves I lay me down and weep !  
And every night when darkness intercepts  
The cautious wending of my timid steps,  
I sadly seek my Abenhammet's grave,  
And with my tears its blooming flowerets lave ;  
Repeat those oaths that once to love were made,  
And which this heart has never yet betrayed ;  
To ask of God t' abridge my earthly stay,  
And take vitality from this dull clay !  
But weep not Lara ; check thy falling tears ;  
The God of heaven my supplication hears ;  
To my poor heart a quietude is given,  
That soon with him this soul will rest in heaven !  
It gives me joy to see thee once again,  
That my full heart may pour its grateful strain,  
And ask of thee, if e'er thy virtuous breast  
In woman's love e'er found a pillow'd rest ! ”  
“ Alas ! Zoraide,” the noble chief replies,  
“ T is not in love alone our pleasure lies ;  
Love is a grief that bids thy joys decline,  
While friendship poisons every source of mine !  
Gonzalvo, friend, a chief whose valiant name  
Throughout the world is echoed but with fame,  
My source of joy, of every thought the base,  
But now alas ! unknown his resting-place !

From boyhood's early date our hearts were joined,  
And wreaths of friendship always round them twined;  
In years matured we bore the battle toil,  
Marched side by side amidst the dire turmoil,  
One only soul pervades our mortal frames,  
And constitutes our being, end, and aims!  
But this great chief by me so much endeared,  
Has from the army strangely disappeared;  
And vague reports their fearful tidings bring  
That he is captive to Grenada's king!  
Though sore and feeble, suffering yet with pain,  
From this fatiguing quest I'll not refrain,  
Yet trembling, fear, lest love's disastrous sway  
Within Grenada's walls compels his stay!  
But thither shall these wasting spirits fly,  
To share his perils and with him to die!"

"Oh, heaven!" cried Ines, "this distracting pain  
That at thy story rushes o'er my brain!  
Some two hours since a passing shepherd said,  
‘This night bestow not offerings to the dead!  
Approach thou not this lonely plain of tears,  
Where sleep the gathered of a thousand years!  
Within its walls the tyrant's soldiers creep,  
And bring a victim to his deadly sleep!  
They will around Almanzor's tomb be drawn,  
And immolate, as peers the morning dawn,  
To Boabdil's perpetual disgrace,  
The greatest chieftain of the Christian race!'  
Thus far he said, then down the mountain side  
Precipitately moved with rapid stride!

May heaven avert what my sad fears portend,  
Or dies Gonzalvo ! Lara's honored friend ! ”

The tale of Ines scarcely reached its end,  
Ere stood the chief prepared to meet his friend !  
Pedro, the steeds had rescued from the dell,  
And Lara mounted, bid these friends farewell !  
An easy path, by Ines' hand portrayed,  
Led from the mountain to the silent glade ;  
Through this, famed Lara and old Pedro fled,  
Their living friend to seek among the dead !  
The eastern sky no token gave of day,  
And dark and dreary was the mountain way !  
But ere they reach the consecrated square,  
The eye of Lara met the torches' glare !  
Their flickering beams upon the foliage dance,  
And image forth the sabre and the lance !  
With speed of wind his noble courser ran,  
The portals passed, and dashed amidst the clan !  
And here, just heaven ! his heart with horror wanes !  
He found Gonzalvo bound in heavy chains !  
Upon Almanzor's tomb the victim lay,  
And bright drawn swords were ready to obey !  
Old Mulei's voice announced the dread behest,  
When Lara's cries the falling blows arrest !  
From off his steed the valiant Lara glides,  
Mantled with foam that bleached his courser's sides,  
Quick through the circled infidels he broke,  
And patiently to Mulei Hassem spoke.

"O wretched man!" he cried, "what hast thou done?  
Would'st thou revenge the death of thy dear son?  
This I approve, and thy revenge is free,  
But the atonement springs alone from me!  
Let not the glory of thy life's career  
By one eventful deed be tarnished here!  
Nor this blind fury of thy zeal dispense  
Its savage ire on humble innocence!  
This chief, whom thy impassioned heart would slay,  
Was not thy son's antagonist that day,  
When he between contending armies stood,  
And for his country gave his heart's best blood!  
'Twas I alone that stood before this foe,  
And this the arm that dealt the mortal blow!  
Gonzalvo's armor, heavy lance and shield,  
Gonzalvo's courser too, was on the field!  
But I the chieftain's arms and armor wore,  
And his the steed that me to battle bore:  
Before high heaven this act I will attest,  
Before Almanzor's manes, here at rest,  
Before this chain-bound honored chief of Spain,  
This solemn declaration I'll sustain!  
Gonzalvo absent, slander's tongue was rife,  
With coward fear to stain his glorious life!  
This happy chance I eagerly improved,  
From vile reproach to shield the friend I loved!  
The ready steed I strode of this brave knight,  
And in his name and armor stood the fight;  
Mulei! command Gonzalvo to be free,  
And let thy vengeance fall alone on me!

But ere thou tak'st revenge for thy dear son,  
Learn what for thee this injured chief has done !  
'T was he the heaps of slaughtered troops explored,  
And to thy arms Almanzor's corse restored !  
His was the arm that shielded thee in strife,  
When four at once, of Spaniards, sought thy life !  
His was the steed that bore thee from the fray,  
And his the sword that hewed for thee the way !  
Of this no more ! I have my crime announced,  
Now let thy judgment quickly be pronounced !"

"It is decreed !" Gonzalvo quick replies,  
"And on my head the condemnation lies !  
O patient Moors, be not by him abused !  
To save a friend he has himself accused !  
It was Gonzalvo that Almanzor sought,  
And I alone with that great chieftain fought ;  
Upon my head let dire revenge descend,  
But spare brave Lara, save my generous friend.  
Ah ! know you not his valor saved Zoraide,  
When round the stake the fagot-fire was made !  
Friends of the brave Abencerrages ! know  
'T was Lara's arm that laid the Zegrис low ;  
Render respect for his exalted name,  
Admire his virtues, venerate his fame :  
But give not credence to this false essay,  
To barter life for friendship's flickering ray ;  
Forgive, dear chief, forgive a brother's love,  
That must for once thy purposes disprove !"

At these bold words old Mulei stood aghast,  
His eyes on each alternately were cast,  
The Alabez their wandering senses blend,  
And start at words they cannot comprehend.  
At length to Lara they address their ire,  
And bid him from that sacred place retire.  
“ Never,” he said ; “ for instant doom I call,  
And on my head let execution fall ;  
Ah ! see you not that he desires to die,  
And for this boon will ev’ry truth deny ?  
Oh heed him not ; by honor of a knight,  
Alone I met Almanzor in the fight !  
If still you doubt, if your inveterate hate  
For this brave chief makes useless all I state,  
Then call to mind the combat of that day,  
Each witnessed there the long and bloody fray !  
Remember you the vanquisher remained  
Buried in dust, and with his own blood stained ;  
Approach, ye unbelievers ; mark these blows !  
See ! from these wounds the purple tide yet flows !  
This is the work of brave Almanzor’s brand,  
The testimonial of his skilful hand !  
Ye Moslem tribe, approach ! behold, and see  
The bloody proofs of my sad victory ! ”  
With this appeal he cast aside his vest,  
And to their gaze exposed his naked breast ;  
Quick from his wounds the bloody fillets fly,  
And on the ground the scattered fragments lie ;  
Then on his knees, almost deprived of breath,  
He begged of Mulei instantaneous death !

Gonzalvo frantic, yet would still contend  
The right of judgment with his feeble friend,  
In close embrace he held him to his heart,  
Impressed a kiss and begged him to depart !  
Barbarian hearts could not this scene withstand,  
Old Mulei wept, and would his troops disband ;  
For in this combat of fraternal love,  
With pity's trait each heart seemed interwove ;  
Their eyes were pearly as at these friends they  
glanced,  
And powerfully their sympathies advanced !  
Old Mulei read this counsel of their hearts,  
As consonant with that his own imparts !  
He bid the weak but valiant Lara rise,  
The galling chains from off Gonzalvo flies,  
With eyes in tears, a teeming heart distressed,  
He thus Gonzalvo and his friend addressed :  
“ No doubt remains, that in this mortal strife,  
By one of you Almanzor lost his life ;  
To which the guilt I would not care to know,  
Since I to one a precious life-debt owe.  
But I myself discharge from this great claim,  
And will to both a liberty proclaim !  
A freedom fraught with heavy ills, I fear,  
Sad for the country I so much revere :  
But from the tomb Almanzor's voice is heard,  
And his commands shall never be deferred.  
If this benevolence one ray imparts  
Of grateful feeling to your friendly hearts,  
Tremble, if e'er those ramparts you attack  
Where Mulei's blood your ruthless course shall track !

Here by the God my soul adores, I swear,  
Where e'er the breach, old Mulei will be there !  
Yes, he who life and freedom gives this day,  
Will meet you firmly in the breachen way ;  
And ne'er within the threshold shall ye tread,  
Except you trample o'er the honored dead !  
Thee, Lara ! him who set Gonzalvo free,  
Zulema's honored sire, Gonzalvo, thee !”  
And thus addressed he bid these friends adieu,  
And with the astonished Alabex withdrew.

Gonzalvo and his friend, with joy elate,  
Again embraced, and pondered o'er their fate.  
Old Pedro's joy was manifest in tears,  
His master's knees he clasped, his spirit cheers,  
He placed his courser at his master's need,  
And these true friends to Santa Fe proceed.  
What exultation through the army rings,  
What new vitality again upsprings ;  
Rekindled fire in every bosom beams,  
And joy's bright radiance on each visage gleams,  
As through the camp the murmuring soldiers learned  
That Lara and Gonzalvo had returned !  
Now intrepidity inspires each breast,  
Her magic wand restores each drooping crest ;  
Grenada's walls in imaged ruins lie,  
And frightened Moors to Afric's deserts fly !  
Each burning heart in conquest seeks relief,  
And only waits the mandate of the chief !  
This zeal renewed Gonzalvo much admired,  
And such marked confidence his soul inspired.

But deep the thoughts that on Zulema rest,  
Her periled course his love-bound heart distressed.  
He trembled, lest Alamar's wicked wile  
Might cloak his baseness and her heart beguile !  
And anxiously awaits the coming hour  
That brings this fiend detested to his power !  
But Mulei's threat to face him in the fight,  
Within the breach or on the rampart's height,  
To icy hardness his soft heart congeals,  
And his firm mind some doubts of conquest feels.

While Lara and his friend their projects trace,  
To draw Alamar from his hiding place,  
The king advanced, his ardent love expressed,  
And to these brother chiefs these words addressed :  
" Heroes beloved ! the pride and boast of Spain,  
I dare not of this wayward fate complain,  
Which checked each arm and paralyzed each blow,  
And in your absence conquest would forego !  
But this same fate a cruel purpose blends  
And separates anew the best-tried friends !  
Th' Abencerrages, masters of Carthame,  
Have to our camp sent terror and alarm !  
When Moslem pride to Spanish prowess bent,  
And Spanish banners crowned their battlement,  
When through their breachen walls our troops had  
flown,  
And hailed Grenada's city as their own,  
Out from Carthame this vet'ran phalanx wheeled,  
And drove our forces from a conquered field !  
Carthame must fall, ere we commence the blow

That verges to Grenada's overthrow !  
It is my wish, Gonzalvo, my decree,  
That this important movement rest with thee !  
For Lara's health we must not sacrifice,  
Nor place him with thee in this enterprise.  
Forth from my bands the choicest troops select,  
Against Carthame thy conquering force direct.  
Within six days let songs of triumph tell  
How fought Gonzalvo and how Carthame fell ! ”  
Gonzalvo felt renewed within his breast  
The passion which awhile had sunk to rest.  
The king's commands are readily obeyed,  
And preparation for th' assault is made !  
Gonzalvo's love was half inclined to chide,  
That from Grenada he must turn aside ;  
But here ambition fired his noble heart  
And from its dictates he would not depart !

Around Carthame such mountain rocks arose  
As bid defiance to assailing foes ;  
Success no hope advanced but in surprise,  
And on this chance Gonzalvo now relies !  
His bold designs for victory were laid,  
And from th' Asturian ranks his choice was made !  
Six thousand foot the gallant chief withdraws,  
With hearts undaunted in this glorious cause !  
A race unknown to luxury and ease,  
The hardy peasants of the Pyrenees,  
Who, upon rocks, whose peaks the clouds outrun,  
On frosty summits glittering in the sun,

O'er broad expanses of eternal snow,  
Where chrysolites and sparkling diamonds glow,  
Hold, from their infancy, one sole employ,  
To chase the eagle and the wild chamois !  
Their robes or vestments were from wolf skins made,  
And by a girdle to their bodies laid,  
From this wide belt hung various hooks of steel,  
And iron claws protruded from the heel.  
Their skilful hands a dart or javelin wield,  
And at each side the poniard rests concealed.  
Such were this active, strong and daring clan  
This chief required, to execute his plan !  
Penflor commands. The troop, with hearts elate,  
Rear high their flags, and for their chieftain wait.  
Soon on the field the noble chief appeared,  
With drooping Lara, whom in vain he cheered !  
Still were concealed th' emotions of his breast,  
And soft adieu were feelingly expressed ;  
With ardent gaze he pressed him to his heart,  
Waves forth his hand and bids the troop depart.

Just as the sun its western course had made,  
And dipped its beauties in the evening shade,  
Near proud Carthame, the veteran army stood,  
Concealed within the border of a wood;  
Here for a while the ardent troop repose,  
While moves Gonzalvo onward towards his foes !  
A neighboring hill the chief alone ascends :  
And reconnoitres for his wily ends !  
Upon a rock, whose lofty summit rose  
A barrier to Carthame's insidious foes,

A narrow path of rough and steep ascent,  
E'en to the portals of the city went ;  
Its rough-hewn steps o'er precipices wind,  
With broken cliffs and dark crowned gulfs combined !  
A furious torrent bounds upon its sides  
And at its base in silver currents glides.  
Its towering head seemed but a barrier given  
To bid defiance to the wrath of heaven !  
Gonzalvo long these frightful peaks surveyed,  
And viewed with wonder, nature's palisade.  
He thought his troops might climb this rugged steep,  
And saw no bar that courage might not leap ;  
Yet still this mountain range he closely eyed  
And marked the courses of their torrent tide,  
Which to the intervals enforced their way,  
And on a broader, smoother surface play.  
His quick perception traced their margin slopes  
As safer paths to his ascending hopes :  
Less hazardous these dark and devious ways  
Than rugged paths 'neath sentinels' wide gaze.  
Returning quickly, certain of success,  
To his bold warriors gave this brief address :  
" Noble descendants of that Christian race  
Who saved our country from a vile disgrace,  
Whose dwellings were but solitary cells  
In mountain caverns and in gloomy dells,  
Who without succor, save the God of heaven,  
And those stout hearts by him benignly given,  
Who with sincerity that power invoked  
From Moslem thrall, Iberia unyoked !

With you remains the enviable blow,  
The honor to exterminate the foe !  
Your country for your greatest efforts calls,  
Carthame must yield ere proud Grenada falls !  
In this bold project for eternal fame  
I rest my hope in the Asturian name,  
The world thy deeds in blazonry review,  
And this last daring shall thy fame renew ;  
While the whole universe again shall see,  
For all her triumphs Spain 's in debt to thee !  
You see before you rocks on rocks displayed  
Until their summits in the clouds are laid ;  
Those frightful cliffs, those bold and craggy heights,  
Where scarce the eagle in its course alights !  
That point, my faithful warriors, once attained,  
Thy country triumphs in the victory gained !  
One moiety of our strength by Penflor led,  
Must the steep ravines of this mountain tread ;  
When at the summit let the beacon fires  
Announce the attainment of your soul's desires !  
Let every sling be charged without delay,\*  
And wait my signal for the coming fray ! ”

Gonzalvo ceased. The bold Asturians mock  
This periled way and swear to gain the rock ;  
And every breast with patriot ardor fired,  
For this bold contest earnestly aspire !

\* The Asturians carried slings with which they threw at considerable distances stones of immense weight.

Our matchless chief his projects now unsealed,  
And to brave Penflor all his plans revealed ;  
The torrent's course was faithfully portrayed,  
The margin way and devious paths displayed,  
Each movement planned, each duty well defined,  
And to the noble chief the work assigned !  
Three thousand men of those the most adroit,  
The gallant Penflor chose for this exploit,  
And when the sun its western beams had veiled,  
And darkness o'er this mundane sphere prevailed,  
The valiant Penflor, with his chosen friends,  
The rocky barriers of Carthame ascends !  
This night, and next succeeding day had closed,  
And no conflicting ills had interposed ;  
Gonzalvo's troops found rest in slumber's charm,  
And in bright dreamings subjugate Carthame !  
Upon an eminence, the second night  
Our anxious hero watched for beacon light ;  
O'er Carthame's rocky bound he eyed in vain,  
No conquering hands that tranquil spot profane !  
The brilliant moon dispensed its beams e'enwhile  
And lit the heavens with its illumined smile ;  
Yet nought appeared to joy the hero's breast  
Or give his doubts and sad suspicions rest !  
At length upon the gray-clad eastern sky,  
A corruscation marked the morning nigh,  
And with its feeble ray, from Penflor came  
The glowing pillar of his beacon flame !  
Gonzalvo shouts ! The trumpet's note alarms !  
His faithful troop are instantly in arms ;

The quick-formed lines march on without delay,  
And at their head Gonzalvo leads the way !  
The bold Asturians reach the torrent's tide,  
Plunge in the stream, and gain the opposing side ;  
Up rocky steeps, undaunted still they fly,  
And at the battlements the foe defy !  
The Abencerrages saw with much surprise,  
The intrepid daring of this enterprise ;  
They flew to arms ! the towers and ramparts manned,  
And thus equipped, their proud opponents scanned.  
From their drawn bows a cloud of arrows fly,  
Darken the air, and harmless round them lie !  
The chief advanced ! upon a plat he stood,  
Where grew the olive and its clustered wood ;  
A branch he plucked, and gently o'er his head,  
Most courteously the peaceful emblem spread ;  
Though mild in speech, all etiquette foregoes,  
And asks a parley with the astonished foes !

The gallant Zeir instantly ordained  
The arrows quivered, and a truce proclaimed !  
The massive gates their bars and bolts upyield,  
And on their creaking pivots slowly wheeled !  
The valiant Omar o'er the threshold hies,  
And with his band adown the steep he flies ;  
With haughty mien, the unknown chief he eyed,  
Until at length Gonzalvo's traits he spied.  
Surprised he stood, and balanced in his mind  
If this bold effort was in peace designed !

" Approach, great chief!" the brave Gonzalvo cried,  
" I know thy courage and thy country's pride !  
I have not come to throw the battle gage ;  
The dictates of my heart no war would wage !  
But I have come in Ferdinand's great name  
To offer peace — a peace to gild thy fame !  
In which the brave Abencerrages tribe  
The sole conditions may themselves prescribe !"  
Gonzalvo ceased ! And thus brave Omar spoke :  
" The Abencerrages wish no foreign yoke !  
Carthame's pure glory owns no darkling stain,  
Nor courts she now confederacy with Spain !  
Grenada's walls may totter to their base,  
Yield to thy prowess, and the dust embrace ;  
Our walls of rock admit no hostile clan,  
Our towering ramparts mock the power of man !  
On nature's firmest barriers we rely,  
And thee, the king, and army, we defy !  
Behold where rests the liberty we prize,  
Encased in ramparts reaching to the skies !  
See ! adamantine hills their peaks uprear,  
And smile on man's impetuous career !  
Give warriors wings, then may thy haughty pride  
Carthame's great bulwarks and her power deride ! "

The chief replied. " No wings my warriors need,  
Their buoyant hearts no walls of thine impede ;  
Already on the summit of your tower  
Three thousand bold Asturians mock thy power ;  
Charged are their slings with weapons of defence,  
Which thine own armories liberally dispense !

O'er thy fair town a cloud of horror spreads,  
To shower destruction on your haughty heads !  
Those well-piled rocks will at my signal fall,  
And Carthame's strength shall Carthame's sons enthralled;  
Carthame must deeply in her ruins lie,  
Or instantly this treaty ratify ! "

The astonished Omar, as he raised his eyes,  
Stood motionless with wonder and surprise !  
His rocky citadels had given place  
To those brave warriors of the mountain race !  
Delusion's spell had every sense employed,  
Till sad reality the charm destroyed !  
Then lofty pride to stern ambition bends,  
And Omar begs a parley with his friends !  
Hispania's chief most courteously complies,  
And Omar quickly to his compeers flies !  
The brazen trumpet echoes forth its note,  
And stands deserted bastion, tower and moat !  
Not e'en was heard a murmur of despair,  
To break the death-like stillness reigning there !  
Our chief, impatient at this marked delay,  
Bid sound the trump, and onward moved his way,  
When instantly Carthame unbars her gates,  
And humbly for Gonzalvo's mandate waits !  
Osman and Veliid, Omar and brave Zier,  
Her honored chiefs, immediately appear ;  
Unarmed they come, unconscious of disgrace,  
With hero's blushes mantled on each face !

Slow in their steps, but dignified and calm,  
They stand before the victor of Carthame !  
Zeir, the chief, the thoughts of each expressed,  
And in these words Hispania's chief addressed :

“ Thou hast, great chief, this day Carthame subdued,  
And meet we calmly this vicissitude !  
We should have died, ere humbled to this state,  
If wives and children could have shunned our fate !  
But we to nature's strongest ties must yield,  
And to the bright ascendant grant the field !  
Surrendering thus Carthame, we but implore  
That thou wilt freedom to her sons restore.  
Let that religion which our fathers gave  
Still be the fount where we our souls may lave !  
Let peace display her blessings through the land,  
That we relinquish now to Ferdinand,  
And at this price we'll faithful subjects prove,  
And pledge our faith in Ferdinand's true love ! ”

The gallant chief extends the friendly hand,  
At once accords e'en more than they demand !  
The Abencerrages are with honors crowned,  
In prodigality the gifts abound !  
Wealth's glittering bane in various channels flows,  
And turns to bosom friends inveterate foes !  
O'er this new conquest Penlor held the sway,  
Mild in his rule, but just in duty's way,  
With him remained the bold Asturian clan,  
To guard the city and its walls to man !

Our matchless chief, with victory inspired,  
From Carthame's peaceful city soon retired,  
And with the brave Abencerrages wends  
With anxious heart to meet expecting friends ;  
Carthame's defeat, though rapid in its spread,  
Had not outstripped the valiant victor's tread ;  
He stood himself the herald of his fame,  
Midst shouts of triumph to his honored name.  
The happy Ferdinand, the joyful queen,  
Among the assembled multitude are seen ;  
The Abencerrages, are as friends received,  
And from their dread captivity relieved !  
Joys unrestrained dance through the blithsome maze,  
And pæans rise to great Gonzalvo's praise !  
While through the camp these mirthful off'rings rise,  
Their echoes wending to the answering skies,  
While Ferdinand withdraws his kingly reign,  
And with his subjects mingles on the plain,  
A messenger to brave Gonzalvo sent,  
Brings secret embassy of sad portent.  
An arrow in his trembling hand he bore,  
Superbly plumed, but maculate with gore.  
Beneath its wing a written message came,  
With superscription of Gonzalvo's name !  
This from Grenada's city had been thrown,  
And passed her stony barriers unknown.  
The anxious chief the secret note beholds,  
His trembling hand the pearly sheet unfolds,  
And horror's touch at ev'ry fibre played  
As he in haste these sad contents surveyed :

“ The happy moment of my death draws near,  
Since proud Alamar grants the boon so dear,  
Death’s pallid shroud, or Hymen’s golden dress,  
Are proffered garments of his tenderness !  
If my demise could check the tyrant’s hate,  
Or one kind feeling in his heart create,  
Earth’s dearest joys I would at once forego,  
Nor thus implore my country’s deadly foe !  
But in his breast ungoverned passion reigns,  
My father droops in ignominious chains,  
And for thy rescue from the jaws of death  
Drinks deep the venom of the dungeon’s breath !  
Enchained by duty, with my sire I dwell  
In the dark chambers of his loathsome cell.  
Come, then, Gonzalvo, to a father’s aid,  
Let his fell vengeance be no more delayed,  
Thy recompense my heart can never prove,  
For that long since was thine in bounden love.  
Save but my father from this tyrant’s power,  
And thine am I, Gonzalvo, from that hour ! ”

O’erwhelmed with grief, convulsed, and deadly pale,  
Our chief again perused the doleful tale ;  
Upon his face spring traits of wild despair,  
And thoughts of deep revenge seemed seated there.  
The anxious queen these strong emotions viewed,  
And would their risings quell with promptitude.  
“ Great chief,” she said, “ why on that laureled brow  
Those gathering clouds of discontent allow ?  
What woes have centered in thy generous heart,  
Which its deep chambers cannot here impart ?

Unfold the cause that weds thy soul with grief,  
And from thy queen command the wished relief ! ”  
“ The assault ! ” he cried, “ the last eventful stake  
That shall Grenada from her centre shake ;  
That from her throne the impious king shall hurl,  
Her war-blast silence and her banners furl ;  
That to the base shall her proud ramparts raze,  
Lay waste her fanes and make her altars blaze ;  
That shall indignant heaven’s revenge forelay,  
And give me power Alamar’s crimes to stay !  
The assault ! my liege ! the assault ! now let the  
note

Of preparation on the mild air float ;  
My brightest hopes in this will be attained,  
The sweet reward of all my efforts gained ! ”  
“ Be thou content ! ” the joyful monarch cried,  
“ Thy arm shall check Grenada’s towering pride.  
To-morrow’s sun shall see her glory fade,  
Nor tower nor turret left to cast its shade !  
These vile barbarians shall receive from you  
That fell revenge so long their country’s due ;  
Inflame my troops but with thy bosom’s fire,  
And thy success shall equal thy desire ! ”  
The Spanish chiefs assembled were in haste,  
And plans for conquest instantly were traced.  
Gonzalvo’s fires had warmed each soldier’s breast,  
And all for glory’s meed intensely pressed.

And now arrayed upon the verdant lawn  
Stood Spain’s best troops in two divisions drawn,

Their well-traced charts each evolution told,  
And lines and features of the attack unfold ;  
Two secret mines long since with care surcharged  
With war's dread thunders, wait to be discharged ;  
Beneath Grenada's strongest towers they sleep,  
Where faithful sentinels their vigils keep ;  
These slumbering fires wait but the enkindling blast  
To burst their cerements and their burdens cast,  
And midst the ruins of this awful blow  
Shall Ferdinand's illumined halo glow !

Distinctive columns marked distinctive clans,  
First stood the bold undaunted Catalans ;  
Belereans brave in columns next appear,  
And Arragonians constitute the rear.  
The king himself this grand division claims,  
For chiefs young Cortez and brave Lara names !  
To this selection of the Spanish line  
Will Ferdinand the right assault assign ;  
And to the chief, the hero of our song,  
The great Gonzalvo, will the left belong.  
This mighty chief, immortal in renown,  
The pride of Spain, the jewel of her crown,  
Is now about to renovate his name,  
And add new lustre to his brilliant fame !  
The sage Midena is his bold compeer,  
Prudent in action, skilled in war's career,  
For these distinguished warriors yet remain  
The second corps, the grand elite of Spain !

The brave Castilians, first in this command,  
The war-worn veterans, skilled in lance and brand,  
Leonians next their unfurled flags display,  
And rush undaunted to this horrid fray ;  
And Andalusians, fired with patriot zeal,  
Their arms with iron nerved, their hearts with steel ;  
Fierce for the contest round these chiefs they fly,  
And war's unnumbered perils all defy.  
Thus stood Hispania, decked in war's array,  
Waiting the coming of the eventful day.

The saffron morn its opening bud displays,  
And from its petals burst the silver rays ;  
O'er grey-streaked paths Aurora's coursers fly,  
Her golden chariot skips along the sky,  
Till her soft beams in gilded flashes play,  
And usher forth a consecrated day,  
When Christianity extends her reign  
Throughout the vast expanded bound of Spain ;  
When her true faith shall mar the Moslem creed,  
And infidelity's bold strides impede,  
When, on the ruins of her mosques shall rise  
The christian temples, towering to the skies ;  
A day when Spain shall triumph in her cause,  
And Moslem rule submit to Spanish laws !

But long ere day had peeped upon the earth,  
Gonzalvo's eyes had watched its glorious birth,  
And from a sleepless, feverish bed he rose,  
The first in arms, and ready for the foes ;

With cheerful smiles compatriots he  
Unfinished mandates instantly comple  
Flush was the hope that nestled in hi  
And on his mind bright expectations  
He goes his country's honor to sustai  
To tear Zulema from the tyrant's ch  
A vile, detested rival to displace,  
A stigma even to the Moslem race !  
Love, duty, vengeance intercept his p  
And each emotion stimulates his wr  
The busy hum of war's discordant no  
Still on the breathings of the morning  
The Arragonians to their lines had sp  
And Ferdinand, already at their head  
Saw preparation, on its fleetest wing,  
At every point within its circuit spr  
Midena promptly flourished at his po  
Again reviewed his well-conditioned  
While Lara, silently, his ranks surve  
And marked with joy the order there

The Moslem troops upon their ram  
With bows distent and arrows plumed  
On tower and wall Grenada's banners  
To float in glory or to shroud her gra  
But Boabdil, within th' Alhambra pe  
From wounds enfeebled and with car  
To prince Alamar yields his royal sta  
And bends submissive to the hand of  
The fierce Alamar, with his iron mac  
In armor clad, proceeds from place to

The last assault instructive lessons brought,  
Which paint the dangers with which this is fraught !  
Upon their ramparts massive rocks they bring,  
And various missiles at the foe to fling ;  
With boiling oil ignited caldrons glare,  
With burning pitch the iron vases flare,  
And no resource which rage or terror planned  
Was left neglected at Alamar's hand : .  
The Daro from its banks was turned aside,  
And through the ditches flowed its silver tide,  
Till that famed spot of Moslem pride and power  
Seemed one gigantic, isolated tower !

The monarch saw, with much surprise and dread,  
This water-barrier round the city spread ;  
To counteract this unexpected feat,  
And this bright project of the foe defeat,  
Two corps of cavalry were quick detached,  
And to the forest instantly despatched.  
The verdant trees by zealous troops were felled,  
With withes were interlaced and firmly held ;  
By horse and foot these well-constructed floats  
On rollers drawn, were launched upon the moats !  
With tranquil steps the Spanish troop advance,  
Their banners furled, at rest each sword and lance,  
Till near the glacis of the foe they halt,  
And wait the signal for the last assault !  
The echoing hum of footsteps scarcely passed,  
Scarce were the troops in grand divisions classed,  
When suddenly tremendous thunders crash,  
And through the air the vivid lightnings flash,

Dense clouds of smoke in rolling volumes rise,  
And showers of rubbish opacate the skies !  
The mountains tremble to their deepest base,  
The heaving earth forgets its wonted place !  
Huge rocks seem winged, as from their beds they  
stray,  
And bound terrific through the concave way !  
While awful shrieks and agonizing wails  
Resound in echoes from the distant vales ;  
But who can image to the mind's bright eye  
The horrid scenes that in concealment lie !  
Who can conceive the depth of untold woes  
That one short moment o'er Grenada throws !  
The opaque clouds that o'er the city lay,  
And veiled the horrors from the light of day,  
Had now aside their murky shadows cast  
And thus revealed the mischief of the blast !  
Those sleeping engines of destructive powers,  
Which buried were beneath Grenada's towers,  
In waking vigor had their cerements burst,  
And razed those mighty barriers to the dust !

And now was seen destruction's cruel trains,  
Here mangled corses strewed the bloody plains ;  
There, crimson streams in increased currents flow,  
And every turn portrayed its scenes of woe !  
Dissevered limbs float on the glassy tide,  
And leave their courses on the surface dyed !  
While fell despair o'er heaps of victims flies,  
And rends the welkin with her hideous cries !

The solemn signal for the last attack,  
From Moslem wall had sent its echoes back,  
When brave Gonzalvo, with a horrid screech,  
Bounds on the moat and stands before the breach !  
The proud Castilians, fleet as arrows move,  
And well sustain the chief they fear and love.  
The Almorades by valiant Abad led,  
Before the battered walls their force they spread,  
With sword in hand the contest well withstood,  
While through their close platoons ran streams of blood !  
The fierce Castilians on the breach still press,  
Ardent in hope, delirious in success,  
Till Abad's troops, discomfited, give way,  
And yield to Spain's immortal chief the day !  
Gonzalvo quickly to the rampart springs,  
And from the walls the Moslem banner flings ;  
O'er heaps of slain he flies, the turrets gain,  
And there implants the royal flag of Spain !  
Meantime Alamar with the foe contends,  
And with success the other breach defends,  
Here Cortez with his valiant band had flown,  
Rashly contended, and was overthrown !  
And valiant Lara, in his first essay,  
Stood counterchecked and whelmed with sad dismay !  
And twice repulsed had been the king of Spain,  
With half his forces slaughtered on the plain !  
This happy omen to Alamar's hope,  
And dark, nefarious schemes gave ample scope ;  
This dawn of conquest lighted up a smile  
That for a moment only could beguile !

For raising quickly his dark, flashing eye,  
On Moslem walls he saw Spain's banner fly !  
And suddenly, on his astonished ear,  
Burst the full chorus of triumphant cheer !  
On wings of wind the echoing pœans came,  
In glad ascriptions to Gonzalvo's name !  
At this event his frenzied soul took fire,  
His flashing eyes denote ungoverned ire ;  
With his dread mace the unconscious ground he smites,  
Till passion paralyzed, no more incites !  
As reason's soothing qualities returned,  
Ambition's fire again his bosom burned ;  
His eyes ferocious, on the Zegrис rest,  
And to their chief these orders he addressed :  
“ O valiant Moaz, on this spot remain,  
And with thy life this station still sustain !  
Sooner in death leave record of thy fame  
Than live to see thy monument of shame !  
With these brave Alabéz I'll thither go,  
And from the battlements dislodge the foe ! ”  
Thus spoke Alamar, while this valiant band,  
Eager for glory, wait their chief's command :  
Alamar's fury brooked of no delay,  
And instantly his troops were on their way.

Meantime Gonzalvo, with success elate,  
Resolved at once to learn Zulema's fate,  
And ere the notes of triumph reached his ear  
Was onward moving in his mad career ;

But strenuous duty intercepts his path,  
And thoughts of love are merged in acts of wrath !  
For yet the fierce and bloody warfare waged,  
And in the contest Lara was engaged :  
Unknown to him the peril of his friend,  
And to his succor all his efforts tend !  
The gallant chief again his fire renewes,  
With brave Leonians the strife pursues,  
With hurried steps he marched along the walls,  
And loud and oft upon Alamar calls,  
Stamps with derision his unhallowed name,  
And holds in scorn his evanescent fame !

Long ere the eye held recognition clear,  
Gonzalvo's voice had reached Alamar's ear !  
Alamar, quickly in responsive strain  
Sends back the bold defiances again !  
Still they approach, these hostile forces near,  
But far advanced the rival chiefs appear ;  
Rage nerved each heart, and hate her embers fanned,  
Till on the rampart face to face they stand !  
Who can portray the grim and savage ire,  
That on Alamar's visage cast its fire !  
Or who depict the blind and furious rage  
With which these foes implacable engage !  
Thirst for revenge was in their hearts so rife,  
As left no inklings for a future life ;  
No thoughts of death their fearless souls unmanned,  
But mute and firm as sculptured blocks they stand !  
Now high in air Alamar's mace was raised,  
And on its side Gonzalvo's weapon blazed !

Blow followed blow with such determined will,  
As left no indice of superior skill ;  
At length a blow, that studied skill o'erwhelmed,  
Left brave Gonzalvo instantly unhelmed !  
While to the ground his broken casque descends :  
Gonzalvo back the blow responsive sends,  
And each exhausted, cease awhile from strife,  
While from their fountains burst the streams of life !  
The reeling Spaniard views his fallen crest,  
And on his knees the African seeks rest !  
At length his cimeter Alamar draws,  
And thus again commenced the bloody cause !  
More near Gonzalvo to his rival springs,  
With force redoubled his bright weapon flings !  
From tempered blades the golden sparks arise,  
And on the walls their scattered armor lies !  
Bloody and fierce the contest is renewed,  
Though falter both, yet neither stands subdued !

The awe-struck troops beheld with silent griefs  
The deadly strife of their distinguished chiefs,  
Although with their inhuman acts dismayed,  
At intervention neither force essayed !  
Despoiled of armor, and of arms bereft,  
No other weapon, save the sword, was left !  
With increased ardor, though fatigued and wan,  
These ireful knights their bloody contest ran !  
The Spaniard every exigency meets,  
Compelled, the wearied African retreats,  
Till on the rampart's awful brink he stood,  
And saw beneath the silver-mirrored flood ;

Hope seemed extinguished, and retreat was vain,  
And fell distraction seized his frenzied brain,  
As his dark eye receded from the moat,  
With savage ire he grasped Gonzalvo's throat,  
And round his manly limbs so laced his own  
That his antagonist was overthrown !  
Upon the ground these ruthless chieftains lay,  
And still the venom of their hearts display !  
Alamar's grasp to suffocation tends,  
And in its hold Gonzalvo's prospect ends ;  
But as the feeble ray renews its fires  
E'en as the last and flickering beam expires,  
So here Gonzalvo in the periled hour  
Sends forth the germ of renovated power !  
To giant strength Alamar yields his grasp,  
And frees Gonzalvo from his deadly clasp !  
The Spaniard takes from vantage time no rest,  
But still upon his prostrate champion pressed,  
With savage gripe he seized the struggling knight,  
And would have hurled him from the rampart's height ;  
But so tenacious was Alamar's close,  
So intertwined and corporate these foes,  
So great the impetus of passion's sway,  
That no abiding judgment checked its way,  
And onward still the giddy chieftains whirled,  
And both together in the moat were hurled !  
The crimson bubbles o'er their bodies play,  
And circling ripples sweep their frets away,  
Till each extending ring in silence glides,  
And in the dark blue fount its feature hides ;

And now again the troubled waters rose,  
Again in arms emerged the well-laved foes ;  
With their left hands they lash the infant waves,  
While with their right they elevate their glaves ;  
Again the fight their polished blades renew,  
Till each were coated with a crimson hue !  
Thus long and fierce the bloody contest held,  
Till nature sinking, left each passion quelled !  
Alamar's sword no more his will enforced,  
Nor longer on this awful theme discoursed ;  
His faltering arm refused to guard the blow,  
That brought mortality from his great foe ;  
Exhausted, hopeless, proud Alamar quailed !  
Encouraged now, Gonzalvo still assailed,  
Till the grand fosse was circummured with gore,  
And vile Alamar sank to rise no more ! .  
Though weak, Gonzalvo had the bank regained,  
And to the breach his valiant troop were trained,  
His vivid ardor all restraint defies,  
He seeks the dungeon where Zulema lies !  
The heavy gates upon their hinges creak,  
The torches' glare Zulema's woes bespeak !  
Within her arms was Mulei Hassem pressed,  
His head reclining on her throbbing breast !  
And thus for death's thrice-welcome shaft prepared,  
No new emotion in this tumult shared !  
The happy chief with heart surcharged with glee,  
In raptures cried, " Zulema, thou art free !  
Alamar's spirit from this world has fled,  
And cold he sleeps within a watery bed !

Thou art revenged my love ! and I this day  
The record of thy woes will wipe away !  
And now respected Mulei, unto you  
A debt of deepest gratitude is due ;  
I owe to thee the current of these veins  
Which now this feeble, humble frame sustains !  
Pardon the griefs that on thy hoary head  
Prescribed by duty my exploits have spread !  
I have with zeal my king and country served,  
And from my loyalty have never swerved !  
To them I stand acquitted ! not to thee ;  
I'll meet the fate promulgated by thy decree !  
But wilt thou to the king due homage give,  
And at his royal court in friendship live,  
If majesty will graciously renew  
The meed of honor to thy merits due ?  
Or from the city wilt thou captive fly,  
And in a more congenial climate die ?  
This I will do to meliorate thy grief,  
And bring to thy distracted heart relief !  
I'll follow thee, the most submissive slave,  
And every danger of thy life outbrave,  
My golden wreaths, and laureled crowns discard,  
To obtain one token of thy fond regard ! ”

Old Mulei listened, but no passing word  
Forth from his parched and quivering lips was heard !  
His eye to heaven he bends, and from his soul  
Deep accusations 'gainst Gonzalvo roll !  
The scalding tears from their full fountains gush,  
Adown his furrowed cheeks in torrents rush !

At length was heard the deep disburdening sigh,  
And his great soul submits to destiny !  
His weeping daughter to his heart he clasped,  
And feelingly Gonzalvo's hand he grasped !  
" Let her but live," he said, " from bondage free,  
Assuage her griefs, and think no more of me ! "

The joyful smiles that decked each lover's face  
To sad forebodings instantly gave place ;  
And from the dungeon's gloom, without delay,  
Up to the royal court they wend their way !

Meantime the contest through Grenada raged,  
And every corps the bloody warfare waged !  
The scattered troops of Ferdinand, at last  
In hope had rallied, and the breach had passed !  
The valiant Lara the Alhambra gains,  
And holds the dastard Boabdil in chains !  
Thus fell Grenada from her towering fame,  
And dimmed the lustre of the Moslem name,  
While from her ruins burst those brilliant rays  
That gild eternal Spain's victorious bays !

The vanquished Moors, with high-wrought fears  
await  
The horrid doom attendant on their fate !  
But Christian faith is mercy's richest bloom,  
And flowers the passage to the silent tomb !  
And Ferdinand this attribute possessed,  
It was the tenant of his humane breast !

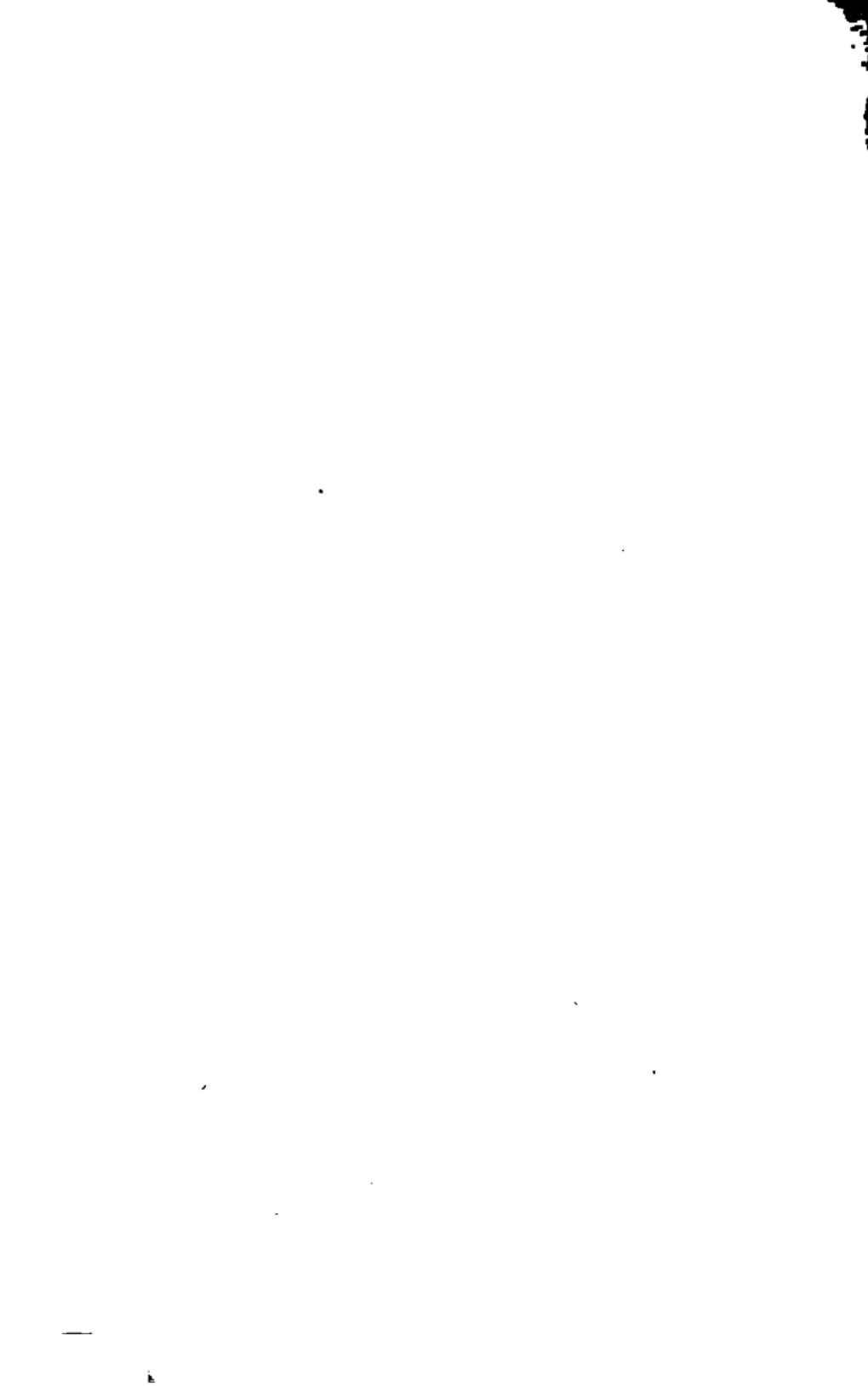
The conquered Mussulman again is free,  
At his own altar bends again the knee !  
His feet in freedom tread the native soil,  
Secured his wealth from war's rapacious spoil !  
The olive waves, and sheathed is every sword,  
And through the city order is restored !

The palace halls with songs of conquest ring,  
With shouts of " Ferdinand ! " and " live the king ! "  
Around his Majesty the chieftains press  
With gratulations for his great success !  
The virtuous Mulei was received with grace,  
Though tears of sorrow yet bedewed his face !  
But Ferdinand's kind sympathies impart  
A balmy solace to his troubled heart !  
From Spain's great king the fair Zulema too  
Received the honors to her station due ;  
Upon his lips her trembling hand he pressed,  
And thus his most distinguished chief addressed :  
**" RECEIVE, GREAT CHIEF THE MEED OF THY DESIRES,**  
**THE SOLE REWARD TO WHICH THY HEART ASPIRES."**

The morning sun his golden beams displayed,  
And Isabelle, in glory's pomp arrayed,  
Upon her snow-white prancing steed appeared,  
With splendid train and court so much revered !  
Triumphant arches to her glory rise,  
And paeans echo from resounding skies ;  
Joy fills all hearts, in smiles is gladness dressed,  
And every tongue the queen victorious blessed !

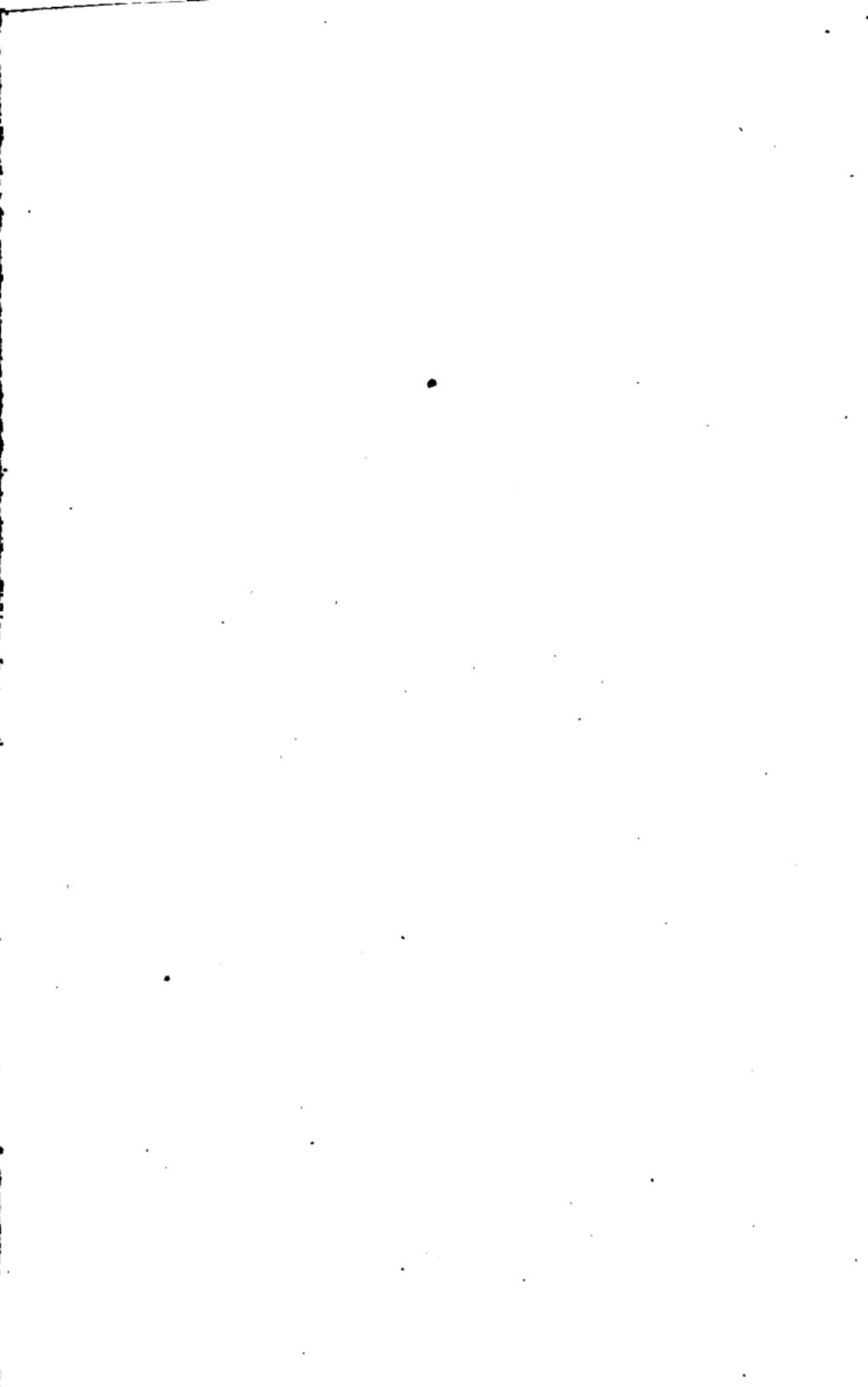
Within the mosque a solemn train is seen,  
And at the altar bows the lovely queen;  
Her fervent prayer to heaven's high throne ascends,  
And to her God the human race commends !  
On the same altar love her wreaths had twined,  
And with Gonzalvo was Zulema joined !

THE END.























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